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THE ELEGIES

OF

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, WITH LIFE OF THE POET AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

BY

JAMES CRANSTOUN, B.A., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF TRANSLATIONS OF 'CATULLUS' AND 'TIBULLUS'

"Cynthia facundi carmen juvenale Properti
Accepit famam : non minus ipsa dedit."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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THE ELEGIES

OF

SEXTUS PROPERTIUS

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W. Y. SELLAR, ESQ., M.A., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF EDINBURGH

THIS TRANSLATION

OF THE ELEGIES OF PROPERTIUS

Is Inscribed

IN TOKEN OF RESPECT, ESTEEM
AND GRATITUDE

BY

AN OLD PUPIL

PREFACE.

In submitting to the public the concluding volume of his version of the Elegiac Triad of Rome, the translator may be allowed to say, without incurring the charge of magnifying his task, that the poet whose works are here reproduced presents perhaps greater difficulties than any other Roman poet. The text of the Elegies is in some places irremediably corrupt; in others lacunose; the beginnings and endings of many of the pieces, especially in the middle books, are uncertain; and in several instances the distichs have been thrown together in wild disorder, making one almost despair of satisfactory interpretation. Continental editors have attempted a good deal in the way of arrangement and elucidation, with but scant success. A really good critical edition of Propertius is still to come.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, few poets possess a greater charm, or better repay a careful study, than Propertius. As regards energy, brilliancy, and pathos, he claims a foremost place among elegiac poets; while in scholarly refinement, elegance, and archæological research, he has few equals in Roman literature.

The present translation is based on a careful recension of the texts of Scaliger, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Jacob, Hertzberg,

Haupt, Mueller, and Paley; indeed, every accessible text has been carefully collated, and preference has generally been given to the readings of the MSS., when these were intelligible and in harmony with the context. While every care has been taken to employ language void of offence, not a single passage has been omitted; neither has any attempt been made to smooth away the abrupt transitions so frequent in the Elegies. On the contrary, it has been the aim of the translator to preserve, as far as possible, the characteristic features of the original. That his version has many shortcomings, no one knows better than himself. He has, however, gone through the work in a conscientious spirit, and with feelings of loyalty to the poet.

In the Notes, valuable assistance has been derived from the editions of Barth, Kuinoel, Hertzberg, Paley, and Wratislaw, and from some excellent papers by Professor Robinson Ellis in 'Professorial Dissertations for 1871-72, 1872-73,' issued by University College, London. The translator's obligations, both in the Version and Notes, to Professor Munro's brilliant contributions to Propertian criticism in the 'Journal of Philology,' can hardly be overstated.

Should this volume have the effect of securing for Propertius more attention than he has hitherto received, or of turning abler pens to the work of interpreting him, the translator will have the satisfaction of having laboured to good purpose and with ample reward.

DUMFRIES ACADEMY,
17th Nov. 1875.

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LIFE OF PROPERTIUS.

FAR from the noise and bustle of Rome, by the homes of mountain Asisium, amid the quiet seclusion of Mevanian pastures, and near the sources of the Clitumnus, sometime between the years A.U.C. 700-710, was born the celebrated Umbrian poet, Sextus Propertius. i. 22, 9, 10; v. i. 63-66, 121-126.

The exact date of his birth is unknown; but we learn that he was younger than Tibullus and older than Ovid. We cannot, therefore, be far wrong in assuming A.U.C. 705 as about the time when he first saw the light. The gentile name of Aurelius seems to have been given to him by his earliest editors without the slightest foundation, and perpetuated through subsequent editions of his works without receiving, till very recently, either consideration or investigation. Doubtless the reason lies in the resemblance of his name to that of Aurelius Prudentius, a late writer; or perhaps it may be that Aurelius is a corruption of *Amerinus*, Ameria being by many considered the birthplace of the poet. The stupid agnomen Nauta, with which he has been credited, seems to rest on no better foundation than a false reading of a verse in one of the elegies. Ov. Trist., iv. 10, 51-54. iii. 16, 22.

His parents were of the middle class, and had owned an extensive and rich estate, of which they had been deprived in one of the agrarian divisions that cursed the country at this stormy period (A.U.C. 713). That Propertius was *ingenuus* is clear from his mention of the *aurea bulla*, the golden amulet or toy worn by the children of the freeborn; but it is too much to claim for him patri- iii. 16, 21, 22; 26, 55; v. i. 127, *sq.* v. 1, 131.

cian descent from this circumstance alone—and it is the only one on which the plea can be founded. His own statement, moreover, is clearly against such a supposition. His father died while he was quite a boy; and the young Propertius was indebted for his early training to his mother, with whom he lived till he assumed the *toga virilis*. He was destined for the bar, and probably at this time repaired to Rome for the completion of his education. Unlike the wealthier aspirants to forensic honours, he was unable to proceed to Athens and add its culture to the Roman training.

v. i. 134.

Cf. i. 6, 23.

Finding the life of a pleader and the harassing pursuits of the forum uncongenial to his tastes, he at once plunged into the field of poetry, in which he was soon to earn the most brilliant laurels. Among his first attempts was a series of poems on subjects connected with the early and mythical history of Rome, in the style of the Αἴτια of the Greek poet Callimachus. His lifelong ambition, indeed, was to be considered the Callimachus of Rome.

iv. 1, 1; 9, 43; v. 1, 64.

These themes, though in them he might have won high distinction as a poet, were soon relinquished; and it was left for Ovid, his great successor in Roman elegy, to compile, so far, the poetical calendar of Rome. A vehement and sincere passion for Cynthia diverted him from his maiden effort; and Love, that has so much to answer for in shaping the checkered destiny of poets, threw him into another groove.

Shortly after his arrival in the city, he made the acquaintance of a certain slave-girl, Lycinna, who was the first to wean him from the paths of virtue and the purity of Umbrian dells. Into this comparatively brief and transient connection love does not seem to have entered at all, since in an elegy addressed to Cynthia, written years after, he not only repudiates all affection for the girl, who was at that time an inmate of Cynthia's dwelling, but assures her that the acquaintance, though every facility existed for continuing it, had been wholly given up. The chronicle of the earlier portion of his ardent and only partially requited passion, is contained in the 1st Book of the Elegies—a work replete with tender appeal, sincere affection, burning jealousy, and bitter remonstrance. Whatever Propertius may have been—and even on his own admission he was of anything but stainless morals—Cynthia must be pronounced quite unworthy of him, and

iv. 25, 6.

of the lifelong devotion which he cherished for her. She had, however, many charms for the young and ardent Umbrian. Her real name, we learn from Appuleius, was Hostia. Tibur has generally been considered her birthplace; but this rests on no stronger foundation than a doubtful reading, which has been rejected by all the recent editors of Propertius, except Hertzberg. She was sprung from an ancestor distinguished in the fields of literature;* she was clever, accomplished, skilled in music, dancing, and needlework; a poetess, moreover, of no mean pretensions, unless the statements of the poet are those of exaggerated compliment; she was handsome, flaxen-haired, with a carriage queenly as that of Juno or Minerva, a voice of singular richness and melody, and a pair of dark, love-lit eyes, that pierced the poet to the soul and laid him prostrate at her feet. On the other hand, she was given to habits of the greatest extravagance in dress, unguents, and ornaments; a victim to the allurements of the wine-cup—a failing which the poet does not seem to have regretted, but rather to have reckoned as one of her charms; of a haughty and overbearing temper, and of studied infidelity. Such, briefly, was Cynthia—Cynthia fair and frail, the idol of his heart, the dream of his life, the well-spring of his genius.

Apologia.

v. 7, 85.

iv. 20, 7, 8; i. 2, 29, 30; ii. 3, 17-22; ii. 2, 5-8; ii. 1, 9, 10; i. 1, 1; ii. 3, 14; ~~iii. 3, 23;~~ ii. 1, 1, 2, *et passim;* ii. 3, 17.

ii. 5, 28; iii. 22, 40.

Such a woman was calculated to break the heart of a man of less tender sensibilities and less ardent sympathies than Propertius. It is probable, however, that had he treated her with that loyalty and attention to which even a mistress was entitled, the course of their loves would have run more smoothly. During the earlier period of their alliance—for it was a marriage of a sort, in which the rights and duties of the contracting parties were laid down and ratified—the conduct of Propertius was such as to awaken distrust and resentment in the heart of Cynthia: it even afforded a fair pretext for her levity and faithlessness. The poet's great misfortune lay in finding, and his fatal mistake in trying to gain and keep the affections of, a woman who had no character for purity when he first met her, and who

iv. 20, 11-30.

* Cynthia is generally supposed to have been the granddaughter of Hostius, author of a poem on the "Istrian War." Hertzberg (Quaest., p. 38, 39) holds that she must have been born of *libertini;* Paley (note on iv. 20, 7, 8) suggests that the *avus* in question may have been celebrated as an actor or musician.

had just been cast off by another. What her social position originally was, it is impossible for us to determine. Some editors regard and describe her as a lady of high birth; others as a *libertina*. Without, however, entering on the discussion of a question which, although pregnant with interest to the student of Propertius, is incapable of definite solution, we cannot err in considering her as one of that numerous class of females known as *hetaerae*, living on the debatable land between recognised respectability and open vice. The fact that she was a *meretrix* seems to have been the barrier to their lawful union. That such was indeed the real character of Cynthia in the eyes of Propertius is manifest from his countless reproaches of her, and his comparison of her with Lais, Thais, and Phryne, the most famous courtesans of antiquity.

ii. 7, *passim*; ii. 6.

The poetical talents of Propertius soon won for him a place in that brilliant literary coterie which Maecenas gathered around him, and whose pens were enlisted by that zealous minister to celebrate the victories and glories of Augustus. Like Virgil and Horace, he took up his residence on the Esquiline, where also lay the villa and gardens of Maecenas. We learn, from more than one of the elegies addressed to his patron, that he had been asked to compose an heroic poem—a design which he seems to have at one time entertained, but which, in strains of singular power, interspersed with graceful compliment and modest confessions of his lack of the requisite ability, he declares himself unable to undertake and worthily fulfil. The idea seems to have been given up, not so much from weakness of wing or want of will, as from mental incompatibility with the subject, and lack of laborious and continued application. The only pieces of his that we possess specially devoted to the praise of the emperor, are a few short elegies and a spirited poem on the battle of Actium. Incidentally, however, he takes occasion to extol Caesar's greatness—as, for instance, in his elegies to Maecenas, or when the shameless conduct of women leads him to introduce Cleopatra into his verse.

ii. 1; iv. 9.

iii. 1.

iv. 9.

iii. 1; iii. 23; iv. 4; v. 6; iv. 11.

In deifying the living emperor—an ignoble feature more or less in the writings of all the poets of the time, save of Tibullus alone—he was neither better nor worse than Virgil and Horace. But he did not descend to the

iv. 4; v. 11, 60: Virg. Ecl., i. 6: Hor. Carm., iii. 3, 11; Hor.

meanness of Ovid, who, among the frozen Getes on the inhospitable shores of the Euxine, burnt morning after morning incense and perfumes on the altar of Augustus, who had banished him beyond appeal, or the most distant prospect of recall. Epist., ii. 1, 16. Ov. Trist., ii. 59, 60.

It is not a little singular that Propertius has not once mentioned the names of some of his most illustrious compeers. Horace, whom he must have frequently met at the table of Maecenas, and with whose charming odes all Rome was ringing, is never even alluded to. Some of our poet's biographers would attribute this to jealousy, quoting the old proverb from Hesiod :—

Κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ κοτέει καὶ τέκτονι τέκτων. Hes. Op. et Dies., v. 25.

This seems to us hardly likely. Literary jealousy could scarcely have existed between two poets following quite different courses; and as to jealousy in love matters, we have no grounds at all for speculation.

Ovid, a companion (*sodalis*) of the poet, and a sincere admirer of his genius—who speaks of him in unmistakable terms of affection and regard—is likewise passed over. So, too, is Tibullus; but in his case there is not so much room for astonishment, as he belonged to the circle of Messala. Ponticus, an epic poet whose subject was the "Thebaid," and Bassus, most probably the writer of iambics mentioned by Ovid in conjunction with him, but otherwise unknown, were associates of Propertius, and apparently rivals for Cynthia's favour. i. 7; 9. i. 4; Ov. Trist., iv. 10, 47.

Lynceus, too, a tragic poet, is addressed in an elegy which contains a well-merited tribute to the genius of Virgil in the several walks essayed by him. All his brethren of the lyre speak of Virgil with pride and generous admiration; and Propertius, while giving us good grounds for inferring that he was on no ordinary terms of intimacy with him, inasmuch as he was privileged to hear portions of the great Epic which the prince of Roman poets was building up in comparative silence, long before the time of its publication, swells, with no uncertain sound, the first trumpet-note of its fame— iii. 26. iii. 26, 65, 66.

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii:
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Other friends of the poet were Aelius Gallus, Postumus, and Tullus. Aelius Gallus, as prefect of Aegypt, undertook and led an unsuccessful expedition to Arabia, A.U.C. 730. Postumus, whom

some consider to be the same with the Lycotas of the 3d Elegy of the 5th Book, was also engaged in Eastern warfare.

iv. 12.

Tullus, an intimate friend of Propertius, was the nephew of the celebrated Lucius Volcatius Tullus, consul A.U.C. 721, and proconsul of Asia. The first and last elegies in the 1st Book are addressed to him. To the latter we are indebted for a brief account of the poet's birthplace, and an allusion to Gallus, a relative who perished at the siege of Perusia by the hands of banditti. "Tullus on the eve of leaving Rome for the East" is the subject of the 6th Elegy of the 1st Book—a beautiful poem, couched in language of glowing friendship and sincere affection, and valuable in a biographical point of view as showing that Propertius, at the time of his writing it, had not visited Athens; while the 22d Elegy of the 4th Book contains an earnest appeal to him to return to his native land, and to Rome, the queen of cities, where the path of preferment is open to him, and the friends of his youth will receive him with open arms.

We have already twice made reference to Propertius visiting Athens; and it may perhaps be as well to give here all that we have to say on the subject. Whether ever, indeed, he went to Greece, is more than doubtful. A sea-voyage somewhere he seems at different times to have meditated, and an intention to proceed at once to Athens is clearly stated in the 21st Elegy of the 4th Book. Reference, too, is made to the dangers of a shipwreck in the Aegean from which he had escaped; but in the latter case the whole description seems to be metaphorical, and hence altogether valueless. His repeatedly proposed journeys to distant lands, and the graphic picture of the dangers and terrors of a storm at sea in the 15th Elegy of the 1st Book, were probably nothing more than so many devices to work on the feelings and fears of Cynthia. At all events, we have no sure grounds to warrant the belief that he ever left his native shores. Indeed, the absence of direct testimony on the point, and even of a single poem bearing directly on foreign travel, is tantamount to evidence against such a supposition.

Of Roman poets who preceded him, he mentions Ennius, Varro, Catullus, Calvus, and Gallus—the last four in connection with the famous ladies of their love, avowing his determination to enshrine his Cynthia's name in immortal verse, if Fame shall prove indulgent to his Muse.

iv. 3, 6.

iii. 26, 83-92.

It is not our intention to attempt to settle the chronology of the

poems of Propertius, or to discuss at length the vexed question of the years of his intimacy with Cynthia. We will only endeavour to give, as succinctly as possible, a statement of the main facts in his love-career, so far as they are necessary to a clear understanding of the elegies. Indeed it would be hopeless to dream of determining the period at which many of the poems to Cynthia were written. Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Hertzberg, and others,* have, with more or less show of probability, tried to reconcile them with their own views; but no theory as yet propounded is in all respects satisfactory.

The poet's first meeting with Cynthia seems to have occurred about A.U.C. 723; at all events, he was not successful in his suit till after the battle of Actium (2d Sept. A.U.C. 723). It is evident, moreover, that this success was in summer. We are thus driven to the conclusion that it did not occur earlier than the summer of A.U.C. 724. A few elegies, full of passionate desire, signalise this season of rapture. But thorns soon began to spring and noxious weeds to grow in his garden of delights. The demon of jealousy entered his bosom, and the open faithlessness of his mistress drove him to misery and despair. Besides a number of less formidable rivals, a rich Illyrian praetor was a source of great annoyance and anxiety to him. Apart from his wealth, the praetor had but little to recommend him to an educated and accomplished woman like Cynthia. But avarice was her ruling passion; and she seems to have been on the outlook periodically for this gentleman, with a view to replenishing her purse and gratifying her extravagant and expensive tastes. At first Propertius was successful in weaning her from his society; but ere long he turns up again to make sad havoc of his peace.

iii. 6, 44.
iv. 20, 11, 12.
i. 8; iii. 7.

Not long after their union, Cynthia paid a visit to Baiae—an event which drew from the poet an elegy of great beauty and tenderness, in which he cautions her to beware of the gay society and seductive allurements with which she is surrounded. Making all allowance for the loftier vein and nobler

i. 11.

* Paley, in his preface to the second edition of his 'Propertius,' p. ix, says the poet was "born *circa* 50 B.C.;" and in an introductory note to the 1st Book, p. 2, distinctly states that "it was both written and published by its author A.U.C. 728 (B.C. 26), probably at the early age of twenty years"! So difficult is it to avoid confusion where all is uncertain.

purpose of some of his later productions, we are inclined to consider the elegies written at this time, in respect of sweetness, tenderness, and real pathos, as the masterpieces of his genius.

i. 1, 5, 6, 35, 36; iv. 16, 9. About the year A.U.C. 725 a rupture took place which lasted for a year, during which Propertius led a roving and driftless life, frittering away his time in morbid passion and lawless love. What led to the separation matters little; suffice it to say that Propertius throws the blame on himself. Before the middle of A.U.C. 726 he published his 1st Book, and in less than a month thereafter he was engaged upon a second. Whether this 2d Book should contain the 2d and 3d in the arrangement we have followed, is not quite clear. Lachmann divided what till his time had been considered the 2d Book, for two reasons: (1.) the proemial character of the poem beginning

ii. 7.

ii. 3, 3, 4.

iii. 1, 1. Sed tempus lustrare aliis Helicona choreis;

and (2.) a line in one of the succeeding poems—

iii. 4, 25. Sat mea sat magnast, si tres sint pompa libelli.

While following his arrangement, mainly from the fact that it has been adopted by all the recent editors of the elegies, we must state that Lachmann's arguments, though extremely plausible, are by no means conclusive. For we know, in fact, nothing as to the order in which the elegies—excepting, of course, those in the 1st Book, where all is clear and consistent—would have appeared, had they been edited by the poet himself. Whatever theories editors may set up, the publication of the 1st Book alone during the poet's lifetime is absolutely certain; for neither the line above quoted, nor even the following from one of the later poems—

v. 7, 50. Longa mea in libris regna fuere tuis—

can be held as evidence of publication. The poem beginning "Sed tempus, &c.," has, moreover, a fragmentary look about it. Its date, from verse 16, would seem to be A.U.C. 729—the year in which the expedition of Aelius Gallus to Arabia was contemplated. It is thus the latest of the elegies in the original 2d Book, with the exception of the concluding elegy, which evidently, as Professor Munro remarks, was from time to time undergoing corrections and receiving additions, and was left unfinished at the poet's death.

The remaining two Books, the 4th and 5th, contain some of the earliest as well as the very latest of the works of Propertius. Of the former class are notably the 20th Elegy of the 4th Book—written evidently before he had conferred on Hostia the pseudonym of Cynthia—and some of the legendary poems in the 5th Book.

In the 4th Book we see the downward progress of Cynthia, and her fall in the affections of the poet. At last, stung with shame and bitter anguish, and a loathing in which, however, vestiges of the olden love still linger, and actuated for the time by better impulses and nobler aspirations, he addressed to her his final farewell, as he thought, after having faithfully (but this must not be taken too literally) kept by her for five years. The biographers of Propertius seem to think that the separation was indeed final; but it is evident, from the 7th Elegy of the 5th Book, either that Cynthia died before the separation actually took place, or that there was a reunion. Paley, following Hertzberg, as is his wont, sees clearly in this poem the natural consequences of the separation—effectual estrangement, continued profligacy of the poet, &c. iv. 25, 3.

Effectual estrangement there cannot have been, if any weight is to be attached to the following passages :— v. 7, 5, 27.

> Cum mihi somnus ab exequiis penderet amoris,
> Et quererer lecti frigida regna mei.
> Eosdem habuit secum, quibus est elata, capillos,
> Eosdem oculos.

The meaning of the second line here is surely unmistakable; and how could Propertius tell anything about her appearance in death, and how she had her hair when she was carried out, unless he had been present? True, she upbraids Propertius with negligence—indeed, with shameful neglect—and even alleges that she has been poisoned by her trusted slave Lygdamus and an accomplice. But since her death there is another in her room—one of the frequenters of the *Via Sacra*, we may presume, from the description:— v. 7, 39-48.

> Quae modo per viles inspectast puplica noctes,
> Haec nunc aurata cyclade signat humum;
> Et graviora rependit iniquis pensa quasillis,
> Garrula de facie siqua locuta meast:

Nostraque quod Petale tulit ad monimenta coronas,
Codicis inmundi vincula sentit anus:
Caeditur et Lalage tortis suspensa capillis,
Per nomen quoniamst ausa rogare meum.
Te patiente meae conflavit imaginis aurum,
Ardente e nostro dotem habitura rogo.

Here Cynthia's old servants are ill-treated and beaten for having the audacity to speak well of her. Propertius has *allowed* his new mistress to appropriate Cynthia's golden brooch. Now, to what does all this plainly point? To her living with Propertius immediately before her death, assuredly. For how else could he have to do with the disposal of the ornaments upon her person as she lay on the funeral pile? These considerations lead us to think that death alone brought about their final and effectual separation.

Cynthia's funeral was of the humblest description; and it is certainly very singular that it was not attended by the poet. Her remains were interred by the apple-fringed banks of the murmuring Anio, where her ghost instructs him to raise a little pillar to her memory with the charming inscription:—

v. 7, 23-34.

v. 7, 85, 86.

Hic Tiburtina jacet aurea Cynthia terra:
Accessit ripae laus, Aniene, tuae.

We do not imagine that it is at all likely that after her death Propertius contracted a lawful union, notwithstanding the younger Pliny's mention of one Passennus Paullus, a splendid knight, and townsman of the poet, as a lineal descendant (*vera soboles*), and inheritor of his genius. Cynthia, we know, had no offspring; and even if she had had issue, such would not have been recognised as legitimate. Propertius himself makes no reference to his marriage—or, indeed, to any mistress of his heart, save Cynthia—in his writings, at least, verifying his tender prediction—

Epist., vi. 15; ix. 2.

iii. 9, 33.

i. 12, 20. Cynthia prima fuit, Cynthia finis erit.

How he spent the last years of his life we know not. The poems that unquestionably belong to that period exhibit an elevation of moral tone considerably higher than we find in his earlier writings. It is therefore only charitable to assume that he had relinquished the recklessness and foibles of his youthful days, and taken to

those philosophic studies which he had long before laid out as occupation for his maturer years.

iv. 5, 23, *sq.*; iv. 21, 25, *sq.*

From his own writings we can trace his life no farther than A.U.C. 739. As to whether he ceased to live when he ceased to write, it is vain to speculate; nor need we waste words in idle theorising. At the early age of thirty-four his sun had set for literature and poetry,—four years after Virgil and Tibullus had gone to their rest; while Horace and Ovid were basking in the very noontide of the brilliant Augustan age, and in the heyday of their popularity and fame. A few words on the work, genius, and character of the poet, and we have done.

v. 11, 66.

Propertius even from his youth was ambitious of immortality—indeed of being considered by posterity the great exemplar in Roman Elegy. And hard to gain was the crown for which he strove. Catullus had preceded him in the field—in verse ruder, it is true, but breathing throughout genuine poetic fervour and wondrous intensity of feeling. Gallus, too, had won distinction in the same walk. Tibullus wore the laurel now. The star of Ovid was just rising in the poetical horizon. But, nothing daunted, he sang the sweet, sad story of his love; the time-hoary legends of Rome; the praises of Maecenas and the glory of Augustus; the untimely fates of Paetus and the young Marcellus; the devoted affection of Aelia Galla and the stainless honour of Cornelia,—giving to Roman elegy a freshness and variety hitherto unknown. While most of his predecessors had attempted different forms of verse, Propertius, with consummate wisdom, confined himself to elegy alone. An avowed imitator of Callimachus and Philetas, he resolved to drink from fresh fountains of song, and to lead down the Greek Muses from the high places of Helicon to Roman choirs and the green banks of Italian streams. And no one who has read him even cursorily requires to be told how powerful an instrument elegiac verse became in his hands, as well for descriptive purposes as for the delineation of the master-passion in its varied phases of tenderness, ecstasy, grief, jealousy, and despair. In the poetry of pure passion he is second to Catullus alone. He lacks the sweet grace and tender melancholy that lend such an exquisite charm to the elegies of Tibullus, and the easy flow and melodious chime that lead us lovingly along in Ovid; but his verse has a strength and

i. 7, 23, 24; iii. 26, 90; iv. 1; iv. 2; iv. 9, 43-46; v. 1, 63, 64.

and sparkle to which they, even in their happ
no claim. No poet ever more completely thr
e music of his verse: every line reflects the m
ginality is always unquestionable, his utterances
genuine. His keen and impulsive nature drov
to strain; and the key-notes he struck were
e echoes Ovid well knew the value, and it wil
d that he turned them to good account. He h
rtius in hundreds of passages with great clos
ess adopted him as his model. For he could no
n him that superior power—the prerogative, an
rse, of genius—that while it could rouse the st
the patience, perseverance, and calm self-po
the bark. It is not improbable that the youthf
pertius suggested to Ovid the idea of his *Fasti* a
most certain that we owe the *Art of Love* to the
Book.

rned in the literature and steeped in the charm
of Greece, Propertius everywhere in his works pre
eek culture, archæological research, and that e
ent and polish which are the result of long an
Evidently he was no ready writer. His myt
ly obscure; and he is apt to obtrude his Greek le
Greek forms of expression, a little too ostenta
is admittedly difficult, and his meaning often
ent; but this last circumstance may arise in many
mperfect and lacunose condition of the MSS.
s of three, four, and even five syllables, in the
meters, gives a distinctive, and in many cases ple
to his verse; his metaphors are uniformly apt an
nguage strong, nervous, and brilliant; and his
larly pointed,—traits which constitute, with thos
long and intimately conversant with his works,
most delightful charm. Not rarely he gives u
re in a single line. In his own peculiar walk he is
e of his latest editors well puts it—*Propertium apt*
is Propertius oportet. All things considered, he
nked among the greatest poets of the Augustan ag
his personal appearance we know nothing beyo

that he was dark-haired. He was warm in his attachments and firm in his friendships; excessively jealous whenever Cynthia was concerned, and unsparing in his denunciations of those who chanced to come between him and his mistress; of a thoroughly unselfish and generous nature, with not the slightest tinge of avarice in his breast or brain; cultivated and refined in his manners—but holding, as was the custom of his time, only lax opinions and ideas of morality; a foe to asceticism in all its forms; at a certain period of his life at least, notwithstanding one express averment to the contrary, more given to wine and unguents and rose-wreaths than would have been quite becoming in a rigid disciple of Cato: in short, a well-bred gentleman occupying his time with pleasure and poetry. iv. 5, 24.

The writings of Propertius, as might be anticipated from what we have said of him, are not altogether free from the charge of licentiousness—a stain that disfigures the works of so many of the poets of his time; but he betrays nowhere the outspoken coarseness of Catullus, the light lasciviousness of Horace, the insidious turpitude of Ovid, or the rank ribaldry of Martial. Moreover, unless with the very sternest of purists, the sincerity of the poet's passion and his depth of feeling will doubtless go some way to mitigate, if not to condone, the fault of a too free expression of his sentiments.

As regards the pagan religion, he seems to have been what is termed a sceptic, if not an absolute unbeliever: he jests with Jove, and holds up Isis to ridicule; but withal he had an inborn reverence for the beautiful, the noble, and the pure; and at times he laments, with genuine sorrow and bitter indignation, the decay of that native virtue, austerity, and truth, to which Rome owed at once her greatness, her glory, and her strength. No one can read his last elegy—the sweet swan-song of the bard—or listen to the solemn grandeur of its transmundane music, without acknowledging his lively sympathy with human suffering and human sorrow; his lofty appreciation of stainless purity; his almost Christian tenderness; and that deep wisdom that is born of a realisation of the worthlessness of transient pleasures and the vanity of voluptuous dreams. It is melancholy and touching to contemplate the poet passing from our gaze as he was just attaining his true moral stature; but he went away to the land of

shadows with his native strength unabated, his youthful glory undimmed, and the unfading laurel round his brow. He required no memorial-stone to perpetuate his memory; and though in earlier days he had loved to picture his patron Maecenas reining aside his chariot to read the inscription on his little marble slab, he had lived long enough to know that he could well dispense with such perishable monuments as are raised by human hand, and that immortality alone is the fitting guerdon of genius.

BOOK I.

CYNTHIA

THE

ELEGIES OF SEXTUS PROPERTIUS.

I.

TO TULLUS.

Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis.

'Twas Cynthia with her eyes first caused me pain,
  Unused, before, one burning pang to feel:
Then Love cast down my looks of proud disdain,
  And pressed my neck with unrelenting heel.

The modest fair he taught me to detest,
  And waste in deeds of shame my aimless life;
For one whole year this madness fills my breast,
  And Heaven against me wages endless strife.

O Tullus! every toil Milanion faced,
  Till Atalanta's heart was fain to yield;
A-craze with love Parthenian caves he paced,
  And looked on shaggy monsters of the field.

Felled by Hylaeus' club, he, sorely maimed,
  To rocks Arcadian poured his woeful wail—
Yea, strove till he the nimble maiden tamed,
  So much in love kind deeds and prayers avail.

In me no arts can laggard Love devise;
  Each beaten path some dark obstruction bars:
Come ye, who wean the moon from yonder skies,*
  And woo, on magic hearth, the watchful stars!

Oh change her heart where icy coldness dwells,
  And make her cheek than mine even paler grow!
Then will I own your dread Cytaean spells
  Can lead the stars and rule the river's flow.

My friends, I'm lost! too late ye call me back;
  Yet help, and oh, this frenzy wild assuage;
I'll bravely face the flames, and bear the rack,
  If I may freely speak my boundless rage.

Bear me to earth's lone verge, or far convey
  Beyond the waste illimitable sea,
Where woman ne'er may track my weary way,
  To wound my soul and mock my misery.

Stay ye, while Love will hearken to your call:
  May cloudless joys upon your passion shower!
My Venus mingles all my nights with gall,
  And never lets me rest one single hour.

I warn you, shun this woe; nor ever veer
  From her whose love hath aye been leal and true:
If to my voice ye lend a slothful ear,
  My slighted words how bitterly ye'll rue!

* At vos, deductae quibus est fiducia lunae
  Et labor in magicis astra piare focis.—(*Mueller.*)

II.

TO CYNTHIA.

Quid juvat ornato procedere, vita, capillo?

WHY wear, my Life, when thou abroad dost stir,
  A head trimmed up to fashion's latest laws?
  A Coan vestment of transparent gauze,
And hair perfumed with Orontean myrrh?

Why deck thyself with gems and costly dress?
  Why mar with trinkets Nature's form divine,
  And not allow thy beauties forth to shine
In all their own, their matchless loveliness?

To thee such aids can add no charms—ah, no!
  True love will aye disdain the artist's care.
  See! the fair fields a thousand colours wear,
And ivy-sprays far best spontaneous grow.

Fairer in lonely grots green arbutes rise,
  Fairer the streamlet wends its wandering way,
  Lovelier bright pebbles gem their native bay,
Sweetlier song-birds trill artless melodies.

Not so did Phoebe merit Castor's hand,
  Or Hilaïra win her Pollux' love;
  Not so, when Idas erst with Phoebus strove,
Appeared Marpessa by Evenus' strand.

With no false glare Hippodamia drew
  Her Phrygian lord, to reign a foreign queen;
  Her face no gems adorned, though fair, I ween,
As e'er Apelles on the canvas threw.

No fear for lack of lovers tortured these—
  Their wealth of beauty was their modesty;
  I, too, repose unwavering faith in thee:
She's rich in charms who can one lover please.

And richer thou; for Phoebus gives thee song,
  And fond Calliope the Aonian lyre:
  Yea, thy sweet speech my eager soul shall fire
With love for thee, my Cynthia, all life long.

Thine Beauty's charms and Wisdom's priceless prize,
  The brightest jewels that adorn a wife;
  With these thou'lt shed a lustre round my life,
If thou wilt wretched luxuries despise.

III.

TO CYNTHIA.

Qualis Thesea jacuit cedente carina.

As Ariadne on the lonely strand
  O'erwearied slept, while Theseus sailed away;
And as Andromeda, by Perseus' hand
  Freed from rude rocks, in new-born slumber lay;

As Bacchant, by the ceaseless dance outworn,
  Falls on Apidanus' soft marge of green,—
So with her head on feeble hands upborne
  My Cynthia seemed to breathe in sleep serene.

Wine-flushed and reeling I had homeward sped,
  A servant's brandished torch my midnight guide;
Nor yet had all my wandering senses fled
  As I with gentlest movement sought her side.

Then Love and Bacchus, gods of iron will,
  Urged me with double fire to slip my arm
Beneath her as she lay so calm and still,
  Kiss her sweet lips, and rifle every charm.

Yet dared I not disturb my darling's sleep,
  Fearing the bitter taunts I'd learned to dread,
But gazed with steadfast eyes in wonder deep,
  Like Argus scanning Io's hornèd head.

Then, sweet, I loosed the garland from my brow,
  And round thy temples did a chaplet twine;
Anon thy truant locks arranged, and now
  My hands the stealthy apple placed in thine.

Ungrateful sleep with all my gifts I dowered—
  Gifts that oft rolled from forth thy sloping breast;
And when thou stirr'dst or heav'dst a sigh I cowered,
  Fond fool! with groundless bodings sore opprest,

For fear unwonted terrors marred thy dreams,
  Or tempter forced thee 'gainst thy will to yield.
Then mild-rayed Luna with officious beams
  Streamed through the lattice and thine eyes unsealed.

When she on elbow rising half upright:
  "Another scorns thee and thou seek'st my bed.
Where hast thou wasted all my promised night,
  Enfeebled youth? Woe's me! the stars are fled.

"Wretch! with such anguished nights mayst thou be tried
  As those with which thou hast my bosom wrung.
To banish sleep my purple thread I plied,
  Toil-weary then, my tuneful lyre I strung.

"As best I could my lonely lot I bore,
  Grieving another's love should charm thee so,
Till downy-pinioned slumber lulled me o'er,
  And bade my tears of sorrow cease to flow."

IV.

TO BASSUS.

Quid miki tam multas laudando, Basse, puellas.

WHY, by praising to me every maiden you see,
  Would you wean me from Cynthia, my friend?
And why not allow the old chain that till now
  I have worn to be worn till the end?

Praise Antiope's cheek, and in ecstasy speak
  Of Spartan Hermione's fame,
And maidens the rage in a beauty-famed age,—
  She'll not leave them the shade of a name.

Nay, if her you compare with the commoner fair,
  Less chance of defeat will there be;
But her face is the least of my passionate feast—
  She has beauties far dearer to me.

She is warm as she's fair, in accomplishments rare,*
  She's charming by day and by night;
So the more that you try our love-knot to untie,
  The firmer the faith we will plight.

* Ingenuus calor et multis decus artibus et quae
  Gaudia sub tacita ducere veste libet.—(*Mueller.*)

Nor unpunished you'll go, for my Cynthia shall know,
  And you'll find she's a tongue of her own;
She'll forbid you the door, nor inquire for you more,
  And your fault she will never condone.

On your head she'll bring down all the girls in the town,
  You'll be banished the homes of the fair—
Every fane she reveres she will deluge with tears,
  And old stone, no odds whatlike or where.

There's no heavier blow that my Cynthia could know,
  Than the loss of the love of her swain:
Oh I fervently pray she'll so love me alway,
  And ne'er give me cause to complain.

V.

TO GALLUS.

Invide, tu tandem voces conpesce molestas.

PRAY, envious wretch, thy tiresome pratings cease,
And let us both pursue our path in peace.
Madman! wouldst thou my lady's temper know?
Unhappy one, wouldst court the depths of woe?
Through hidden embers heedless dash amain,
And all Thessalia's direst poisons drain?

My mistress is no common stroller, mind;
Nor light her ire, as to thy cost thou'lt find.
And if perchance she listen to thy prayers,
Alas! thou'rt sure to reap no end of cares.
Thy sleep she'll spoil, thine eyes with weeping drain;
Around the sternest hearts she coils her chain.

How often, scorned, thou'lt to my threshold hie,
While all thy haughty words in sobs will die;
And chilling tremors come with bitter tears,
And care's dark lines betray thine anxious fears;
Words leave thee when thou fain wouldst tell thy woe,
And what or where thou art thou'lt cease to know.

Then, too, thou'lt learn perforce what chains I bore,
What 'tis to wander home debarred her door;
Then, too, my lank, emaciated frame,
And pallid hue, will less thy wonder claim;
Nor will thy lofty lineage ease thy pain—
Love looks on ancient busts with proud disdain.

Breathe to a soul the pangs that rend thy breast,
How soon thy noble name will be a jest!
And I, who found no balm to heal my smart,
Shall have no power to soothe thy aching heart;
But each alike, by hopeless love opprest,
Will weep his sorrows on the other's breast.

Then, Gallus, never more for Cynthia sigh:
None gain her favours with impunity.

VI.

TO TULLUS.

Non ego nunc Hadriae vereor mare noscere taxum.

DEAR Tullus, now I'd gladly plough wild Adria's waves with thee,
And fearlessly my canvas spread upon the Aegean sea;
Yea, by thy side I'd o'er the steep Rhipaean ridges roam,
Or wend my toilsome way beyond swart Memnon's distant home:
But me a maiden's pleading words and circling arms detain;
'Gainst her pale cheek and earnest prayers to strive, alas! were vain.

Still of her ardent love for me she raves the weary night,
And swears there's not a god in heaven if e'er I leave her sight—
Declares that she is not my love; nay more, the frantic girl
Vents every threat that peevish maids at heartless lovers hurl;
Against her plaints a single hour I cannot, cannot hold.
Ah! perish he, if such there be, whose bosom could be cold!

True, I should see fair Athens reared beneath Minerva's smile,
And Asia's grandeur famed of old; but is it worth the while—

To make my Cynthia scream what time my vessel seeks the sea,
To see her tear her tender cheeks in frenzied agony,
And say that she will kiss the wind that balks her lover's plan,
And that no monster walks the earth so fell as faithless man?

Go, strive to earn a nobler wreath than e'er thine uncle wore,
And to our old allies their long-forgotten rights restore:
And may the unpitying Boy ne'er bring on thee my sorrows fell,
And all the tokens of a woe my tears too plainly tell;
For thou hast frittered not thy years on Beauty's fatal charms,
But aye been ready to assert thy country's cause in arms.

Here let me lie, as fortune aye hath willed it in the past,
And let me still devote my soul to folly to the last.
Many in tardy love have gladly spent their latest day—
Then let me die with these, with these let earth conceal my clay:
For fame I was not nurtured, nor in arms would glorious prove;
The Fates decree my fields shall be the battle-plains of love.

Then, whether thou shalt roam athwart Ionia's pleasant lands,
Or where Pactolus streaks the Lydian vales with golden sands;
Whether on foot thou'lt scour the plain or tempt with oars the sea,
And all the duties well discharge thine office claims from thee: *
If thou shouldst chance to think of me in foreign climes afar,
Be well assured I'm living still beneath a baleful star.

* Ibis, et acceptis par eris imperii (*Munro*).

VII.

TO PONTICUS.

Dum tibi Cadmeae dicuntur, Pontice, Thebae.

WHILE, Ponticus, Cadmean Thebes you sing,
And the sad woes that feuds of brothers bring,
And, sooth, are threatening Homer's fame the while
If on your strains the Fates auspicious smile,
I pine and weave my wonted tale of love,
And try my mistress' cruel heart to move.
Far less to genius than to sorrow thrall
Against my bitter lot I'm forced to call.
Thus pass my days: hence would I gather fame,
And win the glory of a poet's name;
The praise be mine that I alone could please
My clever maid and bear her railleries.
Lorn lovers, o'er and o'er my pages turn,
And from my woes a wholesome lesson learn.

Should Cupid wound you with unerring bow,
(Oh may our guardian powers avert the blow!)
Your camp and seven armed legions wrapt in night,
You'll mourn, and vainly trill, O sorry sight!
In life's December-day the songs of June:
Love out of time is ever out of tune.

In me no humble bard you'll then admire—
King crowned o'er all who've swept the Roman lyre;
While o'er my grave shall lovers breathe this strain,
"Here liest thou, great poet of our pain."

Treat not my love-lays, then, with scornful jest:
Love's bills long due bear fearful interest.

VIII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Tunc igitur demens, nec te mea cura moratur?

A.

CYNTHIA, art mad? and can no care of mine delay thee more?
Oh, have I grown more vile to thee than cold Illyria's shore?
And is that creature thou hast found to thee so very dear,
That thou with any wind wilt go, and leave me pining here?
And canst thou hear the sea's mad moan, in rocking ship repose?
Tread with soft feet the frozen ground, and bear unwonted snows?

Oh may the weary winter-time two winters'-length remain,
And the late-lingering Pleiades the mariner detain,
Thy cable keep the shore, nor breeze unfriendly balk my prayer,
Nor tempests lull what time the tide thy ship shall outward bear;
And may it then be mine upon the lonely shore to stand,
To call thee cruel o'er and o'er, and wave my angry hand!

Do what thou wilt, O perjured one!—yet ah, to me how dear!
May Galatea speed thee past the Thunder-hills of fear,
And Oricos receive thee safe upon its peaceful shore:
My plaint I'll at thy threshold make, nor burn for maiden more.
Each flying mariner I'll ask, "What harbour holds my fair?
To Atrax or to Elis borne—she'll yet be mine, I swear."

B.

She'll stay; she's sworn she will not go: ye envious, burst with spleen!
My pleadings and unwearied prayers have won me back my queen.
Though green-eyed envy did her best false splendours to portray,
My Cynthia now has ceased to dream of regions far away.
To her I'm dear, and Rome she calls earth's dearest spot, for me,
And, from my side, she'd scorn the pride and pomp of royalty;
She'd rather share my humble cot, be mine, and mine alone,
Than call that ancient realm—Hippodamia's dower—her own,
And all the wealth that Elis gained from mares in years ago:
And whatsoe'er her friend might give, or promise to bestow,
With me she's ne'er been covetous, nor fled my circling arms,
Won by nor gold nor Indian shells, but music's gentle charms.

I nursed my pain, nor leaned in vain on Phoebus and the Nine;
Now I can tread heaven's starry floor—by day, by night she's mine:
My rival cannot lure my love to break her plighted vow;
This glory, 'mid the snows of age, will mantle round my brow.

IX.

TO PONTICUS.

Dicebam tibi venturos, inrisor, amores.

I TOLD you, mocker, love would break your peace,
  And that your boastful words would have an end.
  Lo! now you're prostrate, and, a suppliant, bend,
The puppet of a paltry slave's caprice.

Sure as Chaonian doves I can discern
  What maid will hold in thrall each lover's heart;
  Yes; grief and tears have schooled me in the art:
Would I were free from love, and yet to learn!

What boots your grave, heroic strain to-day,
  Or wailing o'er Amphion's lyre-built walls?
  In love great Homer 'neath Mimnermus falls;
For gentle love demands a gentle lay.

Pray, throw aside at once that dreary theme;
  Sing something every girl would like to know.
  You can't? materials all around you flow—
You're crazy seeking water in the stream.

You're not even pale—you've hardly felt the fire,
  Just the first spark that heralds coming bale;
  You'll soon with greater willingness assail
The wild Armenian tigress in her ire;

Ay, then indeed you'll rather wish to bear
  The fearful tortures of the infernal wheel,
  Than still within your heart Love's arrows feel,
And not have power to cross the angry fair.

On lover ne'er such facile wings have grown
  That he has soared unchecked on every hand.
  Then be not duped by maid, however bland;
She wounds more deeply when she's all your own.

For ne'er from her you may your eyes remove,
  Or ope them, save on Love's account alone,
  Who will not leave you till you're skin and bone.
Ah! fly the ceaseless blandishments of love.

'Gainst these, since rocks and oaks can not endure,
  Can you, an airy shadow, hope to win?
  If you're ashamed, at once avow your sin:
In love confession's often half the cure.

X.

TO GALLUS.

O jocunda quies, primo cum testis amori.

O HAPPY night! when I beheld thee prove,
'Mid tears of joy, the rosy dawn of love!
Sweet night, whose pleasant memories never pall,
How oft I'll in my vows those hours recall,
When in thy love's embrace I saw thee lie,
And melt away in speechless ecstasy!

Although my drowsy eyes with sleep were gone,
And midway in her course the red moon shone,
Yet from your sport I could not think to go,
Such passion did your mutual prattle show.
But since thou fear'dst not to confide in me,
In token of my gratitude to thee,
I'll keep thy secret, friend, with right good will,
And show I can do something better still.

Lovers, though parted, I can join once more,
Wide open throw cold Beauty's lazy door,
And soothe the sorrows of a bleeding heart—
Such healing balm my counsel doth impart.
'Twas Cynthia taught me what to seek and shun;
So Love for me, you see, has something done.

Of wrangling with an angry maid beware;
Proud words and dogged silence, too, forbear;

Treat not her quest with look of cold disdain,
Nor let her kindly words be breathed in vain.
Once scorned, she meets you with a face of fire;
Once hurt, she cannot curb her righteous ire.
The calmer and the milder you can be,
The better the effect you'll often see.
With one true maid that youth will happy prove
Whose bosom knows no respite from her love.

XI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Ecquid te mediis cessantem, Cynthia, Baiis.

SAY, Cynthia, as thou bask'st in Baian bowers
Where lies along the shore Alcides' Way,
And view'st, maychance, where famed Misenum towers,
'Neath old Thesprotus' realm, the smiling bay*—

Do still thy nights of me remembrance claim?
Doth corner in thy heart for me remain?
Or breathes some foe his feigned unholy flame,
To lure my Cynthia from her poet's strain?

On Lucrine's bosom rather drift and dream,
And the light skiff with tiny paddles guide,
Or bathe alone in Teuthras' limpid stream,
And cleave with pliant arms the yielding tide,

* Et modo Thesproti mirantem subdita regno.—(*Cdd.*)

Than to man's suasive whispers lend thine ear,
  While softly seated on the silent shore:
Thus falls the giddy girl, no guardian near,
  Nor love's attested gods remembers more.

Full well I know thine honour's free from stain,
  But love still broods o'er what it holds most dear:
Forgive me, therefore, if my verse give pain,
  And only blame an anxious lover's fear.

Could I with greater care my mother tend,
  Or value life itself, if reft of thee?
For thou alone art parent, kindred, friend—
  Yea, life itself, and life's delight to me.

Then whether grief its melancholy hue,
  Or joy its sunshine, to my face impart,
Whate'er I am, I'll ever say is due
  To Cynthia—Cynthia, darling of my heart.

Oh then at once from tainted Baiae fly,
  Whose shores the source of many a rupture prove!
Shores ruinous to maiden purity:
  Ah! perish Baiae's waters, bane of love!

XII.

TO A FRIEND ON CYNTHIA'S ABSENCE.

Quid mihi desidiae non cessas fingere crimen?

WHY charge me still with inactivity,
As if from Cynthia's side I would not go? *
Lo! Cynthia sleeps as far from where I lie
As Hypanis from the Venetian Po.

No more she holds me clasped in fond embrace,
Nor with sweet accents glads my listening ear.
I once was dear; nor bosoms e'er bore trace
Of happier loves than ours, or more sincere.

Does heaven, with envy stung, our hearts estrange?
Does Promethean herb our union rend?
I'm altered; distance, too, doth maidens change:
How soon doth love to sore disfavour tend!

Now first I'm forced long nights' lone hours to bear—
My very sighs are painful to my ears;
Blest he who still may weep before his fair,
For love rejoices in a lover's tears.

Blest he who, scorned, may after others range,
For love transferred may find felicity:
None else I'll love—I cannot, cannot change;
Cynthia my first, my latest love shall be.

* Quod faciat nobis Cynthiaamore moram?—(*Mueller.*)

XIII.

TO GALLUS.

Tu, quod saepe soles, nostro laetabere casu.

You, as you're wont, will revel in my pain,
For now I pine alone, and pine in vain.
Yet, traitor, I'll not imitate your spite:
May maid with falsehood ne'er your love requite!

Your fame is raised with every maid you wrong,
And in no love you seek to tarry long;
Yet tardy cares at last your heart enthral,
And pale your cheek: at love's first step you fall.
The girls you've wronged will glory in your smart,
And one avenge full many an injured heart;
She'll check those wild and roving loves of yours,
Nor will you always counsel fresh amours.
No scandal this, no augur's tale, I ween;
I've seen it: can you gainsay what I've seen?
I've seen you clasp her till you'd feeble grown;
I've seen you weep, your hands around her thrown,
Yearn on her longed-for lips your soul to pour,
And . . . friend . . . but modesty may tell no more.

I could not your enclaspèd arms unlace,
So close your frantic, passionate embrace:
Not so, Enipeus feigning, Neptune prest
All-yielding Tyro to his panting breast;

Not Hercules, aflame from Oeta's pyre,*
Felt for immortal Hebe such desire.
In one brief day your love all loves o'ercame,
For with no feeble torch she lit your flame.
She'll let you not your past disdain renew,
Or wander more: your love will keep you true.
Nor strange: for next to Jove's fair Leda she,
And Leda's daughters; lovelier than the three:
In charms Inachian heroines above,
Her suasive words would win the Thunderer's love.

Now, since you're doomed, your blooming girl enjoy—
None else more fitly can your thoughts employ.
Blest be this new-born love, and oh may she
To you prove all that maid to man can be!

XIV.

TO TULLUS.

Tu licet abjectus Tiberina molliter unda.

THOUGH now on Tiber's banks you lie and dream,
And quaff your Lesbian from Mentorean bowl,
Admire the rapid wherries skim the stream,
And rope-dragged barges slowly seek their goal—

* Sensit ab Oetaeis gaudia prima rogis.—(*Mueller.*)

Though round you leafy woodlands wave that bear
  Trees huge as those in green Caucasian grove,—
All these can never with my bliss compare:
  Great riches pale before the joys of love.

With me if Cynthia sink in longed-for sleep,
  Or spend the live-long day in dalliance fain,
I see Pactolus' waters round me sweep,
  And gather jewels from the Indian main.

My joys then teach me kings must yield to me;
  May these abide till Fate shall close my day:
Who cares for wealth if love still adverse be?
  If Venus frown, be riches far away!

She frowns—great heroes boast their might no more,
  Down by sore grief the iron soul is weighed:
She feareth not to tread the marble floor,
  Nay, e'en the purple couch she dares invade.

Then rolls the lover on a thorny bed,
  Though laid on softest silk of varied hue:
But if on me a favouring smile she shed,
  Realms and Alcinous' wealth with scorn I'll view.

XV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Saepe ego multa tuae levitatis dura timebam.

MUCH from thy levity I feared, but never wrong so deep.
I quail with terror as the waves of trouble round me sweep;
Yet airily thou trimm'st the locks thou braidedst yestermorn,
And leisurely with tireless hands thy person dost adorn,
And with the costly gems of Ind thy bosom all array,
Like a fair bride, in beauty's pride, upon her wedding-day.

Not so Calypso wept beside the bleak and barren sea,
What time Ulysses left her island-home for Ithakè;
But many a day with hair unkempt she sat in sorrow lone,
And wildly to the cruel waves outpoured her weary moan;
And, though she knew that he had gone for ever from her ken,
Kept brooding o'er remembered joys she ne'er might know
again.

Not so when swift winds bore Iason o'er the ocean stood
Hypsipyle, with anguish wrung, in lonely widowhood;
Nor e'er again within her breast did Love assert his sway,
As when for her Thessalian guest she pined her soul away.

Dire vengeance on her brothers, too, for her belovèd slain,
Alphesiboea wreaked, and Love rent kinship's ties in twain.

Upon her husband's burning corse the leal Evadne died,
Of Argive faith and chastity the pattern and the pride.

Yet all these bright examples wrought no tender change in thee,
Nor made thee yearn a name to earn of noble memory.

False one! give o'er, and breathe no more to me thy perjured vows;
While still the gods will slumber on, their fury do not rouse.
Rash girl! the trials I endure shall steep thine hours in gall,
If haply on thy sunlit path some gloomy shadow fall.

Sooner shall streams in silence glide back from the boundless sea,
And seasons change their wonted course than change arise in me.
Be what thou wilt, thou'lt still be mine; nor may I loathe the eyes
That to my ruin lured me on—the dupe of cunning lies.
And thou didst swear, if false thou wert, thou'dst pluck them forth; yet thou
Canst lift them to the glorious sun, nor dread'st thy broken vow!
Who made thy colour come and go? who drew the unwilling tear?
Youths! place no trust in woman's wiles: a heart is bleeding here.

XVI.

COMPLAINT OF A WANTON'S DOOR.

Quae fueram magnis olim patefacta triumphis
Janua Tarpeiae nota pudicitiae.

I, CHASTE Tarpeia's famous gate,
That opened once for triumphs great,
Whose threshold teemed with gilded cars,
And weeping captives from the wars,
Am bored at night by drunken bands,
And knocked at by unworthy hands.
Base garlands round me gallants weave,
Their torches banished lovers leave;
I'm blazed abroad in songs obscene,
Nor can I madam's orgies screen.
No words of mine can influence her
To spare her odious character,
To lust and luxury more prone
Than aught this shameless age hath known.
And here, forsooth, in sorrow deep,
I'm doomed to linger on and weep,
Made sadder by the vigils drear
Of an inveterate suppliant here,
Who never leaves my posts alone,
But pours his plaint in piteous tone:

"Gate! than my love more cruel far,
Why ne'er thy closèd leaves unbar,

But cold, and deaf, and mute remain,
And never hear a wretch complain?
Why never let my darling know
My secret vows, my tale of woe?
Must I for ever lie and moan,
And warm by night this ice-cold stone?
The midnight hour, night's starry train,
Slow wending onward to their wane,
The chill and frosty eastern gale
My miserable lot bewail.
Alone untouched by human grief,
Mute-hinged, thou grant'st me no relief.
Oh that some hollow chink were here,
To let one whisper reach her ear!
Though colder than Sicilian rock,
Harder than steel or iron block,
She'd surely weep, and tender sighs
Amid unbidden tears would rise.
Now on another's favoured arm,
Woe's me! she's lying snug and warm;
While all my plaints unheeded light
Upon the wandering winds of night.
O Gate! chief cause of all my pain,
Thine ear no prayers of mine can gain;
I'm sure I've ne'er decried thy fame,
Nor called thee by an ugly name,
That thou shouldst let me pour my woe
Till I am hoarser than a crow,
And linger on, with anxious care,
Upon the open thoroughfare.
To thee new songs I used to sing;
I've kissed thy steps—vile, thankless thing!
How often at thy posts I've wheeled,
And dropped the gifts my hands concealed!"

With all the plaints of lovers lorn,
This pest outbawls the birds of morn,
So with his woes and madam's fame
Eternal scandals brand my name.

XVII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Et merito quoniam potui fugisse puellam.

SINCE from my love I had the heart to flee,
Justly to halcyons lone my wail I pour;
No more Cassiope my bark will see,
And all my vows fall fruitless on the shore.

The winds are leagued for thee now far away:
Hark to the threatening tempest's fitful gust!
Will no kind fortune this dread storm allay?
Must a few grains of sand conceal my dust?

Oh let no more thy harsh upbraidings rise,
But say this night at sea my fault atones!
Or canst thou paint my fate with tearless eyes,
Nor in thy bosom bear to hold my bones?

Ah! perish he who first, with impious art,
In sail-rigged craft dared tempt the unwilling sea!
'Twere better I had soothed my mistress' heart—
Hard though she was, how peerless still to me!—

Than view this wild and forest-mantled shore,
  And woo the longed-for Twins that calm the wave.
Then earth had veiled my woes, life's fever o'er,
  And some small stone—love's tribute—marked my grave.

For me she might have shorn her cherished hair;
  'Mid sweet-breath'd roses laid my bones at rest;
Called o'er my dust my name, and breathed a prayer
  That earth might lightly lie upon my breast.

Fair Doris' daughters, who o'er ocean roam,
  Speed our white sails with your auspicious band!
And oh, if Love e'er sought your azure home,
  Grant one, who loved like you, a sheltered strand!

Another Version.

Since I could leave thee all this weary while,
  To halcyons lone I'm justly doomed to call;
From me Cassiope withholds her smile,
  And on the shore my vows unheeded fall.
  Thee, far away, no howling winds appal;
Hark how the wildly-threatening billows chide!
  Will no kind fortune hold the storm in thrall?
Must a few grains of sand my body hide?
O Cynthia! cease thy plaints and lay thine ire aside.

Thou'rt well avenged. Enough the darkness drear,
  Enough for thee the tempest's ceaseless whine.
Oh, couldst thou see me die without a tear,
  And gather in thy lap no bones of mine?
  Perish the man first ploughed the unwilling brine

In sail-rigged craft! far better had it been
  If I had bent the knee at Venus' shrine,
And tried to win me back my haughty queen—
Though adamant of heart, yet peerless she, I ween!—

Than thus to gaze on shores all waste and wan,
  Fringed with strange forests; and the crown of night
With sleep-denying wistful eyes to scan,
  For the bright Twins—the mariner's delight.
  Oh, if at Rome dark death had buried quite
My sorrows in the grave, and tombstone there
  Marked now the hallowed spot! in funeral rite
My Cynthia might have shorn her cherished hair,
And gently placed my bones 'mid sweet-breath'd roses rare.

O'er the poor urn wherein my dust was laid
  She might have called my name, urged the fond plea
Of lasting love to soothe my tender shade,
  And prayed that earth might lightly lie on me.
  But you, O maidens! tenants of the sea,
Daughters of lovely Doris, fill once more
  Our lint-white sails, and speed us fair and free,
And, if e'er Love your waters dared explore,
Spare one who felt like you, and calm the troubled shore.

XVIII.

CYNTHIA.

A SOLILOQUY.

Hæc certe deserta loca, et taciturna querenti.

THIS desert is the home of dumb repose,
In this lorn grove calm Zephyr holds sole sway;
Here one may safely breathe his secret woes,
If lonely rocks the trust will not betray.

Whence, Cynthia, shall I date thy cold disdain?
What act of thine did first my sorrow move?
Once I was numbered in love's happy train,
And now, alas! I'm branded in thy love.

Is this deserved? To me what charge is laid?
Does some new flame of mine thy bosom fret?
Turn, fickle one, for ne'er has other maid
Her fairy foot upon my threshold set.

Although from thee has sprung this anguish dire,
Yet will my fury prove not so severe
As justly to bring down thy ceaseless ire,
And from thine eyes draw forth the bitter tear.

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  Her fairy foot upon my threshold set.

Although from thee has sprung this anguish dire,
  Yet will my fury prove not so severe
As justly to bring down thy ceaseless ire,
  And from thine eyes draw forth the bitter tear.

Have I, grown cold, too little love confest? *
Or has my faithless face evoked thy ban?
If trees can love, ye shall my truth attest,
O beech! and thou, O pine! beloved of Pan.

'Neath your soft shade how oft my wail I pour!
How oft is "Cynthia" graven on your rind!
Art wroth I mourned thy wrongs? thy silent door †
Alone can tell my misery of mind.

Thy proud behests I've borne with patient will,
Nor 'gainst thy treatment cried in my distress;
For this my couch is the bleak furzy hill, ‡
The ice-cold rock, the pathless wilderness.

Whatever tale of woe my tongue may frame,
Alone to tuneful birds I'm forced to sing:
Be what thou wilt, the woods with Cynthia's name,
With Cynthia's name the desert rocks shall ring.

* An quia parva damus mutato signa calore?—(*Mueller.*)
† An, tua quod peperit nobis injuria curas?—(*Barth.*)
‡ Pro quo dumosi montes et frigida rupes.—(*Mueller.*)

XIX.

TO CYNTHIA.

Non ego nunc tristes vereor, mea Cynthia, Manes.

CYNTHIA, I dread not now the dreary tomb,
Nor on the pile to pay the debt of doom,
But lest, perchance, thy love should die with me—
This fear is worse than death itself can be;
For Love hath stuck too firmly to mine eyes
To let the grave efface old memories.
Phylacides in Hades could not dwell
Forgetful of the wife he loved so well,
But for her sweet caress his shadow yearned,
And to his old Thessalian home returned.
'Mong shades I'll thine be called for evermore:
Great love survives beyond the fatal shore.
There let the troop of lovely heroines stand—
The Dardan prizes of the Argive band—
No form, like thine, my heart shall captive lead;
And Tellus this, in justice, may concede.
And though thou liv'st through long and weary years,
Yet shall thy bones be watered by my tears.
Oh might thy lifelong love mine ashes bless!
Then death were reft of all its bitterness;
Yet how I fear my tomb thou'lt disregard,
And Love estrange thy heart—for Love is hard—

And sternly make thee dry the trickling tear!
His ceaseless threats make lealest maidens veer.

Then let us pluck life's roses while we may:
Love's longest term flits all too fast away.

XX.

TO GALLUS.

Hoc pro continuo te, Galle, monemus amore.

GALLUS! 'tis steadfast friendship prompts my lay,
Then do not lightly throw my words away:
Ill fortune often meets the incautious swain;
Erst cold Ascanius brought the Minyae bane.

As Theiodamantēan Hylas dear,
A youth thou hast—like-named—in looks his peer.
Then shouldst thou roam by shady river-side,
Or lave thy feet in Anio's limpid tide,
Or saunter by the giant-peopled shore,
Or stroll, maychance, where dashing torrents roar—
Beware the nymphs,—beware their amorous raids—
Ausonian Dryads love like other maids—
Lest thou be doomed to range o'er mountain-brake,
By frozen rock and undiscovered lake.

As lorn Alcides trod the pathless shore
Of pitiless Ascanius, weeping sore.

'Tis said that Argo whilom sailed away
For Phasis from the Pagasaean bay,
On through the Athamantine billows bore,
And put to land on Mysia's rocky shore.

When now the crew had reached a peaceful strand,
And made, with leaves, soft couches on the sand,
The unconquered hero's favourite onward sped
To seek a far-secluded fountain-head.
Him the twin-brothers, Boreas' wingèd brood,
Zethes and Calaïs, rapidly pursued—
Strove, on their poisèd wings, his lips to kiss,
And bear aloft in turn the ravished bliss:
Now hid he 'neath their wings upraised in air,
And with a bough drove off the wily pair.
Soon Orithyia's sons let Hylas roam:
Ah woe! he sought, ah! sought the oak-nymphs' home.

Beneath Arganthus' summit lay a well—
Moist home where Thynian Dryads love to dwell—
O'erhanging which dew-nurtured apples smiled
On trees untended in the woodland wild;
Around the watered mead white lilies grew,
With poppies intermixed of purple hue.
With tender nail he culls them, happy boy!
His task forgot—a flower his only joy.
Now o'er the font the reckless youth delays,
And in the glassy pool his form surveys;
Now dips his urn to fill it to the brim,
His right arm leaning on the mossy rim.

His beauty then the gamesome Naiads fired:
They left their roundel, and his charms admired;
Then gently drew him down the yielding wave,
As prone he bent—a scream poor Hylas gave.
Afar Alcides answered, but there came
From fonts afar nought save the echoed name.

Gallus, be warned, thy Hylas tend with care,
Nor deign to trust with maids a youth so fair.

XXI.

GALLUS.

Tu qui consortem properas evadere casum
Miles, ab Etruscis saucius aggeribus.

SOLDIER, from Tuscan ramparts wounded, why,
When thou thy comrades' fate dost seek to fly,
Roll'st thou thy tear-swoln eyes with grief for me,
Who lately shared the toils of war with thee?
Save thee, and joy to thy glad parents bear,*
And to my sister let thy tears declare:
That Gallus, safe 'mid Caesar's hostile bands,
Could not escape a nameless bandit's hands;
And say that any bones that she may see
On Tuscan hills are the remains of me.

* The reading of this distich is very uncertain.

XXII.

TO TULLUS.

Qualis et unde genus qui sint mihi, Tulle, Penates,
Quaeris pro nostra semper amicitia.

DEAR Tullus, ceaselessly you make
Request of me, for friendship's sake,
To let you know my rank and race,
And all about my native place.

You know, Perusia's walls around,
Your native country's burial-ground,
In evil times Italia's bane,
When civil discord drove amain
Rome's sons (O Tuscan soil! to me
The woe of woes, for thou didst see
My poor friend's bones unburied strown,
Nor grain of dust upon them thrown),—
Well, Umbria, whose hill-border crowns
The adjacent underlying downs,
Gave birth to me—a land renowned
For rich and finely-watered ground.

XVIII.

CYNTHIA.

A SOLILOQUY.

Haec certe deserta loca, et taciturna quærenti.

THIS desert is the home of dumb repose,
In this lorn grove calm Zephyr holds sole sway;
Here one may safely breathe his secret woes,
If lonely rocks the trust will not betray.

Whence, Cynthia, shall I date thy cold disdain?
What act of thine did first my sorrow move?
Once I was numbered in love's happy train,
And now, alas! I'm branded in thy love.

Is this deserved? To me what charge is laid?
Does some new flame of mine thy bosom fret?
Turn, fickle one, for ne'er has other maid
Her fairy foot upon my threshold set.

Although from thee has sprung this anguish dire,
Yet will my fury prove not so severe
As justly to bring down thy ceaseless ire,
And from thine eyes draw forth the bitter tear.

In sail-rigged craft! far better had it been
  If I had bent the knee at Venus' shrine,
And tried to win me back my haughty queen—
Though adamant of heart, yet peerless she, I ween:—

Than thus to gaze on shores all waste and wan,
  Fringed with strange forests; and the crown of night
With sleep-denying wistful eyes to scan,
  For the bright Twins—the mariner's delight.
  Oh, if at Rome dark death had buried quite
My sorrows in the grave, and tombstone there
  Marked now the hallowed spot! in funeral rite
My Cynthia might have shorn her cherished hair,
And gently placed my bones 'mid sweet-breath'd roses rare.

O'er the poor urn wherein my dust was laid
  She might have called my name, urged the fond plea
Of lasting love to soothe my tender shade,
  And prayed that earth might lightly lie on me.
  But you, O maidens! tenants of the sea,
Daughters of lovely Doris, fill once more
  Our lint-white sails, and speed us fair and free,
And, if e'er Love your waters dared explore,
Spare one who felt like you, and calm the troubled shore.

I.

TO CAIUS CILNIUS MAECENAS.

Quaeritis unde mihi totiens scribantur amores.

You ask me why love-elegy so frequently I follow,
And why my little book of tender trifles only sings:
It is not from Calliope, nor is it from Apollo,
But from my own sweet lady-love my inspiration springs.

If in resplendent purple robe of Cos my darling dresses,
I'll fill a portly volume with the Coan garment's praise;
Or if her truant tresses wreathe her forehead with caresses,
The tresses of her queenly brow demand her poet's lays.

Or if, perchance, she strike the speaking lyre with ivory fingers,
I marvel how those nimble fingers run the chords along;
Or if above her slumber-drooping eyes a shadow lingers,
My trancèd mind is sure to find a thousand themes of song.

Or if for love's delightful strife repose awhile be broken,
Oh, I could write an Iliad of our sallies and alarms;
If anything at all she's done—if any word she's spoken—
From out of nothing rise at once innumerable charms.

But if the Fates had given me the power, beloved Maecenas,
To marshal hero-bands, I'd neither sing of Titan wars,
Nor Ossa on Olympus piled, that Terra's brood most heinous,
By aid of Pelion, might scale the everlasting stars;

Nor hoary Thebes, nor Pergamus in Homer's song undying,
  Nor sea to sea, by stern decree of haughty Xerxes, brought;
The warlike Cimbri, nor the soul of Carthage death-defying;
  Nor Remus' ancient realm, nor deeds of fame by Marius wrought;

But I would sing of Caesar's might and Caesar's martial glory,
  And next to mighty Caesar would my lyre for thee be strung:
For while of Mutina, or of Philippi fell and gory,
  Or of the naval war and rout by Sicily I sung;

Or of Etruria's ancient hearths in ruin laid for ever,
  Or Ptolemaean Pharos with its subjugated shore,
Or Egypt and the Nile what time the broad seven-mantled river
  In drear captivity to Rome our conquering armies bore;

Or kings with golden fetters bound, in gorgeous-hued apparel,
  And trophied prows of Actium, whirled along the Sacred Way,—
My Muse would ever twine around thy brow the wreath of laurel—
  In time of peace, in time of war, a faithful subject aye.

Lo! Theseus boasts Peirithoüs, among the shades infernal,
  An ever-during witness of the debt to friendship due;
Achilles has Patroclus in the realms of light supernal:
  Thy friendship, dear Maecenas, is as theirs—as leal and true.

But how Enceladus with Jove erst fought in fields Phlegraean,
  Callimachus has not the depth of lung to thunder forth;
No more can I in nervous verse outpour a noble paean,
  Declare great Caesar's lofty line, or trace his Phrygian birth.

The sailor tells of stormy gales, of oxen talks the farmer,
The soldier counts his wounds, of sheep the shepherd prates away;
I sing of hours in rosy bowers, of dalliance with my charmer:
We all have here our proper sphere—his part let each one play.

'Tis one renown to die in love; another—when love-laden—
To sink in rest on one true breast: oh may this lot be mine!
And, if I'm right, my darling's wont to blame the fickle maiden,
And, for the sin of Helen, hates the Iliad every line.

Whether I'm doomed to drain a draught like Phaedra's magic potion,
Mixed for the step-son she could ne'er from paths of honour turn,
Or perish by Circean herbs, or, bathed in charmèd lotion,
Slow simmer o'er Iolcian hearth in Colchian witch's urn,

One woman stole my heart away—for her alone I languish;
In her embraces I will live, in her embraces die:
Though medicine hath power to cure the sum of human anguish,
The mightiest physician's skill the pains of love defy.

In time Machaon healed the loathsome limbs of Philoctetes,
And Phillyreian Chiron gave to blinded Phoenix sight;
The god of Epidaurus, at a father's fond entreaties,
By Cretan herbs Androgeos brought again to realms of light.

The same Haemonian spear by which the Mysian youth fell bleeding,
Alone could to the festering wound impart a healing balm;

But he who'll cure this pain of mine is certain of succeeding
In giving Tantalus the fruit that cheats his eager palm:

Yea, he the pierced pails may fill, and heavy burden lighten,
The slender Danaïds endure, with ceaseless toil opprest;
From the bleak cliff of Caucasus unchain the fettered Titan,
And scare away the bird of prey that tears his mangled breast.

When, therefore, Fate shall come and place the dreary bourne between us,
And on a little marble slab thou'lt read my humble name,
O thou! the hope and envy of our chivalry, Maecenas,
Whose friendship sheds around my life and death the light of fame—

If thou shouldst chance to pass the grave where I am quietly sleeping,
Rein in thy British car, a-gleam with richly-graven gear,
And breathe these words of sorrow, o'er my silent ashes weeping,
"A cruel maiden was the death of him who's mouldering here."

II.

CYNTHIA'S PRAISE.

Liber eram et vacuo meditabar vivere lecto.

FREE—I designed my bed with none to share;
  I made a truce with Love: "'Tis null," he cries.
Why lingers here on earth a form so fair?
  Jove, I ignore thine ancient gallantries.

Flaxen her hair, hands slender, matchless all;
  No queenlier aspect Juno ever wore,
Or Pallas in Dulichian temple-hall,
  Her breast with Gorgon's snake-hair mantled o'er.

Fair as Ischomache, the heroine bride
  Deflowered by lustful Centaurs mad with wine;
As Brimo by Boebeis' hallowed tide,
  On Hermes lavishing her charms divine.

Yield, goddesses! whom erst on Ida's height
  The shepherd saw in robeless loveliness;
May time on her fair face no wrinkle write,
  Though hers the years of Cumae's prophetess!

III.

CYNTHIA'S CHARMS.

Qui nullam tibi dicebas jam posse nocere.

THOU who declar'dst no shaft could wound thy breast
  Art pierced; thy haughty spirit cowers: O shame!
Scarcely for one brief month thy soul can rest,
  And now another love-book brands thy name.

I sought if fishes on dry sands might dwell,
  And savage boars frequent the unwonted sea;
If close and earnest toil might love dispel:
  Deferred love may, dispelled it cannot, be.

'Twas not her face, though fair, so smote my eye
  (Less fair the lily than my love: as snows
Of Scythia with Iberian vermil vie;
  As float in milk the petals of the rose);

Nor locks that down her neck of ivory stream,
  Nor eyes—my stars—twin lamps with love a-glow;
Nor if in silk of Araby she gleam
  (I prize not baubles) does she thrill me so

As when she leaves the mantling cup to thread
  The mazy dance, and moves before my view,
Graceful as blooming Ariadne led
  The choral revels of the Bacchic crew;

Or wakes the lute-strings, with Aeolian quill,
  To music worthy of the immortal Nine,
And challenges renowned Corinna's skill,
  And rates her own above Erinne's line.

My life! oh tell me, at thy natal hour
  Did radiant Love a ringing omen sneeze?
Such charms as thine were heaven's all-priceless dower—
  Think not thy mother gave thee gifts like these.

For they, I ween, are not of mortal birth,
  Nor ten brief moons thy robe of beauty wove;
Thou cam'st a glory to the Roman earth—
  First Roman girl to win the heart of Jove.

Nor aye with me an earthly home thou'lt share—
  Earth sees in thee a second Helen bloom.
Is't strange our youth should burn? for one so fair,
  Ilium, thy sun had set in grander gloom.

I marvelled that to Troy a woman's eyes
  Drew Europe's might and Asia's martial pride:
Thou, Paris; Meneläus, thou wert wise,—
  Thou, quick to claim—thou, loath to lose thy bride.

For one so fair Achilles well might die;
  For her even Priam must have sanctioned arms:
But he who'd all of pictured Eld outvie,
  Should paint my darling in her native charms.

To West, to East, her likeness let him show—
  Of East and West she'll fire the ravished eyes:
With Her love end for me! What death-dire woe
  Were mine should e'er a second love arise!

As bull that spurns the plough, when once subdued,
  Endures the yoke and meekly seeks the field;
So curbless hearts that chafe in youth's wild mood
  Soon to Love's sweet and bitter bondage yield.

Base chains the seer Melampus bore awhile
  For robbing Iphiclus' much-envied stalls,
Not lured by gain, but fair-cheeked Pero's smile—
  A bride foredoomed in Amythaon's halls.

IV.

TO A LOVER.

Multa prius dominae delicta queraris oporta.

Of many a weary wrong thou must complain,
For many a favour plead, but plead in vain,
Gnaw with thy teeth thine unoffending nails,
And stamp with rage when doubt thy soul assails.

In vain were unguents lavished on my head,
In vain I walked with slow and measured tread—
No herb avails, or witch, from Colchis' strand,
Or juice distilled by Perimede's hand;
For when we know not how our ills arise,
Nor whence they come, our way in darkness lies.
This patient needs no downy bed—no pill;
'Tis nothing in the weather makes him ill;
He walks about—drops dead—relations stare:
This thing called love quite baffles human care.

Where's the false sorcerer I have not fee'd?
Or witch who has not tried my dreams to read?
'Neath Cupid's banner let my foes enlist,
Be every friend a sworn misogynist.
Safe glides the pinnace down the tranquil stream;
Why on its tiny shore of danger dream?
Light by thyself will be thy load of care:
Thy heart's blood hardly will appease the fair.

V.

TO CYNTHIA.

Hoc verumst, tota te ferri, Cynthia, Roma.

THE talk of Rome! O Cynthia! is it true?
And dost thou then the tongue of scandal court?
Was this deserved? False one, thy course thou'lt rue!
The wind shall waft me to another port.*

I'll surely find one in the fickle throng
Who'll prize her poet's tuneful wreath of fame—
Who will not mock his love with bitter wrong,
But hold thy heartless conduct up to shame.

Alas! long loved—too late thou'lt weep at last.
'Tis time to say adieu, while fresh mine ire;
Full well I know, when once my grief is past,
Love will return with all its olden fire.

* Et nobis aliquo, Cynthia, ventus erit.—(*Lachmann.*)

Not so, when raves the northern tempest loud,
  Carpathian billows ever-varying range;
Nor veering south wind turns the blackening cloud,
  As love's capricious mind is prone to change.

Propertius! nerve thy spirit for the fight,
  And from the galling yoke thy neck remove;
Thou'lt grieve, 'tis true, but only for a night:
  Be firm, and light are all the ills of love.

But thou, by Juno's hallowed name, I pray,
  Harm not thyself, nor give thy fury rein;
Not the horned bull alone doth seek the fray—
  The gentle sheep, if injured, turns again.

From thy false breast I'll not the raiment tear,
  Nor shiver in my wrath thy bolted door,
Nor use my hands, nor rend thy braided hair—
  Thus clowns may war whose brows ne'er ivy wore.

But what I write shall cleave unto thy name:
  "*The lovely Cynthia, Cynthia false and frail.*"
Scorn as thou wilt the idle tales of fame,
  This verse will make thy rosy colour pale.

VI.

TO CYNTHIA

Non ita complebant Ephyreae Laïdos aedes.

NOT so through Ephyrean Lais' door,
Where Greece all prostrate lay, did lovers pour;
Nor to Menander's Thais flocked along
The gay and giddy Erichthonian throng;
Not Phryne, who could ruined Thebes rebuild,
By more admirers had her coffers filled.
Sham cousins often come and kiss thee too,
As cousins always have a right to do!
Their portraits pain my eyes, their names my ears,
The tender cradled infant wakes my fears;
Nay more, thy very mother's lips I dread,
Thy sister, and the maid who shares her bed;
Annoyed, perplexed, I fear—oh pardon me!—
A man 'neath every female dress I see.
Hence, legends tell, did strife men's minds employ;
Hence, hence arose the bloody wars of Troy;
The Centaurs, with the self-same fury stung,
Their crashing goblets at Peirithous flung.
But wherefore cite the Greeks? To thee 'tis due,
Wolf-suckled Romulus, who taught'st thy crew
To rifle of its maids each Sabine home,
That now unbridled licence reigns in Rome.

Thrice-blest Admetus' spouse, Ulysses' bride,
And every wife who loves her lord's fireside!
Why rear new fanes to Chastity, if still
We let our matrons do whate'er they will?

The hand that first depicted scenes impure,
And decked chaste homes with lust's foul garniture,
Corrupted guileless maidens' modest eyes,
Till then unschooled in immoralities—
Curse him, who with insidious art could throw
The veil of rapture o'er the springs of woe!
Men had no statues in the olden time,
Nor lined their walls with scenes of pictured crime.
Now cobwebs veil our fanes, with weeds o'ergrown
The gods deserted lie—the fault's our own.

What guards, what threshold shall I find, alas!
That hostile foot may never dare to pass?
'Gainst woman's will no power can keep her pure:
Ashamed to sin, she's safe from every lure.

Nor wife nor mistress shall inveigle me:
My mistress and my wife thou'lt ever be.

VII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Gavisa es certe sublatam, Cynthia, legem.

CYNTHIA, I'm sure thou'rt glad that they've been sweeping
Away that law that's kept us both long weeping,
For fear 'twould part us; though Jove's self could never
Two faithful lovers 'gainst their will dissever.
Our Caesar's great—in arms a mighty hero;
But glorious conquests stand in love at zero.
I'd sooner die than come to such a dead-lock
As change our taper for the torch of wedlock,
Or pass thy closèd door in mode marital,
Shedding true tears at thy too hard requital.
And then the flute-notes—ah! to thee how frightful!
A funeral trumpet's blast were more delightful.

Rear sons to win new triumphs for the nation!
'Twill have no soldiers of my procreation;
But were my love in camp, a charger faster
I'd need than e'en the nimble steed of Castor.
For hence such fame have I achieved in story,
The frozen Scythians own my claims to glory.
If thou art mine, and I thine only treasure,
I'll count paternity a paltry pleasure.

VIII.

ON CYNTHIA'S FAITHLESSNESS.

Eripitur nobis jam pridem cara puella.

FROM me is torn a girl long-loved and dear,
And you forbid me, friend, to shed a tear;
All strifes are placable save those of love—
Slay me at once, a gentler foe I'll prove.

Can I behold her woo'd I won before?
Hear her, once called mine own, called mine no more?
All changes: loves too surely change, I feel;
Defeat or victory—so whirls love's wheel.
Kings and great heroes have been swept away;
Thebes and proud Ilium are but names to-day.
What gifts I gave her! what sweet songs I sung!
Yet from her iron soul ne'er love-note rung.

So then, long years a reckless course I've run,
And borne with thee and thine, O shameless one!
When did I e'er the garb of freedom wear?
Must I thy gibes and insults ever bear?

And shalt thou die, Propertius, in thy bloom?
Yes, die; and let her glory in thy doom.

Torment my Manes, persecute my shade,
Dance on my pyre, and spurn my bones, false maid!

What? O'er Antigone, his soul's adored,
Rushed not Boeotian Haemon on his sword,
And mixed his bones with hers whose hapless fate
His Theban home had rendered desolate?

Thou'lt not escape—with me thou needs must go;
This self-same steel shall make our life-blood flow.
And though in such a death dishonour lie—
As sure it does—yet, maiden, thou shalt die.

A lonely time love-lorn Achilles spent,
And let his arms hang idle in his tent;
Beheld the Grecians fly in dread amaze;
The Dorian fleet with Hector's flames a-blaze;
Patroclus stretched upon the barren sand,
His hair with gore, his corse begrimed with sand:
All this for fair Briseïs' sake he bore,
Such poignant grief his widowed bosom tore.
But after Retribution, long delayed,
Back to the hero gave the captive maid,
He dragged brave Hector in the pomp of war
Behind the wheels of his Haemonian car.

No match for him in arms and pedigree,
Is't strange if Love ride rough-shod over me?

TO CYNTHIA.

Iste quod est, ego saepi fui; sed fors et in hora.

WHAT he is now I've often been before;
An hour, perhaps, may see his glory o'er.

Penelope, whom many sought to wed,
For twice ten years a life of honour led;
With guileful web her bridal could delay,
By night unweaving what she wove by day;
And though for aye she deemed Ulysses gone,
And age with wrinkles came, she waited on.

Briseïs, too, caressed with wild embrace
Achilles slain, and smote her lovely face;
Though slave, she mourned and laved her gore-stained lord
In Simois' stream beside a shallow ford;
Soiled her fair locks, and in her tender hold
Lifted thy corse and bones of giant mould,
Achilles, when nor Peleus stood by thee,
Nor thy dear mother from the azure sea,
Nor lone Deïdamia, left the while
To mourn thy loss in Scyros' barren isle.

Then Greece rejoiced in daughters leal in love,
And 'mid the clang of arms fair virtue throve.
Yet one brief night alone thou couldst not stay;
No, heartless woman, not a single day.

Nay, thou didst drink and giggle with thy guests,
Myself, perchance, the butt of all thy jests.
Thou seek'st the man who played thee false before—
Heaven grant thou mayst enjoy him evermore!
Fell payment for my vows thy life to save
When thou wert sinking in the Stygian wave,
And friends stood round thy bed bewailing thee!
Where was he then, ye gods, or what was he?
What! were I now, on some far Indian plain,
In arms detained, or tossed upon the main,
My trust with falsehood thou wouldst glibly earn—
This trick a woman never failed to learn.
Not so with gusts the Syrtes shift, nor so
Quiver the leaves when wintry south winds blow,
As wavers woman's mind with rage a-flame;
And, grave or slight the cause, 'tis all the same.

Since such thy fiat, I will now give way.
Ho, Cupids! draw more poignant shafts, I pray;
Strike sure, and snap at once my life's poor thread:
Your noblest prize to see my heart's-blood shed.

The watchful stars, the pearly rime of morn,
Thy door by stealth unbarred to me love-torn,
Attest thou'st aye been all in all to me:
Though mine no longer, dear thou'lt ever be.
No other love shall e'er press couch of mine:
Alone I'll live, since I may not be thine.
If pure my life, heaven grant that clod may prove
A block of stone amid the fires of love!

The Theban chiefs did not more proudly die
To gain the throne, before their mother's eye,
Than I, wert thou but witness of the fray,
Would welcome death might I my rival slay.

BOOK III.

I.

TO THE MUSE.

Sed tempus lustrare aliis Helicona choreis.

'Tis time to traverse Helicon in themes of higher strain—
'Tis time to spur my Thracian steed across a wider plain;*
Now I would sing of mighty hosts and deeds of battle done,
And chronicle the Roman fields my general has won;
And if my powers of song should fail—to dare were surely fame:
Enough that I have had the will; no higher praise I claim.

Let hot youth sing the laughing loves—be war the theme of age;
Be war my theme—till now the dream of love has filled my page.
With sober mien and graver brow I now must walk along,
Now on another lyre my Muse essays another song.
Rise, O my Muse! from lowly themes; put on your strength, ye Nine!
Who haunt the clear Pierian springs—outpour the lofty line!

Euphrates boasts no more the Parthian horseman's flying fight,
And grieves it kept the Crassi, slain in miserable plight;
Nay more, Augustus, India lays her neck beneath thy heel—
Arabia's homes, untouched before, in grievous terror reel;

* Et campum Emathio jam dare tempus equo.—(*Mueller.*)

Yea, wheresoe'er earth stretches out her lands to shores afar,
The captive soil shall feel thy hands invincible in war.
I'll track thy camp, and, while the tramp of warriors fires my lay,
I'll earn the poet's wreath of fame: heaven grant I see the day!

* * * * * *

As when we cannot reach the head of statues all too high,
We lay a chaplet at the feet, so now perforce do I,
Unfit to climb the giddy heights of Epic song divine,
In humble adoration lay poor incense on thy shrine;
For not as yet my Muse hath known the wells of Ascra's grove:
Permessus' gentle wave alone hath laved the limbs of Love.

II.

TO CYNTHIA.

Scribant de te alii vel sis ignota licebit.

Be sung by others, or unsung remain,
Who sings thy praises sows a sterile plain.
All, all thy gifts with thee on Fate's dark day
One bier shall bear; nor shall the traveller say,
All heedless passing where thy bones are laid,
"Here lie the ashes of a learnèd maid."

III.

CUPID'S EFFIGY.

Quicunque ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?

THINK'ST not that he had hands of cunning rare
  Whoe'er first painted Love a little boy?
He saw what heedless beings lovers were,
  Losing life's blessings for a trivial toy.

Nor yet in vain those airy wings he gave,
  And bade him flutter in the human breast:
Truly we're tost upon a restless wave,
  And on by ever-changing breezes prest.

Nor bears the Boy those barbèd shafts for show,
  And Cretan quiver from his shoulders slung;
Dreamless of danger, ere we see the foe,
  He strikes and leaves his victim torment-wrung.

In me his shafts, in me his image lies;
  But, sure, his wings of gossamer are gone,
For ne'er, alas! he from my bosom flies,
  But in my blood keeps ever warring on.

In my scorched marrow why delight to dwell?
  Hence, Boy! on others with thy darts make raid;
On hearts unscathed outpour thy venom fell—
  Not me thou woundest, but my wasted shade.

Slay me—from whom will then such songs arise?
My Muse, though lowly, is thy glory great,
Who sings of Cynthia's head and jet-black eyes,
Her lovely fingers and her mincing gait.

IV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Non tot Achaemeniis armantur Susa sagittis.

FEWER the shafts that Susa doth contain,
Than in my breast the arrows lodged by Love,
Who bade me not the tender Muse disdain,
But make my dwelling in the Ascraean grove;

Not with my lyre Pierian oaks to draw,
Or lead wild beasts Ismarian vales along,
But to thrill Cynthia's soul with breathless awe,
And o'er Inachian Linus soar in song.

To me the prize of woman's winsome charms,
Or her high lineage, is not half so dear,
As in my gifted maiden's circling arms
To read my lays and please her faultless ear.

Why should I heed the babbling tongue of Fame,
Sure of the verdict of the girl I love?
Let her but smile and feed my tender flame,
And I can bear the enmity of Jove.

When, therefore, death shall close my failing eyes,
  This boon I crave: at my last rites let no
Long image-train be borne in pompous guise,
  Nor trumpet sound the idle notes of woe.

No costly bier with ivory posts be mine—
  No couch bespread with rich embroideries—
No odour-breathing censers ranged in line:
  Be mine the poor man's humble obsequies.

Meet pomp—my three small books which I shall bear—
  Best gift I have—to queen Persephone;
But follow thou, thy bared bosom tear,
  Call me by name the while nor weary be.

On my cold lips be thy last kisses prest,
  While fragrant Syrian nard—one box—thou'lt burn;
And when the blazing pile has done the rest,
  Consign my relics to a little urn.

Plant o'er the hallowed spot the dark-green bay,
  To shade my tomb, and these two lines engrave:
"Here, loathsome ashes, lies the bard to-day,
  Who erst was one loved one's all-faithful slave."

No meaner glory then shall mantle round
  The lowly hillock where my dust is laid,
Than lights the Phthian hero's lofty mound,
  That drank the life-blood of the Trojan maid.

When death shall come—remember 'tis thy doom—
  Seek, hoar with years, the ever-mindful stone;
But oh, be kind, nor spurn me in the tomb!
  The very mould can feel an outrage shown.

Would that one sister of the fatal Three
  Had bid me in my cradle breathe my last!
Why nurse a life of such uncertainty?
  Nestor is dead—his three long ages past.

Had Phrygian spear, ere mighty Troy fell doomed,
  Hurled from her ramparts, sealed his lingering fate,
He ne'er had seen Antilochus entombed,
  Nor said in sorrow, "Death, why come so late?"

Thou, too, shalt weep when I have done with time—
  The left may ever love the loved who die.
See fair Adonis, smitten in his prime
  By savage boar on crest of Idaly!—

'Tis said that Venus roamed the fenny plains,*
  Called the fair youth, and her long tresses spread;
But, Cynthia, thou shalt call my shade in vain,—
  Mute are the mouldering ashes of the dead.

* Illis formosum vocitasse paludibus, illuc
  Diceris effusa tu, Venus, isse coma.—(*Mueller.*)

V.

LOVE'S DREAM REALISED.

Non ita Dardanio gavisus Atrida triumphost.

NOT in his Dardan triumph so rejoiced the great Atrides
When fell the mighty kingdom of Laomedon of yore;
Not so Ulysses when he moored his wave-worn raft beside his
Beloved Dulichian island-home—his weary wanderings o'er;

Not so Electra when she saw Orestes out of danger,
Whose simulated bones she'd held and watered with her tears;
Nor burning Ariadne when she saw the fair-haired stranger
Safe thread the Daedalean maze and dissipate her fears,—

As I, when last night's rosy joys I ruminated over:
To me another night like that were immortality!
Awhile before with downcast head I walked a pining lover—
More useless I had grown, 'twas said, than water-tank run dry.

No more my darling passes me with silent recognition,
Nor can she sit unmoved while I outpour my tender vow.
I wish that I had sooner realised this blest condition;
'Tis pouring living water on a dead man's ashes now.

Before my feet my path was clear, but I was wholly blinded;
And surely no one sees when love his senses steals away.
But here's a cure I've found most sure—aye scorn the scornful-minded:
She who repulsed you yesternight will come to you to-day.

In vain did others seek my love, in vain they called upon her,
She leaned her head upon my breast, was kind as girl could be.
Of conquered Parthians talk no more, I've gained a nobler honour,
For she'll be spoils, and leaders, and triumphal car to me.

O Cytherea! I'll affix great presents to thy portal,
And underneath my name this little distich I will write:
"Propertius lays upon thy fane these spoils, O Queen immortal!
Pray do not spurn this poor return for one immortal night."

Light of my life! say, shall my bark reach shore with gear befitting,
Or, dashed amid the breakers, with her cargo run aground?
With thee it lies: but if, perchance, through fault of my committing
Thou giv'st me o'er, before thy door let my cold corse be found.

Surely of me posterity shall say
  My cups ne'er vexed the gods: then, love, do you
Stint not life's joys in youth's brief summer day;
  A world of kisses is a world too few.

For as the leaves from withered garlands fall
  And strew the goblet, so shall we who bloom
In love to-day, ere morn, perchance, be thrall
  To ruthless fate and prisoned in the tomb.

VII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Praetor ab Illyricis venit modo, Cynthia, terris.

From the Illyrian land the other day
  Your friend the praetor has returned, I learn—
To you a fruitful source of welcome prey,
  To me of inexpressible concern.

If on the Thunder-cliffs thou'dst dashed his head,
  O Neptune! what rare gifts I'd offer thee!
Now not with me the groaning board is spread;
  Wide stands your door all night, but not for me.

Yet reap the proffered harvest if you're wise,
  And fleece, while thick his wool, the silly sheep;
And when at last in beggary he lies,
  For new Illyrias bid him cross the deep.

With neither rank nor honours Cynthia's ta'en ;
  She weighs her lovers' purses day by day.
But now, O Venus! aid me in my pain,
  Let sore indulgence waste his strength away.

So any one with gifts may purchase love?
  O Jove! my darling pines for harlot-hire;
For gems she bids me o'er the ocean rove,
  And bear her home the costly gifts of Tyre.

Would none were rich in Rome, and Caesar's self
  Could be content in straw-built hut to dwell!
Our girls would never barter charms for pelf,
  But every home of hoary virtue tell.

Not that for seven whole nights from me you lay—
  Your fair arms round so foul a lecher thrown—
Nor that you've sinned, have I a word to say,
  But that the fair to levity are prone.

A lubber, sudden-blest, in robes of shame,
  Now rules my realm: yet think, in all your pride,
What bitter gifts to Eriphyle came!
  What fearful flames consumed Iason's bride!

Will no wrong stem the ever-welling tear?
  And must I still your faithlessness deplore?
The theatres and parks have ceased to cheer
  For many a day, and song is song no more.

Yet shame, ah! shame—unless, perchance, 'tis true,
  That shameless love is deaf, as men have said.
See him who lately with his guilty crew
  The Actian sea with bootless din o'erspread.

Base passion bade him wheel with flying prow,
  And to the world's far verge for refuge steer:
A double laurel wreathes our Caesar's brow;
  The hand that conquered now has sheathed the spear.

What robes he gave you, and what emeralds rare,
  What costly chrysoliths of golden gleam,
May furious tempests sweep athwart the air—
  Be they as dust or water in the stream.

Not aye Jove calmly smiles on perjury,
  And turns a deaf ear to the wretch's prayer.
Say, have ye heard the thunder rend the sky,
  And seen the lightning sweeping down the air?

These not the frowning Pleiades have wrought;
  Nor yet Orion on his stormy raids,—
The blood-red bolt descendeth not for nought:
  Thus Jove is wont to punish perjured maids.

For he hath shed the bitter tears of woe,
  Befooled by faithless maiden's perfidy;
Then prize no more Sidonian vestments so,
  That you must fear when south winds gloom the sky.

VIII.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

Mentiri noctem, promissis ducere amantem.

THE stains of blood are on her hands who makes
A tryst with lover and her promise breaks.
Such death I dread, when, left in lonesome plight,
I toss from side to side the livelong night.
You pity Tantalus, who never sips
The wave escaping from his thirsty lips;
Gape o'er the toils of Sisyphus, who still
His weary burden rolls up all the hill:
But nought on earth exceeds a lover's woe—
Nought, if you're wise, you'll covet less to know.
I, late so blest—even envy stared, I trow—
Am scarce admitted once in ten days now.
False girl, I'd hurl me sheer from yonder height,
Or drain the poisoned chalice with delight,
Since 'neath the waning moon abroad no more
I now may sleep or whisper through her door.

Yet be it so; I'll never change my love:
She'll weep to see my faith unfaltering prove.

IX *a*.

TO CYNTHIA.

Assiduae multis odium peperere querellae.

WITH many, constant plaints engender hate;
Oft a quiet husband breaks a stubborn mate.
If aught thou'st seen, the fact at once deny;
If grieved, thy sorrow let thy tongue belie.
What if with age my locks were silver-gray,
And languid wrinkles ploughed my cheeks to-day?
Aurora did not old Tithonus scorn,
And leave him lonely in the halls of Morn;
But in her arms she clasped him ere she drave
Her harnessed coursers briskly through the wave;
And when on neighbouring Ind love-locked she lay,
She sorrowed o'er the fast-returning day;
Called the gods cruel as she clomb her car,
Performed her debt to earth and pined afar,
More glad while old Tithonus still drew breath
Than grieved for Memnon's all too early death.
She never blushed, though rosy-cheeked and fair,
To sleep with him and kiss his silver hair;
But thou, false maiden, scorn'st me in my prime,
Though age shall bow thee at no distant time.
In this, moreover, I some solace find;
Love's often cruel where he once was kind.

IX *b*.

Nunc etiam infectos demens imitare Britannos.

FOOL! now a woad-stained Briton, too, thou'dst seem,
And frisk, thy hair with foreign nard a-gleam.
The form that Nature fashioned lacks no grace,
But Belgian paint deforms a Roman face.
Full many pains let girls in Hades bear
Who dye their own or wear another's hair.
Think'st thou if maiden dyed her temples blue,
Her face would therefore have a charming hue?
Fair in mine eyes thou'lt surely ever shine;
Yes, fair enough, if only thou art mine.
Darling, thou hast no brother and no son;
Let me be son and brother both in one.
Thy guardian be thy bed, and do not care
For sitting with elaborated hair.
Do nought to make me trust what gossips say:
O'er earth and ocean scandal speeds its way.

X.

TO CYNTHIA.

Etsi, me invito, discedis, Cynthia, Roma.

THOUGH 'gainst my will thou'rt leaving Rome, 'tis sweet
  To think thou'lt rove the lonely fields the while;
In those pure haunts no tempter thou shalt meet,
  To lure, with honeyed words, thy soul to guile.

Before thy windows never brawl by night,
  Nor serenade, shall mar thy gentle sleep;
Alone thou'lt gaze upon the lonely height,
  The humble peasants' fields and wandering sheep.

No sports shall e'er corrupt thee there; nor fanes—
  Fell source of wellnigh every fault of thine:
Thou'lt view the toiling oxen plough the plains,
  And the deft pruner lop the leafy vine.

Scant incense in rude cell thou'lt burn, and see
  A kid before the rural altar fall;
With naked ankle trip it on the lea,
  Safe from the strange and prying eyes of all.

I'll seek the chase; my eager soul delights
  To enter on Diana's service now:
A while I must abandon Venus' rites,
  And pay to Artemis the bounden vow.

I'll track the deer, aloft on pine-tree boughs
  The antlers hang, and urge the daring hound;
Yet no huge lion in his lair I'll rouse,
  Nor 'gainst the boar with rapid onset bound.

My prowess be to trap the timid hare,
  And with the wingèd arrow pierce the bird,
Where sweet Clitumnus hides its waters fair
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  I'll come to thee ere many days are o'er;
But neither shall the lonely woods and streams,
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  That makes my restless tongue for ever run
'Tween thy sweet name and this love-bitter strain:
  "None but would wish to harm the absent one."

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Quid flés abducta gravius Briseïde? quid flés?

WHY weep more sadly than Briseïs borne from friends afar?
Or woe-begone Andromache, led captive erst in war?
Why weary out the gods, mad girl, about my wrongs alway?
And why complain our olden faith but blossomed to decay?

Not so the mournful Attic bird outpours her bitter wail,
When 'neath Cecropia's sylvan shades she tells her dismal tale;
Nor, at the tombs of children twelve, incessant tear-drops thus *
Doth overweening Niobe rain from sad Sipylus.

Although with chains of beaten brass my arms should bounden be,
Though iron walls confined my limbs like prisoned Danaë,
Yet should I break for thy sweet sake, my soul, the bars of brass,
And quickly from the iron keep of prisoned Danaë pass.

Whate'er of thee is told to me shall fall on heedless ears,
Provided only ne'er of me thou cherish needless fears.

* Nec tantum Niobe bis sex ad busta superba
Sollicito lacrimas depluit a Sipylo.—(*Scaliger.*)

Oh, by my sire's and mother's bones! I swear I'll keep thy trust,
And if I lie, then heavily upon me press their dust.

I still shall be, my life, to thee, true till death's shadows come;
Away one troth shall bear us both—one day behold our doom:
But if nor name nor beauty of thine should keep me leal to thee,
Yet would thine easy thrall be aye a gentle bond for me.

'Tis seven full moons since all the town has rung about us twain;
Oft was thy door unbarred to me—oft entrance did I gain:
Yet never bribe by me was given to buy a kiss of thine;
Whate'er I was I was to thee—myself thy chosen shrine.

Whilst many woo'd thee, me alone thou woo'dst, sweet love of mine;
If I forget—me Furies rack, me Aeacus consign,
At the infernal bar, to feed, like Tityos, vultures fell,
And roll the rock like Sisyphus aloft the hills of hell.

No further then assail me, sweet, with suppliant letters now;
True as of old, so to the last aye true shall be my vow:
This my perpetual privilege, that soon I should not tire,
Alone of lovers all, of love, nor rashly catch its fire.

XII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Ah quantum de me Panthi tibi pagina finxit.

As far as Panthus e'er made free
In page of his to slander me,
So hard to him may Venus be,
    And plague his life.

Now seem I not a truer seer
Than famed Dodona? Well, my dear,
Your handsome lover's off, I hear,
    And ta'en a wife.

Just so much time quite lost! O fie!
List how he's singing while you lie,
The victim of credulity,
    In lonely woe.

In you the pair their gossip find;
And he, grown vain, declared you pined,
And stayed at home against his mind.
    That may be so,

But may I die if he'd in view
Aught save to triumph over you.
He's wed, and has his triumph too,
    While you must smart.

Her guest Iason thus betrayed
In days of yore the Colchian maid;
He left her, and Creusa swayed
His home and heart.

So the Dulichian hero sped
Away from fond Calypso's bed—
She saw her faithless lover spread
His swelling sails.

Maids, prone to trust whate'er you hear,
When ye are left in sorrow drear,
Oh do not rashly lend an ear
To tempter's tales!

Long, long has Cynthia sought the track
Of one she hopes may yet come back.
Poor foolish girl, what does, alack!
Experience say?

Whate'er the place on earth you fill,
Whate'er the time, alike I'm still
Yours whether you are well or ill.
Yes—yours for aye.

XIII *a*.

TO DEMOPHOÖN.

Scis here mi multas pariter placuisse puellas.

DEMOPHOÖN, it was but yesterday
  Full many a maiden pleased me well, you know;
And now, from scenes where all was glad and gay,
  To me arises many a weary woe.

Now every street is filled with fatal charms;
  O theatres, too sure to ruin me,
If Beauty spread her fair, voluptuous arms,
  Or trill the changing notes of melody!

If lovely maiden sit with bosom bare,
  Or o'er her brow of snowy whiteness play
The truant ringlets of her gem-bound hair,
  Mine eyes invite the shaft too sure to slay.

And if she e'er had chanced to disallow,
  By one forbidding look, my cherished dream,
Soul-freezing sweats would gather on my brow,
  And trickle down my cheeks in chilling stream.

Why do I melt at every maiden's charms?
  Why ask me? Such a "Why" love never knew.
Why with the knife does votary gash his arms,
  And to the frantic notes his members hew?

Some failing, Nature did to each assign:
  My fate has ever been to love the fair;
And, Envy, though rapt Thamyras' doom be mine,
  I never will be blind if beauty's there.

Though now, perchance, my limbs seem lank and spare,
  Love's service galls me not all-unsubdued;
Make quest—my prowess many will declare,
  Though fierce the combat and though oft renewed.

Two nights great Jove to fair Alcmena clung,
  And twice was heaven reft of its king by night,
Yet with no feebler hand the bolt he flung:
  Love ne'er exhausts its vigour from delight.

What? when Achilles left Briseïs' side,
  Was Ilium of his javelins less afraid?
When valiant Hector left his loving bride,
  Say, were the fleets of Argos undismayed?

The one a nation's navy could o'erthrow,
  A city's walls the other could undo:
So me in love a fierce Pelides know,
  In me behold a valiant Hector too.

See how the sky enjoys two favourites' charms—
  The sun's now, now the moon's: a pair for me!
Yes, let a second clasp me in her arms,
  Should one make bold my fond embrace to flee.

Or if my slave has roused her ire, as sure
  As she denies, she'll find her rival wins:
Two cables doubly well a ship secure;
  An anxious mother doubly cares for twins.

X.

TO CYNTHIA.

Etsi, me invito, discedis, Cynthia, Roma.

THOUGH 'gainst my will thou'rt leaving Rome, 'tis sweet
  To think thou'lt rove the lonely fields the while;
In those pure haunts no tempter thou shalt meet,
  To lure, with honeyed words, thy soul to guile.

Before thy windows never brawl by night,
  Nor serenade, shall mar thy gentle sleep;
Alone thou'lt gaze upon the lonely height,
  The humble peasants' fields and wandering sheep.

No sports shall e'er corrupt thee there; nor fanes—
  Fell source of wellnigh every fault of thine:
Thou'lt view the toiling oxen plough the plains,
  And the deft pruner lop the leafy vine.

Scant incense in rude cell thou'lt burn, and see
  A kid before the rural altar fall;
With naked ankle trip it on the lea,
  Safe from the strange and prying eyes of all.

I'll seek the chase; my eager soul delights
  To enter on Diana's service now:
A while I must abandon Venus' rites,
  And pay to Artemis the bounden vow.

I'll track the deer, aloft on pine-tree boughs
  The antlers hang, and urge the daring hound;
Yet no huge lion in his lair I'll rouse,
  Nor 'gainst the boar with rapid onset bound.

My prowess be to trap the timid hare,
  And with the wingèd arrow pierce the bird,
Where sweet Clitumnus hides its waters fair
  'Neath mantling shades, and laves the snow-white herd.

My life, remember thou in all thy schemes
  I'll come to thee ere many days are o'er;
But neither shall the lonely woods and streams,
  That down the mossy crags meandering pour,

Have power to charm away the jealous pain
  That makes my restless tongue for ever run
'Tween thy sweet name and this love-bitter strain:
  "None but would wish to harm the absent one."

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Quid fles abducta gravius Briseïde? quid fles?

WHY weep more sadly than Briseïs borne from friends afar?
Or woe-begone Andromache, led captive erst in war?
Why weary out the gods, mad girl, about my wrongs alway?
And why complain our olden faith but blossomed to decay?

Not so the mournful Attic bird outpours her bitter wail,
When 'neath Cecropia's sylvan shades she tells her dismal tale;
Nor, at the tombs of children twelve, incessant tear-drops thus *
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Your handsome lover's off, I hear,
    And ta'en a wife.

Just so much time quite lost! O fie!
List how he's singing while you lie,
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What if with age my locks were silver-gray,
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Aurora did not old Tithonus scorn,
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  Or trill the changing notes of melody!

If lovely maiden sit with bosom bare,
  Or o'er her brow of snowy whiteness play
The truant ringlets of her gem-bound hair,
  Mine eyes invite the shaft too sure to slay.

And if she e'er had chanced to disallow,
  By one forbidding look, my cherished dream,
Soul-freezing sweats would gather on my brow,
  And trickle down my cheeks in chilling stream.

Why do I melt at every maiden's charms?
  Why ask me? Such a "Why" love never knew.
Why with the knife does votary gash his arms,
  And to the frantic notes his members hew?

Some failing, Nature did to each assign:
  My fate has ever been to love the fair;
And, Envy, though rapt Thamyras' doom be mine,
  I never will be blind if beauty's there.

Though now, perchance, my limbs seem lank and spare,
  Love's service galls me not all-unsubdued;
Make quest—my prowess many will declare,
  Though fierce the combat and though oft renewed.

Two nights great Jove to fair Alcmena clung,
  And twice was heaven reft of its king by night,
Yet with no feebler hand the bolt he flung:
  Love ne'er exhausts its vigour from delight.

What? when Achilles left Briseïs' side,
  Was Ilium of his javelins less afraid?
When valiant Hector left his loving bride,
  Say, were the fleets of Argos undismayed?

The one a nation's navy could o'erthrow,
  A city's walls the other could undo:
So me in love a fierce Pelides know,
  In me behold a valiant Hector too.

See how the sky enjoys two favourites' charms—
  The sun's now, now the moon's: a pair for me!
Yes, let a second clasp me in her arms,
  Should one make bold my fond embrace to flee.

Or if my slave has roused her ire, as sure
  As she denies, she'll find her rival wins:
Two cables doubly well a ship secure;
  An anxious mother doubly cares for twins.

XIII *b.*

Aut, si es dura, nega: sin es non dura, venito!

If cold, refuse; if kind, come hither, love!
  Why all thy promises as nothing deem?
For 'tis a woe all other woes above
  To dash at once a lover's cherished dream.

In bed he sighs and tosses spirit-sore,
  To think his darling seeks a stranger's arms;
He bores his slave with questions o'er and o'er,
  And pleads for fresh details 'mid fresh alarms.

XIV.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Cui fuit indotti fugienda haec semita volgi.

All fancy for the rabble road 'twas once my aim to smother,
  Now water from the pond to me has quite a pleasant *gout.*
Say, is a gentleman to bribe the servant of another,
  To carry to his lady-love a promised *billet-doux?*

Is he to ask times o'er and o'er what temple she may be in,
And in what park she's walking now; and then, when he has sought
The town all through, and borne a host of toils quite Herculean,
To get from her a note like this: "What present have you brought?"

To be allowed to scan her surly warder, and, detected,
To skulk away perhaps in some abominable slum?
How dearly once a-year comes round a night we've long expected!
On those whom bolted doors delight may every evil come!

Give me the girl who boldly walks, her veil thrown back behind her,
Unwatched by guards whose jealous eyes one's peace of mind destroy—
Who treads the Sacred Way with muddy shoe, and when you find her,
And whisper in her ear your wish, is anything but coy.

She'll never put you off, nor for the paltry guinea stickle,
The loss of which your cross-grained sire would mourn in sore dismay;
Nor will she say, "I'm terrified; be off, I'm in a pickle,—
My husband, who's been out of town, is coming home to-day."

With maidens from Euphrates and Orontes I'm in clover.
Talk not of chaste caress to me, 'tis all a bagatelle:
Since lovers are constrained to give all thoughts of freedom over,
The man who sets his heart on love to freedom bids farewell.

XV.

THE POET'S EXCUSE.

'Tu loqueris, cum sis jam noto fabula libro,
Et tua sit toto Cynthia lœta foro?'

"AND do you talk—*you*, now a byword grown,
Whose 'Cynthia' through the forum's read and known?"
At words like these, whose brow all o'er and o'er
Would rain not burning sweat from every pore?
A gentleman must either blush for shame,*
Or never venture once his love to name.

Were Cynthia kind as girls of lower price,
I should not now be called the crown of vice,
Nor have the whole town's scandal at me hurled;
And though I burned, in word I'd cheat the world.
No wonder I to common queans repair—
They harm me less; seems that a small affair?

For fan a peacock's tail she now demands,
Now asks a crystal ball to cool her hands;
Begs me, grown wroth, to cheapen ivory dice,
And Sacra Via's glittering trash. The price—
Hang it!—is a mere bagatelle; but yet
I blush to be the jest of a coquette.

* Aut pudor ingenuost aut reticendus amor.—(*Munro.*)

XVI.

SEPARATION.

Hoc erat in primis quod me gaudere jubebas?

WAS this the peerless joy in store for me?
Oh, shame that one so fair should fickle be!
In love we've hardly spent our second night,
And now thou art a-weary of my sight.
Once thou didst praise me and my lays alone;
Has all that love of thine so quickly flown?

With me in genius let my rival vie,
Or art—first let him learn fidelity;
Bid him on Lerna's brood his prowess test,
The apples from Hisperian dragon wrest,
Drain baleful poisons, shipwrecked gulp the sea,
And brave all miseries for sake of thee.
Light of my life! oh bid me bear the same!
That braggart soon will earn the coward's name
Who proudly vaunts his puffed-up honour now:
One single year will snap your covenant-vow.

Me not the Sibyl's years, though vast their range,
Alcides' toil, nor doom's dark day, shall change.
Thou'lt lay me in the silent grave, and say,
"These are thy bones, Propertius, faithful aye.
Alas! alas! how true wast thou to me,
Though thine nor wealth nor ancient pedigree!"

I'll suffer all: unchanged, all wrongs I'll bear
It were no load to bear with one so fair!
Not few, I ween, have for thy beauty pined;
But faith, I ween, thou'lt not in many find.
A short while Theseus Ariadne loved;
Demophoön Phyllis: both deceitful proved.
In Jason's ship thou know'st Medea's fate*—
The man she rescued left her desolate.

Hard is the maid who feigns a ready fire,
And dons for more than one her best attire.
Court not the rich or noble; hardly one
Would lift, like me, thy bones when life is done.
Yet oh for me be thine the mournful care,
To beat thy naked breast and rend thy hair!

XVII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Unica nata meo pulcherrima cura dolori.

SOLE care, and fairest cause of all my pain,
Since fate forbids the whispered "Come again!"
Thy beauty from my lays shall peerless shine:
Catullus, with thy leave; with, Calvus, thine.

The veteran doffs his arms war-wearied now,
The agèd steers refuse to drag the plough,

*Jam tibi Iasonia notast Medea carina.—(*Cdd.*)

The crumbling ship lies on the lonely shore,
In temple hung the old buckler's borne no more;
But time will never wean my heart from thine,
Though Nestor's or Tithonus' years be mine.

Far better brook the tyrant's ruthless rule,
And groan, O fell Perillus! in thy bull;
Far better freeze to stone 'neath Gorgon's stare,
And e'en the dire Caucasian vultures bear.
Yet firm I'll stand: with rust steel spears decay,
A little water wears the rock away:
My love no caustic wears howe'er severe;*
It lasts, and bears all threats with patient ear.
Though scorned, it pleads; though wronged, admits the fault,
And e'en returns, though fain its feet would halt.
Thou too, fond fool, in love's good fortune strong
Be warned!—no woman e'er is faithful long.
Who pays his vows while storms around him rave,
Since oft in port the wreck bestrews the wave?
Who claims the prize before the race is done,
And round the goal the wheels seven times have run?
Deceitful blows in love the prosperous gale;
If late disaster come, then great the bale.
Yet do thou, meanwhile, though she love thee well,
Close lock thy breast; thy joys to no one tell.
In love affairs—I know not why 'tis so—
Our boastful words are sure to work us woe.
Though oft invited, seldom go her way;
What causes envy is not wont to stay.
Were times like times, and maids like maids of yore,
I'd be as thou: by time I'm triumphed o'er;
Yet shall this age my habits never change:
Let each one wander in his fitting range.

* At nullo dominae teritur sub alumine amor qui.—(*Munro.*)

But ye who love, and love, and love again,
How salt the tears that from your eyes must rain!
Ye've seen the tender maiden lily-white,
Ye've seen the dusky girl; both tints delight.
Ye've seen the nymph of Grecian mould, and there
The Roman maid; and both were passing fair.
In russet robe or purple raiment drest,
Alike each charmer wounds the lover's breast:
Since one can steal the slumber from thine eyes,
One maid to one may well for woe suffice.

XVIII.

DREAM OF CYNTHIA'S SHIPWRECK.

Vidi te in somnis fracta, mea vita, carina.

LIGHT of my life! I saw thee in my sleep,
Wrecked on the storm-yvext Ionian deep;
Thy vessel's shivered timbers round thee strown,
Thy weary hands for succour upward thrown,
Confessing all the falsehoods thou hadst told,
While o'er thy matted hair the waters rolled—
Like Helle wave-tost on the purple deep,
Borne on the downy back of golden sheep.
Oh how I feared that on the "Cynthian sea"
Sailors should tell thy tale and weep for thee!

What vows to Neptune and the Twins I made,
And to divine Leucothoë, for aid!
While thou—thy hands scarce raised above the wave—
Didst often call me from the yawning grave.
Had thy bright eyes by Glaucus then been seen,
The Ionian sea had hailed another queen,
And jealous Nereids would be chiding thee,
Nisaea fair, and green Cymothoë.
But to thine aid I saw the dolphin scud
That bore, methinks, Arion o'er the flood.
Down from a rock I tried to plunge ahead,
When fear awoke me, and the vision fled.

Now let men marvel maid so fair's mine own
And that through all the town my bliss is blown.
Although for her Pactolus' streams should glide,
She would not say, "Poor poet, leave my side."
My lays she sings, and scorns the rich man's lure:
No maiden courts the Muse with zeal so pure.
Much, faith in love, much, constancy can do:
Who many gifts can give may many woo.

Should Cynthia wish o'er ocean wide to fare,
I'll go: one breeze will waft the faithful pair,
One shore our couch when sleep our eyelids fill,
One sheltering tree our roof, our cup one rill,
One plank for both will ample bedroom be;
Afore, abaft, 'tis all the same to me—
All toils I'll bear: let savage Eurus rave,
Or freezing Auster whirl us o'er the wave,
And all ye winds that poor Ulysses tost,
And drave the Greeks along Euboea's coast,
That moved two strands when forth the dove had flown,
To lead rude Argo on through seas unknown.

If only from my eyes she never turn,
Jove with his blazing bolt our ship may burn;
Naked, we'll toss upon the self-same shore:
The wave may waft me if thou'rt covered o'er.

Not harsh is Neptune to so leal a love,
For Neptune mates in love his brother Jove.
Ah! Argive Amymonë with her pail,
And Lerna, trident-smit, can tell the tale,
How erst he wooed and won, and in return
With god-sent waters filled her golden urn;
And ravished Orithyia says the Wind
Who rules the earth and sea is not unkind.

Believe me, Scylla's mouths will cease to rave,
Nor vast Charybdis whelm us with its wave;
The very stars will shine, by clouds unhid;
Clear shall Orion gleam and clear the Kid:
But should my life be lost in saving thine,
Then surely no inglorious fate is mine.

XIX.

THE LOVER.

At vos incertam, mortales, funeris horam.

I.

MORTALS, ye seek with anxious soul
  To know death's hour uncertain,
And from the darkly-mantled goal
  To lift the awful curtain;
Anon the cloudless sky ye scan,
  And lore Phoenician borrow,
To read what stars bring weal to man,
  And what is fraught with sorrow.

II.

We track the Parthian o'er the plain,
  O'er ocean seek the stranger,
Yet every path o'er earth and main
  Is filled with hidden danger;
Again ye rue the roaring din,
  The rushing and the rattle,
When troop on troop comes pouring in
  To join in doubtful battle.

III.

Ye fear lest fire your homes assail,
  And ruin's mad commotion;
Ye dread the cup ye quaff, and quail
  Lest death lurk in the potion;
But how he'll die, and when his hour,
  The lover's ne'er in error—
Nor Boreas' blasts nor arms have power
  To smite his soul with terror.

IV.

Though now he ply the oar, afloat
  On Styx's reedy river,
And see above the infernal boat
  The gloomy canvas quiver;
Let but his darling sigh—the clay
  Will life, sweet life recover,
And back the unpermitted way
  Will speed the joyful lover.

XX.

TO JUPITER, ON CYNTHIA'S SICKNESS.

Jupiter! affectae tandem miserere puellae.

PITY my stricken love, O Jove! the blame
  Will all be thine if she should die—so fair;
For now the sky with fire is all a-flame,
  And earth is burning 'neath the dog-star's glare.

Yet not so much to blame is heat or sky,
  As heaven's dread name long outraged day by day.
This kills, and killed poor girls in days gone by:
  Their oaths the winds and waters waft away.

Was Venus wroth thou didst her equal shine?
  She envies all whose charms with hers compare.
Hast thou despised Pelasgian Juno's shrine,
  Or dared deny that Pallas' eyes were fair?

Ah! maidens' tongues were heedless evermore:
  This fell disease from pride and beauty rose.
But, love, thy vexed life's weary trials o'er,
  A calmer hour awaits thee at the close.

In youth the hornèd Io lowed; now changed,
  The cow that drank Nile's waters reigns on high;
And Ino, who in youth the woodlands ranged,
  Hears as Leucothoë the poor sailor's cry.

In youth the fair Andromeda was doomed
  A prey to savage monsters of the sea;
The same in Perseus' home in wifehood bloomed
  And wore her wifely honours royally.

A bear Callisto roamed Arcadia; now,
  A radiant star, she guides the nightly sail:
And if the Fates should speed thy rest, I trow
  Those Fates with bliss shall crown thy burial.

Thou'lt talk to Semele of beauty's bane,
  Who, by experience taught, will trust thy tale;
Queen crowned 'mid Homer's Heroines thou'lt reign,
  Nor one thy proud prerogative assail.

Calmly, sick love, to fate the issue leave;
  Eternal Jove may smile, and light arise.
O Jove! even Juno's self will grant reprieve,
  For Juno sorrows when a damsel dies.

Powerless the wheel by spells of magic driven,
  On the cold hearth the half-burnt laurel lies;
The moon refuses to descend from heaven,
  And the dark bird outpours its baleful cries.

All that I loved, to the drear realms below
  Thou'lt bear, O pale-dark raft of destiny!
If not to one, to two, Heaven, mercy show:
  If life be hers, I'll live; if death, I'll die.

O spare her, and in song thy praise I'll swell,
  I'll write "The Damsel saved by Jove's decree;"
And, veiled, before thy shrine she'll sit and tell
  Her dangers, and her gratitude to thee.

Persephone, continued mercy show,
  And thou, her husband, be not more severe;
Since yours so many thousand nymphs below,
  O let one lovely maiden linger here!

Iope, fair Tyro, and Europa too,*
  Unchaste Pasiphaë, and the heroine-band
Of Troy, Achaia, Thebes, now dwell with you,
  And all the bloom of Priam's ruined land.

* Vobiscumst Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
  Vobiscum Europe nec proba Pasiphae,
Et quot Troia tulit vetus et quot Achaia formas,
  Et Thebe et Priami diruta regna senis.—(*Mueller.*)

Where are Rome's women of renown to-day?
  Alas! the greedy pyre has claimed them all;
For beauty dies and fortune flits away—
  Death soon or late doth all that lives enthral.

My love, relieved from grievous danger now,
  To Dian pay her choral rites meanwhile;
To Isis, too, discharge thy vigil-vow:
  Be mine, for all my care, thy loving smile!

XXI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Extrema, mea lux, cum potus nocte vagarer.

My love, as I was roaming late at night,
  Wine-flushed, with not a slave to guide my way,
A group of urchins met me in my plight—
  How many there might be, I cannot say.

I dared not even count the impish crew—
  I was so terrified: some seemed to be
With brands equipped, and some with shafts, a few
  Appeared to be preparing chains for me.

The whole were naked. One, more rude than all,
  Cried, "Seize him! well you know him! he's the dunce
The angry woman hired us to bemaul."
  He spoke; a rope was round my neck at once.

One bids him drag me forth; another shouts,
"Hang him! He thinks we are not gods! Ho, there!
She's waited hours for you, you lout of louts!
And you, the while, are staggering heaven knows where.

"When her Sidonian night-cap she unties,
And opes her eyes where lovely languors rest,
You'll breathe no perfumes from Arabian skies,
But such as Love's own fingers have exprest.

"Spare, brothers, spare; he swears he'll now be true.
And lo! unto the very door we've come."
My stripped-off garment then they round me threw,
And said, "Go, learn to spend your nights at home."

'Twas morn: I wished to see if all alone
My Cynthia lay—lone lay my lovely queen.
I stood amazed; nor e'er her form had known
More fair, when, clad in robes of purple sheen,

She went to tell chaste Vesta what she'd dreamed,
Lest to herself or me it boded harm:
So fair to me the awakened sleeper seemed.
O beauty, how omnipotent thy charm!

"Why come to spy me with the morning sun?
What? do you think I'm prone to rove like you?
I'm not so fickle—quite content with one,
Yourself, or any other still more true.

"No trace of guilt will meet your jealous eyes,
Nor to my couch hath stranger found his way.
See here, no pantings in my bosom rise,
The sure revealers of the amorous fray."

She spake; with her right hand my kiss opposed,
Then in loose sandal darted from my sight.
Thus prying eyes Love's hallowed temple closed;
Since then I have not known one happy night.

XXII.

NO ESCAPE FROM LOVE.

Quo fugis? ah, demens, nulla est fuga! tu licet usque.

Ho, madman! whither now? escape there's none:
Fly to the Don, Love at thy heels will run;
Mount wingèd Pegasus and scour the sky,
Thy course with wingèd feet like Perseus ply,
With wingèd sandals beat the hurrying gale,
Another Mercury—'twill nought avail.
Love ever hovers o'er the hapless head,
And on free necks alights with weight of lead.
A keen-eyed wardour he; thy stricken eyes
He'll never suffer from the ground to rise;
Yet shouldst thou ever sin, he's sure to lend
A ready ear, if timely vows ascend.

The happy hours we've spent let grey-beards blame;
We'll keep our old road, darling, all the same.
Their ears with musty proverbs let them fill;
But here, sweet pipe, 'tis meet that thou shouldst trill,
Erst in Maeander's stream unjustly thrown,
When Pallas out of shape her cheeks had blown.

Harsh one! wilt sail the Phrygian billows o'er,
And seek the Caspian's hoarse-resounding shore? *
The common gods with blood alternate soil,
And homeward bear with thee the baleful spoil?

What? blush to live content with one fair friend?
If sin there be, 'tis Love's, and there's an end.
Hence, churls! If thou with me, sweet Cynthia, still
Wilt share some dewy grot on mossy hill,
There to the rocks thou'lt see the Sisters cling,
And ancient Jove's delightful love-raids sing,—
How he consumed in Semele's fond arms;
How pined away for Io's maiden charms;
How, too, in fine, on wanton wings of joy,
He fluttered bird-like to the walls of Troy.

If all resist the wingèd god in vain,
And all transgress, why me alone arraign?
Nor wilt thou make the Virgins blush for shame—
They, too, have felt the soul-consuming flame,
If haply 'mid Bistonian rocks of yore
One nymph Oeagrus' warm caresses bore.

Here, when they'll make thee leader in the dance,
And Bacchus midst us deftly whirls his lance,
I'll wear the sacred ivy wreath for thee—
My fount of song! my dream of poesy!

* Et petere Hyrçani litora *rauca* maris.—(*Munro.*)

XXIII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Quaeris, cur veniam tibi tardior? Aurea Phoebi.

I've seen—hence, love, I come so late to thee—
  Great Caesar open Phoebus' golden shrine,
Adorned with Punic columns fair to see,
  And Danaids 'twixt them all along the line.

Here shone in marble, than himself more fair,
  Phoebus with silent lyre, outpouring strains;
And round the altar stood four oxen rare,
  Carved to the life—the fruit of Myron's pains.

Rose in the midst the polished marble shrine,
  More, than Ortygia, dear to Phoebus' heart.
Swept o'er the roof the car of Sol divine;
  While ivory folding-doors—a gem of art—

Showed,—this, the Gauls sheer from Parnassus flung;
  That, Niobe's slain children's woeful plight;
Last, 'tween his mother and his sister, sung
  The Pythian god, in trailing garment dight.

XXIV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Qui videt, is peccat: qui te non viderit ergo.

WHO sees thee, sins; who sees thee not, is free
From all temptation: keep our eyes from thee.*
Cynthia, why seek Praeneste's doubtful lore?
Or Telegonian Tusculum?—nay, more,
Why to Herculean Tibur ride, I pray?
Why pace so oft the ancient Appian way? †
Would, when at leisure, thou wouldst walk with me!
For people bid me doubt thee when they see
Thee, votaress, with kindled torches rove,
And bear the holy lights to Trivia's grove.

Ha! Pompey's portico now palls for thee,
With pillared shade and purple tapestry—
Our closely-planted planes in even row,
The streams that from a sleeping Maro flow,
And showers by Tritons poured the city round,
With sudden spurts and gently-gurgling sound.

Poor dupe! thy secret's out; such journeys cry—
'Tis not the city but my sight thou'dst fly.
Vain all thine efforts—vain thy schemings fell;
The bootless toils thou spread'st I know too well.

* Or—'Tis, therefore, with our eyes the guilt must be.
† Appia cur totiens te via ducit anus?

As for myself, 'tis nought; but thy fair fame
Will suffer in proportion to thy blame.

Of late my ears an odious rumour stung—
Through all the town the shameful story rung.
"A wicked tongue thou'lt surely ne'er believe;
For fee the fair did scandal aye receive."
With mixing poison charged thou'st never been;
Phoebus, thou'lt witness be those hands are clean!
One frolic-night or two I'd not reprove;
Such trifling errors ne'er mine anger move.

Helen left home to feed a stranger's flame,
Yet back was brought, and lived absolved from blame.
Venus, though once to Mars she gave her love,
Was ne'er less honoured in the realms above.
No, not though Ida tells she loved of old,
And lay with shepherd Paris 'mid his fold.
The Hamadryads did their dalliance view,
The old Sileni, sire Silenus too,
With whom, O Paris! in the Idaean grot
You gathered apples, taking oft, I wot,
The gifts your hand from fair Oenone got.

In such a hive of harlots, asks one why
This girl's so rich?—whose? whence the vast supply?
O Rome! in this our time, of bliss how full!
If but one girl transgress the *golden* rule!
Who Tatian worth and virtuous Sabine home
Seeks here, has but of late set foot in Rome.
Thou'lt sooner drain the sea that laps the land,
And pluck the stars on high with mortal hand,
Than make our maids their love of sin restrain—
A custom that obtained in Saturn's reign,

And when Deucalion's flood the world flowed round,
And since Deucalion's flood of old renowned.

Where is the bed that aye unstained was known?
What goddess ever loved one god alone?
The wife of mighty Minos e'en, they say,
The grim bull's milk-white form once led astray.
And Danaë, too, with brazen wall encased,
Could not deny great Jove, though erewhile chaste.

If Greek and Latin queans thy patterns be,
I'll judge thee not; live as thou wilt for me.

XXV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Tristia jam redeunt iterum solennia nobis.

THOSE drear solemnities draw round once more,
  And Cynthia now has vowed ten penance-nights;
Ah! perish Io, who from Nile's warm shore
  To our Ausonian matrons sent her rites!

She who so oft has severed love from love
  Was ever loathsome—be she who she may.
Thou, Io, erst in secret loved of Jove,
  Didst surely feel the toils of many a way,

What time with horns stern Juno marred thy brow,
  And merged thine accents in a heifer's roar.
How often oak-leaves hurt thy mouth ere now,
  Thy home a shed when grazing-time was o'er!

Since Jove did thee from heifer-form recall,
  Hast thou a haughty deity become?
Was Egypt with its dusky maids too small?
  Why hast thou travelled all the way to Rome?

What gain'st thou if alone our ladies lie?
  Again thy brow shall be with horns o'ergrown,
Harsh one! or from our city thou shalt fly:
  To Nile no favour e'er hath Tiber shown.

But thou, too well appeased by all my woe,
  Cynthia, those nights once o'er, to love give rein.
Thou hear'st not: no; thou mock'st my words, although
  Icarion's steers now turn the lazy wain.

Late, late thou drink'st—not midnight bids thee rise;
  And canst thou tireless still the dice endure?
Ah! perish he who grapeward cast his eyes,
  And first with nectar spoiled the water pure!

Thee Attic hinds, Icarion, justly slew;
  Thou know'st how bitter is the breath of wine:
To wine, Eurytion, thy death was due;
  To Thracian juice, O Polyphemus! thine.

Wine ruins beauty, saps the strength of years;
  In wine doth woman oft her lord forget.
Ah me! how little changed my girl appears,
  Deep though she drink!—drink on, thou'rt charming yet.

Unharmed though to thy cups the wreaths droop low,
And from thy lips my love-lays slowly roll:
More freely let the ripe Falernian flow,
And foam more mellow in the golden bowl.

Yet loath to bed her way lone maiden wends,
Love keeps her brooding o'er forbidden joys;
More deeply yearns the heart for absent friends:
Even of the leal the long possession cloys.

XXVI.

TO LYNCEUS.*

Cur quisquam faciem dominae jam credat amico?

WHY trust a mistress' beauty to a friend?
'Twas thus I wellnigh lost my darling rare.
Well tried I speak: in love all faith doth end;
Each for himself would ever win the fair.

Love breaks up kinship, severs friends, I ween,
And calls to baleful arms the happy band:
A guest robbed Menelaus of his queen;
The Colchian maiden sought a stranger's hand.

* For a scheme of the arrangement of the lines in this Elegy, see Notes in Appendix.

Lynceus, couldst thou thus with my darling deal?
  False one! did not thy hands drop numb the while?
What? had she not been firm and true as steel,
  Couldst thou have lived in villany so vile?

Stab me—with poison take my life away;
  But leave, oh leave my mistress all to me!
Thou'lt be my dearest, closest comrade, yea,
  All that I have I give in charge to thee.

O keep from her, and leave her all mine own!
  I cannot brook even Jove as rival here;
I dread my very shadow when alone,
  And, foolish, tremble oft from foolish fear.

Yet for one cause I pass thine error by—
  Wine made thy words in mazy wanderings flow;
Ne'er more affected frown will cheat mine eye,
  For all, even Lynceus, now love's blessings know.

In age my Lynceus raves, love-smitten sore:
  I'm glad thou, too, rever'st the gods we praise:
What now avails thy deep Socratic lore,
  Or power of telling Nature's wondrous ways?

Or what thy study of the Athenian strains?
  Thine aged favourite soothes not hearts love-torn.
Wouldst shun Antimachus' and Homer's pains?
  The straight-limbed maiden views the gods with scorn.

No woman broods o'er mundane problems here;
  Why Luna's pangs from Phoebus' steeds can be—
If dwells a judge beyond the Stygian mere *—
  Or the bolt thunders by great Heaven's decree.

* Nec si post Stygias aliquid rest arbiter undas.—(*Munro.*)

Themes for the Aeschylean buskin hence afar:
  Unbend thy limbs, in gentle dances rove;
What boots Amphiaräus' fatal car,
  Or fall of Capaneus that pleased great Jove?

Go, imitate—and sure 'twere better thus—
  Coan Philetas with thy love-sick muse;*
And from the "Dreams" of terse Callimachus
  A fitting theme for adaptation choose.

Tell how Aetolian Achelous' tide
  Ran wild when vanquished in dire love-affray,
Or how o'er Phrygian plain deceitful glide
  Maeander's waves and thwart his weary way,

And how Adrastus' speech-dowered courser won
  The palm beside Archemorus' tearful tomb:
Now in a narrow groove, harsh poet, run,
  And sing the flame the gods for thee foredoom.

The bull submits not to the toilsome plough
  Till the tough lasso round his horns has caught;
Nor meekly thou'lt to love's fell bondage bow—
  Restive, by me thou must be tamed and taught.

Behold me, whose inheritance was small,
  To no ancestral triumphs' glory born,
King crowned of Beauty in the banquet-hall,
  Through that same genius which thou hold'st in scorn.

Let me, whom love has smitten to the core,
  In yester-evening's wreaths lie languishing;
But of the Phoebus-guarded Actian shore,
  And Caesar's valiant fleets, let Virgil sing,

* Tu satius Meropem musis imitere Philetan.—(*Bergk.*)

Who rouses Troy's Aeneas to the fray,
  And rears in song Lavinium's walls on high:
Yield, Roman writers—bards of Greece, give way—
  A work will soon the Iliad's fame outvie.

Thou sing'st the precepts of the Ascraean sage,
  What plain grows corn, what mountain suits the vine—
A strain, O Virgil! that might well engage
  Apollo's fingers on his lyre divine.

Thou sing'st, beneath Galaesus' pinewood shades,
  Thyrsis and Daphnis on thy well-worn reed;
And how ten apples can seduce the maids,
  And kid, from unmilked teats, girls captive lead.

Happy, with apples, loves so cheap to buy!
  To such, may Tityrus sing, though cold and coy:
O happy Corydon! when thou mayst try
  To win Alexis fair—his master's joy.

Though of his oaten-pipe he weary be,
  Kind Hamadryads still their bard adore,
Whose strains will charm the reader's ear, be he
  Unlearned or learned in love's delightful lore.

Nowise inferior in the lesser lay *
  (In spirit not—maychance less grand in tone),
The tuneful swan resigns the rustic bay,
  With no unskilled goose-cackle idly blown.

In kindred topics Varro sported too;
  His "Jason" done, of love he swept the lyre—
Varro, whose own Leucadia thrilled him through
  With flames of inextinguishable fire.

* Nec minor his—(animis haut, si minor ore) canorus.—(*Munro.*)

Harsh one! wilt sail the Phrygian billows o'er,
And seek the Caspian's hoarse-resounding shore? *
The common gods with blood alternate soil,
And homeward bear with thee the baleful spoil?

What? blush to live content with one fair friend?
If sin there be, 'tis Love's, and there's an end.
Hence, churls! If thou with me, sweet Cynthia, still
Wilt share some dewy grot on mossy hill,
There to the rocks thou'lt see the Sisters cling,
And ancient Jove's delightful love-raids sing,—
How he consumed in Semele's fond arms;
How pined away for Io's maiden charms;
How, too, in fine, on wanton wings of joy,
He fluttered bird-like to the walls of Troy.

If all resist the wingèd god in vain,
And all transgress, why me alone arraign?
Nor wilt thou make the Virgins blush for shame—
They, too, have felt the soul-consuming flame,
If haply 'mid Bistonian rocks of yore
One nymph Oeagrus' warm caresses bore.

Here, when they'll make thee leader in the dance,
And Bacchus midst us deftly whirls his lance,
I'll wear the sacred ivy wreath for thee—
My fount of song! my dream of poesy!

* Et petere Hyrçani litora *rauca* maris.—(*Munro.*)

XXIII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Quaeris, cur veniam tibi tardior? Aurea Phoebi.

I've seen—hence, love, I come so late to thee—
  Great Caesar open Phoebus' golden shrine,
Adorned with Punic columns fair to see,
  And Danaids 'twixt them all along the line.

Here shone in marble, than himself more fair,
  Phoebus with silent lyre, outpouring strains;
And round the altar stood four oxen rare,
  Carved to the life—the fruit of Myron's pains.

Rose in the midst the polished marble shrine,
  More, than Ortygia, dear to Phoebus' heart.
Swept o'er the roof the car of Sol divine;
  While ivory folding-doors—a gem of art—

Showed,—this, the Gauls sheer from Parnassus flung;
  That, Niobe's slain children's woeful plight;
Last, 'tween his mother and his sister, sung
  The Pythian god, in trailing garment dight.

XXIV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Qui videt, is peccat: qui te non viderit ergo.

WHO sees thee, sins; who sees thee not, is free
From all temptation: keep our eyes from thee.*
Cynthia, why seek Praeneste's doubtful lore?
Or Telegonian Tusculum?—nay, more,
Why to Herculean Tibur ride, I pray?
Why pace so oft the ancient Appian way? †
Would, when at leisure, thou wouldst walk with me!
For people bid me doubt thee when they see
Thee, votaress, with kindled torches rove,
And bear the holy lights to Trivia's grove.

Ha! Pompey's portico now palls for thee,
With pillared shade and purple tapestry—
Our closely-planted planes in even row,
The streams that from a sleeping Maro flow,
And showers by Tritons poured the city round,
With sudden spurts and gently-gurgling sound.

Poor dupe! thy secret's out; such journeys cry—
'Tis not the city but my sight thou'dst fly.
Vain all thine efforts—vain thy schemings fell;
The bootless toils thou spread'st I know too well.

* Or—'Tis, therefore, with our eyes the guilt must be.
† Appia cur totiens te via ducit anus?

As for myself, 'tis nought; but thy fair fame
Will suffer in proportion to thy blame.

Of late my ears an odious rumour stung—
Through all the town the shameful story rung.
"A wicked tongue thou'lt surely ne'er believe;
For fee the fair did scandal aye receive."
With mixing poison charged thou'st never been;
Phoebus, thou'lt witness be those hands are clean!
One frolic-night or two I'd not reprove;
Such trifling errors ne'er mine anger move.

Helen left home to feed a stranger's flame,
Yet back was brought, and lived absolved from blame.
Venus, though once to Mars she gave her love,
Was ne'er less honoured in the realms above.
No, not though Ida tells she loved of old,
And lay with shepherd Paris 'mid his fold.
The Hamadryads did their dalliance view,
The old Sileni, sire Silenus too,
With whom, O Paris! in the Idaean grot
You gathered apples, taking oft, I wot,
The gifts your hand from fair Oenone got.

In such a hive of harlots, asks one why
This girl's so rich?—whose? whence the vast supply?
O Rome! in this our time, of bliss how full!
If but one girl transgress the *golden* rule!
Who Tatian worth and virtuous Sabine home
Seeks here, has but of late set foot in Rome.
Thou'lt sooner drain the sea that laps the land,
And pluck the stars on high with mortal hand,
Than make our maids their love of sin restrain—
A custom that obtained in Saturn's reign,

And when Deucalion's flood the world flowed round,
And since Deucalion's flood of old renowned.

Where is the bed that aye unstained was known?
What goddess ever loved one god alone?
The wife of mighty Minos e'en, they say,
The grim bull's milk-white form once led astray.
And Danaë, too, with brazen wall encased,
Could not deny great Jove, though erewhile chaste.

If Greek and Latin queans thy patterns be,
I'll judge thee not; live as thou wilt for me.

XXV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Tristia jam redeunt iterum solennia nobis.

THOSE drear solemnities draw round once more,
  And Cynthia now has vowed ten penance-nights;
Ah! perish Io, who from Nile's warm shore
  To our Ausonian matrons sent her rites!

She who so oft has severed love from love
  Was ever loathsome—be she who she may.
Thou, Io, erst in secret loved of Jove,
  Didst surely feel the toils of many a way,

What time with horns stern Juno marred thy brow,
  And merged thine accents in a heifer's roar.
How often oak-leaves hurt thy mouth ere now,
  Thy home a shed when grazing-time was o'er!

Since Jove did thee from heifer-form recall,
  Hast thou a haughty deity become?
Was Egypt with its dusky maids too small?
  Why hast thou travelled all the way to Rome?

What gain'st thou if alone our ladies lie?
  Again thy brow shall be with horns o'ergrown,
Harsh one! or from our city thou shalt fly:
  To Nile no favour e'er hath Tiber shown.

But thou, too well appeased by all my woe,
  Cynthia, those nights once o'er, to love give rein.
Thou hear'st not: no; thou mock'st my words, although
  Icarion's steers now turn the lazy wain.

Late, late thou drink'st—not midnight bids thee rise;
  And canst thou tireless still the dice endure?
Ah! perish he who grapeward cast his eyes,
  And first with nectar spoiled the water pure!

Thee Attic hinds, Icarion, justly slew;
  Thou know'st how bitter is the breath of wine:
To wine, Eurytion, thy death was due;
  To Thracian juice, O Polyphemus! thine.

Wine ruins beauty, saps the strength of years;
  In wine doth woman oft her lord forget.
Ah me! how little changed my girl appears,
  Deep though she drink!—drink on, thou'rt charming yet.

II.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS.

Orphea delenisse feras et concita dicunt.

ORPHEUS—'tis said—the Thracian lyre-strings sweeping,
  Stayed the swift stream and soothed the savage brute;
Cithaeron's rocks, to Thebes spontaneous leaping,
  Rose into walls before Amphion's lute.

With dripping steeds did Galatea follow,
  'Neath Aetna's crags, lone Polyphemus' song:
Is't strange the loved of Bacchus and Apollo
  Leads captive with his lay the maiden throng?

Though no Taenarian blocks uphold my dwelling,
  Nor ivory panels shine 'tween gilded beams;
No orchards mine Phaeacia's woods excelling,
  No chiselled grots where Marcian water streams,—

Yet Song is mine; my strain the heart engages;
  Faint from the dance sinks the lithe Muse with me,—
O happy maid! whose name adorns my pages,
  Each lay a lasting monument to thee!

The pyramids that cleave heaven's jewelled portal;
  Elëan Jove's star-spangled dome; the tomb
Where rich Mausolus sleeps,—are not immortal,
  Nor shall escape inevitable doom.

Devouring fire and rains will mar their splendour—
The weight of years will drag the marble down:
Genius alone a name can deathless render,
And round the forehead wreathe the unfading crown.

III.

THE VISION.

Visus eram molli recubans Heliconis in umbra.

METHOUGHT, in Helicon's soft shade reclining,
Where the clear fount of Hippocrenë springs,—
Thy kings, O Alba! and their deeds enshrining—
A lofty task,—I smote the tuneful strings;

I'd moved my lips anear those wondrous waters,
Whence father Ennius, thirsting, drank of yore,
Then sang the Curian and Horatian slaughters,
And regal spoils Aemilius' vessel bore—

Fabius' delay that proved the foe's undoing,
Cannae's fell field, heaven turned by holy vows,
The Lares Hannibal from Rome pursuing,
And Jove by goose-note saved—when through the boughs

Of the Castalian laurel Phoebus peering,
Leaning near a grot upon his golden lyre,
Addressed me: "Fool! wouldst quaff this stream unfearing?
Who bade thee wake the strings to epic fire?

"Propertius, hence no dreams of glory harbour;
  Thy tiny wheels must press the velvet mead,
If maid must bear thy leaflets to her arbour,
  And these, lone waiting for her lover, read.

"Why cross thy limit-line, to danger callous?
  Weigh not the pinnace of thy genius down:
One oar should smite the wave—one graze the shallows:
  Then safe thy course; mid-sea vast billows frown."

With ivory quill he showed me on the hill-side,
  Approached by path new-made in mossy ground,
A green grot decked with pebbles from the rill-side:
  Hung timbrels from the pumice-rocks around.

There, clay-wrought, stood the Nine and sire Silenus;
  Thy reeds, O Pan of the Tegaean hills!
There, too, thy doves, my pets, almighty Venus!
  Dipped in the Gorgon lake their purple bills.

O'er her peculiar work each maiden lingers,
  And deftly plies the task that best she knows;
One wreathes the thyrsus, one with nimble fingers
  Attunes the strings, another twines the rose.

Spake one of these in tones of mild dominion—
  Calliope, methinks, from all her charms:
"Safely thou'lt soar on swan of snow-white pinion,
  But ne'er on charger rush to clang of arms.

"Sound not the hoarse-breath'd horn, for battle sighing,
  Nor fence with warring hosts the Aonian bower;
Nor sing the Camp where Marius' flag is flying,
  And Rome is crushing out the Teuton's power;

"Or how far Rhine, with Suevan blood red-reeking,
Bears gory corses on his rueful stream:
Thou'lt sing the serenader's wreath bespeaking
The midnight rout, and the gay reveller's dream—

"Thou'lt teach the youth to open Beauty's portal
By song: by song the churlish lord beguile."
She ceased, and with the waters, whence immortal
Philetas quaffed, laved all my lips the while.

IV.

PICTURE OF CAESAR'S TRIUMPH.

Arma Deus Caesar dites meditatur ad Indos.

To Ind's rich land our arms great Caesar bearing
Designs with ships to plough the pearl-gemmed deep;
Vast prize! far lands new triumphs are preparing—
Euphrates—Tigris 'neath his sway shall sweep.

Though late the Parthian shall obey the Roman;
To Latin Jove be Parthian spoils decreed;
Up! rig our war-tried fleet, and for the yeoman
Lead forth—his wonted gift—the gallant steed.

Heaven smiles: the Crassi's fall avenge, and gather
For Rome fresh garlands of immortal bay;
O fateful fires of Vesta! Mars our father!
Grant, ere I die, may dawn the glorious day

When I shall gaze on Caesar's car spoil-laden,
  His steeds oft fretting at the applauding throng,
And, clasping to my heart my matchless maiden,
  Devour the titles, as they flaunt along,

Of conquered towns, amid a myriad readers—
  Scan the fell shafts the flying horseman bore—
The trousered soldier's bow, and captive leaders
  Sitting in chains beneath the arms they wore.

Preserve thy race, O Venus! and for ever
  Smile on the scion of Aeneas' line;
Let booty crown the warrior's bold endeavour:
  To cheer along the Sacred Way be mine!

V.

IN PRAISE OF A PEACEFUL LIFE.

Pacis Amor Deus est: pacem veneramur amantes.

LOVE is a god of peace: peace lovers prize.
My bitter war with Cynthia never dies.
Yet dream of gold accurst ne'er haunts my soul,
Nor do I quench my thirst from jewelled bowl,
Plough rich Campania's slopes, or sigh to deck
My home with bronze, O Corinth! from thy wreck.

First earth! to rash Prometheus most unblest!
O luckless dream of a too heedless breast,
To frame a shape and give no mind to it!—
Though common-sense was man's first requisite.

Now we are tossed by winds on seas afar,
We seek a foe, and add fresh war to war.
Thou'lt bear no treasures to the realms below:
Naked to Hell's dark rafts, poor fool, thou'lt go.
Victor and vanquished in the shades shall meet,
And Consul Marius share Jugurtha's seat,
King Croesus near Dulichian Iris be:
That death is best which comes by Fate's decree.*

* Or, according to some texts—
"That death is best that sets the poor man free."—(See Notes.)

In youth on Helicon I loved to twine
My arms in dances with the tuneful Nine;
Now with full bowl I'd chain my soul, and string
For ever round my head the rose of spring;
And when dull age shall banish love-caresses,
And streak with snow-white locks my raven tresses,
O be it mine dark Nature's ways to scan,
And learn what power controls this mundane plan;
Whence comes the monthly moon, where pales from sight,
Whence fills her rounding horns with waxing light;
What Eurus courts; whence winds o'errun the main;
Whence swell the clouds with never-failing rain;
If comes a day shall lay earth's bulwarks low;
Why drizzly raindrops feed the purple bow;
Or why Perrhaebian Pindus' summits quailed,
And Sol his radiant steeds in mourning veiled;
Why lags Boötes' steers and circling wain;
Why blend in mazy light the Pleiad train;
Why ocean cannot leave its settled sphere;
Why four set seasons part the rolling year;
If judges sit and wretches writhe below;*
If snake-haired fiends exist in realms of woe;
Alcmaeon's furies, Phineus' famine-dream,
The wheel, the rock, the thirst amid the stream;
If three-mouthed Cerberus guard the gate of gloom;
And Tityos find nine acres narrow room;
Or if some fable haunt poor souls the while,
And terrors cease beyond the funeral pile.

So end my days: go, warriors, and do ye
Bring Crassus' banners back to Italy.

* Sub terris sint jura deum et tormenta nocentum.—(*Haupt.*)

VI.

A DIALOGUE.

Dic mihi de nostra, quae sentis, vera puella.

PROPERTIUS.

ALL that thou know'st of Cynthia let me hear:
  So, Lygdamus, thy freedom thou'lt receive.
Yet puff not with unfounded tales mine ear,
  Detailing what thou think'st I'd fain believe.

All messengers by truth should needs stand fast;
  Yet more, with slaves, from fear should truth prevail.
Now tell me all thou know'st from first to last,—
  Begin: with open ears I'll drink the tale.

Hast thou e'er seen her weep with ruffled hair,
  Tears from her eyes down-streaming all unchecked?
Her bed laid out, and yet no mirror there?
  Her snowy hands with jewels unbedecked?

Her arms a mourning robe loose-mantling o'er?
  At her bed-feet her jewel-casket flung,
Shut and unheeded on the chamber floor,
  While o'er the house a gloomy shadow hung?

Hast seen her slaves their tasks in sorrow ply—
  She spinning all the while her maids among;
With tuft of wool the trickling tear-drops dry,
  And tell our quarrels with a faltering tongue?

LYGDAMUS.

"O Lygdamus! was this my promised meed?
'Tis base in him," she said, "to treat me so;
And he can leave me sad for no misdeed,
And e'en declare no home my peer can show!*

"He's glad I pine on lonesome couch undone;
Well, let him dance for joy when I am dead.
By herbs, not graces, hath that base wench won,
And by the wicked witch's wheel-whirled thread.

"The venom-swollen toad, 'mid brambles found,
Snakes' bones, owls' feathers, culled from crumbling tomb,
Wool-fillets twined the fatal couch around—
Such the weird spells with which she wrought his doom.

"Yet if my dreams bode truth, meet vengeance dread,
Though late, shall at my feet be amply paid;
The flimsy cobweb line their vacant bed,
And Love sleep all night long though fondly prayed."

PROPERTIUS.

If earnest be the plaint she made to thee,
Go back the way thou cam'st and speed along,
And bear these words with many tears from me,—
That wrath has marred my love, but never wrong—

That fires as fierce as hers torment my life,
Yet ne'er for other maid I've deigned to burn;
And if sweet union crown so sad a strife,
Thou'lt earn through me thy freedom in return.

* Aequalem nulla dicere habere domo!
—The copies have *nulla* and *nullo;* Mueller reads *multa.*

VII.

ON THE DEATH OF PAETUS.

Ergo sollicitae tu causa, Pecunia, vitae!

MONEY!—alas! from thee what troubles spring!
  Through thee before our time death's path we tread;
To human vices felly pandering,
  Of cares the fosterer and fountain-head!

Thou whelmedst Paetus in the raging tide,
  What time to Pharian ports he sailed away;
For, following thee, he sank in youthhood's pride,
  And now he floats, to distant fish a prey.

No mother there earth's holy dues could pay,
  Or lay with kindred dust the last of thee:
Now o'er thy bones the sea-birds linger aye,
  For tomb thou hast the wide Carpathian sea.

Fell Aquilo, fair Orithyia's bane,
  What splendid spoils of his have swelled thy store?
Neptune, what joy from shipwreck dost thou gain?
  No crew of impious men his vessel bore.

Paetus, why count thy years? why vainly call
  On mother dear? On godless waves thou'rt borne.
For in that midnight storm the cables all
  That lashed thee to the rocks snapt, chafed and worn.

Those shores, where sunk Argynnus in his bloom,
  Attest the depth of Agamemnon's woe,
Who for his loss detained the fleet to doom
  Iphigenia to the realms below.

Go, build curved ships to glut the greedy grave:
  By human hands is dealt the fatal blow:
Earth was too small; we added then the wave,
  And swelled by art Misfortune's ways of woe.

Can anchor hold whom home has failed to keep?
  What merits he who can his land despise?
The winds will all thy gains and treasures reap:
  No ship grows old: the very harbour lies.

To snare the trader Nature smoothed the main:
  Thou'rt lucky if but once success be thine;
Caphareus dashed the conquering prows in twain,
  When reeled wrecked Greece athwart the trackless brine.

Then wise Ulysses, whose accustomed skill
  Against the ruthless ocean nought availed,
As drooping comrade followed comrade still,
  At last the loss of all his crew bewailed.

But if, content to turn his father's field,
  Paetus had weighed my words of warning well,
His roof-tree now a welcome guest would shield,
  Poor, but on land unswept by tempest fell.

No shrieking hurricane he'd learned to dread,
  Nor bruise his tender hands with cable rude,
But lain on terebinth or cedar bed,
  On pillow soft of feathers many-hued.

Out by the roots his nails the wave had torn;
  With gasping mouth he gulped the hateful brine;
On one small plank drear night beheld him borne:
  To crush him did so many ills combine.

With tears he poured this plaint—his latest prayer—
  Ere the dark billow choked his dying breath:
"Ye dread Aegean gods! ye winds of air!
  And waves that downward drag my head to death!—

"O whither are ye hurrying one so young?
  No impious hands I brought your waters near:
On jagged halcyon-cliffs I shall be flung,
  Transfixed, woe's me! by Neptune's trident-spear.

"Ye tides! O bear me to Italia's shore;
  Enough if but my mother find my clay."
Sucked down by eddying waves he spake no more—
  These his last words, and that his latest day.

Ye hundred Nereïd-nymphs who scour the main,
  And, Thetis, thou who'st felt a mother's woe!
(Ye should have raised his drooping chin again,
  So light a load your hands had failed to know,)

Give back his corse: his life is in the wave:
  Poor sand, unsought, my Paetus' body veil!
And let the sailor gliding o'er his grave
  Declare, "Thy fate may make the boldest quail."

But thou, dread Spirit of the Northern Wind,
  Shalt never see my canvas tempt thy blast;
In sweet security I'll fitly find,
  At Cynthia's door, a peaceful tomb at last.

VIII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Dulcis ad hesternas fuerat mihi rixa lucernas.

SWEET was our last night's quarrel, Cynthia mine,
  And taunts that from thy frenzied tongue did roll
Why, love, upset the board when wild with wine,
  And madly hurl at me the brimming bowl?

Come, clutch my locks—be bold, thou'st nought to fear—
  And with thy lovely nails my visage tear,
Threaten with uplifted torch mine eyes to sear,
  My raiment rend, and strip my bosom bare.

So shalt thou prove thy love is leal and strong:
  In earnest love alone thus fret the fair.
If woman bandy jeers with furious tongue,
  And roll before dread Venus' feet in prayer—

Or walk with gang of wary warders near,
  Or through the streets like frantic Maenad fly,
Or startle in her dreams from frequent fear,
  Or at a maiden's portrait sob and sigh,—

From pangs like these I can her feelings tell;
  They are sure signs of heart-felt love, I know.
The girl no insult moves thou'lt trust not well;
  Heaven send an easy mistress to my foe!

Friends with unbitten neck my wounds may see;
  Those livid marks my love's affection show:
In love I'd grieve or else grief's witness be;
  'Tis well my tears or thine, sweet one, should flow,

Whene'er thou dumbly speak'st with knitted brow,
  Or writ'st with finger what thou dar'st not say;
I loathe the sleep no sigh disturbs, I trow—
  Be mine in love an angry maiden aye.

Sweeter was Paris' flame, when 'mid the bands
  Of warlike Greece he could his love delight;
While Argos wins, while Hector's might withstands,
  In Helen's arms he courts the glorious fight.

With thee or with my rivals ceaseless war
  I'll wage: no peace for me while thou art near!
Rejoice no fairer maiden dims thy star:
  Else wouldst thou grieve: thou'rt Queen of Beauty here.

And as for thee who wouldst my girl ensnare,
  May sire-in-law and mother work thee rue:
If one night's stolen bliss has been thy share,
  To wrath 'gainst me, not love for thee, 'twas due.

IX.

TO MAECENAS.

Maecenas, eques Etrusco de sanguine regum.

MAECENAS, knight of regal Tuscan blood,
  Content within thy fortune's limit-line,
Why bid me venture on so vast a flood?
  Great sails are suited not to bark like mine.

'Tis base to take a load one cannot bear,
  And, fainting 'neath it, bend the knee and yield:
All are not fitted equal fates to share:
  Alone we win the palm on glory's field.

By lifelike statues rose Lysippus' name;
  And Calamis in groups equestrian shone;
His Venus earned Apelles deathless fame;
  In smaller forms Parrhasius stands alone;

In beauty, fair the groups of Mentor shine;
  Mys bends the Acanthus' tiny path with ease;
The ivory Jove of Phidias is divine;
  The Parian marble claims Praxiteles;

Some wrest the palm-wreath of the Elean car;
  Others by speed of foot achieve renown;
This man for peace—that born for camps and war:
  Each follows still the seeds by Nature sown.

To all the rules of life laid down by thee,
  My heart, Maecenas, I did well incline.
A faithful pupil thou wilt find in me,
  Who thine example now must needs outshine.

Though, honoured, thou the lordly axe mayst wield;
  Lay down the law within the forum's walls;
March through fell Medan spears on war's red field;*
  And pile up stands of armour in thy halls;

Though Caesar ever gives the ready aid,
  And wealth profusely proffered never fails,—
Thou shrink'st and humbly seek'st the gentle shade,
  And with thine own hand reef'st thy bellying sails.

In this thou'lt with the great Camilli vie;
  Yea, every tongue thy praises shall proclaim;
By Caesar's glory still thy path shall lie,
  And loyalty, true trophy, crown thy fame.

With sails I will not cleave the swollen deep:
  Safe, anchored near the tiny stream, I'll ride;
Nor o'er the smouldering walls of Cadmus weep,
  Or fields with gore like-stained on either side;

Nor sing the Scaean gates, Apollo's tower,
  And Graecia's fleet's return, ten winters o'er,
What time the wooden horse, Minerva's dower,
  With Grecian ploughshare Neptune's bulwarks tore.

Enough—with sweet Callimachus to please,
  And lays like thine, O Coän poet! weave;
To thrill the youth and fire the fair with these,
  Be hailed divine, and homage meet receive.

* Vel tibi Medorum pugnaces ire per hastas.—(*Mueller.*)

But lead thou on; and I shall then make bold
  To sing how erst in war Almighty Jove
With Coeus and Oromedon of old
  On Phlegra's mountains for heaven's empire strove—

Sing lofty Palatine where browsed the steer—
  Rome's battlements made strong through Remus slain—
The royal Twins the she-wolf came to rear—
  And loftier themes than these, shouldst thou ordain:

I'll sing our triumphs won in East and West,
  The Parthian shafts back-showered in foul retreat,
Pelusium's forts by Roman steel opprest,
  And Antony's self-murder in defeat.

Kind patron of my youth, take rein and go,
  And, whirled away, auspicious smile on me.
This praise thou giv'st me, and to thee I owe
  The fame I'll reap from emulating thee.

X.

TO CYNTHIA,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Mirabar, quidnam misissent mane Camenae.

THIS morn I marvelled why the tuneful Nine
  Before my couch at blush of sunrise stood;
Of Cynthia's natal day they sent a sign,
  And, thrice, loud clapped their hands with omen good.

Ye winds, be still; no cloud obscure the sky;
  Calm on the shore let the rude billow sleep;
Let sorrow cease to dim the mourner's eye,
  And marble Niobe forget to weep.

Let the lorn halcyons hush their doleful cries,
  Nor Procne mourn lost Itys; and do thou,
Dear one, with happy omen born, arise,
  Adore the gods who claim thy homage now.

And first with water pure dull sleep remove,
  With skilful fingers gloss thy gleaming hair;
Then don the dress first lured my eyes to love,
  And round thy brow a flowery chaplet wear.

And pray thy potent charms may bloom eterne,
  And o'er my head thy rule remain supreme;
On the crowned altar let sweet incense burn,
  And cheerful flames through all thy dwelling gleam.

Then spread the board; all night the goblets drain;
  From murrhine box the saffron essence pour;
Dance till the flute croaks breathless, nor restrain
  Thy wanton prattle while we tread the floor.

Let the glad feast unwelcome slumber scare,
  And all the neighbouring street with echo ring,
Then let the dice to thee and me declare
  Which one the Boy-god smites with heavy wing.

When many a cup has whiled the hours away,
  And love's fair queen shall sound the welcome call,
The yearly solemn love-rites let us pay,
  And so conclude thy birthday festival.

XI.

LOVE'S BONDAGE.

Quid mirare meam si versat femina vitam?

WHY marvel that a woman sways my life
  And drags me bankrupt as her will ordains?
Why brand me coward when I shun the strife,
  Unfit to break my yoke and burst my chains?

Better the sailor reads the gathering gloom,
  And wounds have taught the soldier what to fear;
Thus I, too, used to boast in youthhood's bloom:
  Learn from my case to dread the danger near.

'Neath yoke of adamant Medea brake
  The flame-breath'd bulls and sowed with war the wold,
Closed the fell jaws of the keen warder-snake,
  That Aeson's house might gain the fleece of gold.

On horse Penthesilea boldly dared
  Erst launch the shaft against the Grecian fleet;
Stripped of her golden casque, and forehead bared,
  Her beauty laid her victor at her feet.

And Omphale such beauty rare attained—
  The Lydian maid who bathed in Gyges' lake—
That he, whose pillars told earth's peace regained,
  Plied with hard hand soft tasks for her sweet sake.

Semiramis built Babylon, Persia's pride,
  And made her work with brick-reared ramparts strong,
Whereon two cars could meet and pass—no side
  Or axle grazing as they swept along.

She bade Euphrates cleave the castled plain,
  Bade Bactra now the seat of empire be*—
But wherefore heroes, wherefore gods arraign?
  Jove shames himself and all his family.

Why should I speak of her who stained our shield,
  Whose pampered slaves her battered lovers were;
Who asked for harlot-hire that Rome should yield
  Her walls and senate's freedom up to her—

Fell Alexandria! den of guile? and you,
  Memphis, for us too oft a gory land!
Whose sand three triumphs from great Pompey drew:
  No day from thee, O Rome! shall wipe this brand.

Better thou'dst died on the Phlegraean plain,
  Or bent thy neck 'neath Caesar's conquering sword.
Thou, foul Canopus' harlot-queen,—sole stain
  Left from old Philip's line by us deplored—

Daredst set the hound Anubis 'gainst our Jove,
  And force our Tiber Nile's proud threats to bear,
Rome's war-trump for thy jingling rods remove,
  With puny rafts Liburnia's triremes scare,

* Jussit et imperio surgere Bactra caput.—(*Cdd.*)

For *surgere* we should probably read *subdere*, the conjecture of the elder Burmann, as the statement in the text does not accord with history. The meaning would then be—

Bade Bactra hide her head and humbled be.

Stretch thy foul gauze o'er the Tarpeian's brow,
  'Mid marble kings and Marius' trophies reign :
What boots Tarquinius' broken sceptre now,
  Well named the "Proud," if we must bear thy chain?

Triumph, O Rome! now saved, pray Heaven may save
  Augustus' life for many a day to come!
Yet back to timid Nile's far-wandering wave
  Thou fled'st: O queen! thy hands were chained by Rome.

I saw thine arms bit by the sacred asp,
  And o'er thy limbs death's slumber silent steal.
Thou criedst, "My own and wine-steeped lover's grasp
  How weak, O Rome! while Caesar watched thy weal."

The seven-hill'd city, empress of the world,
  War-frighted, feared a woman's threats! go, mete
Spoiled Hannibal, proud Syphax headlong hurled,
  And Pyrrhus' glory shivered at her feet.

The yawning chasm won Curtius fair renown;
  Brave Decius spurred his steed to crush the foe;
Yon path attests Horatius' bridge hewn down;
  One Roman took his surname from the crow.

These Heaven-built walls are Heaven's eternal care;
  Scarce Jove, while Caesar's safe, may Rome dismay.
Where Scipio's fleets? Camillus' standards where?
  And thou, O Bosphorus! late Pompey's prey?

Leucadian Phoebus will record the rout
  That bade a nation's navy ride no more.
But, sailor, landward bound or sailing out,
  Breathe Caesar's name the wide Ionian o'er.

XII.

TO POSTUMUS.

Postume, plorantem potuisti linquere Gallam.

O COULDST thou leave thy Galla weeping here,
  In arms with Caesar's conquering hosts to fare?
Did Parthian spoil so glorious then appear
  As to outweigh thy wife's incessant prayer?

Die, misers, die! and all who thus disdain
  A faithful partner for the gory glave;
Go, madman! wrapt in martial cloak, and drain,
  Wayworn, from out thy casque Araxes' wave.

She'll pine, distraught by rumour's idle breath,
  Lest this thy valour win thee bitter meed,
The quiver'd Parthian glory in thy death,
  Or mail-clad warrior in thy gilded steed,

And all she gets of thee an urnful prove;
  For so return the brave who perish there:
Thrice, four times blest in Galla's spotless love,
  Thou, Postumus, deserv'dst a colder fair.

What will she do when fears no more restrain,
  And Rome's seductive snares are round her set?
Yet go in peace: no gifts her heart will gain—
  Thy very cruelty she'll e'en forget.

If fate shall bring thee safely home, I ween
  Chaste Galla round thy neck will fondly cling;
Thou'lt mate Ulysses with his peerless queen,
  Leal after all his years of wandering,—

The ten years' siege, the armed Ciconian bands,
  Ta'en Ismarus, the Cyclops' burnt-out sight,
The wiles of Circe, and the lotus-lands,
  And herbs that held him long by magic might;

Hoarse Scylla's and Charybdis' bosom dread,
  Where lashed and lashing waves alternate split;
The steers Lampetië for Phoebus fed,
  That low'd when roasting on the plunderer's spit;

The fond Aeaean maiden left to weep,
  The stormy nights and days he sailed the blue,
The journey to the still shades' dreary keep,
  The Sirens' lake approached with deafened crew,

And the old bow he strung again to kill
  The suitor-band and bid his wanderings cease.
'Twas well; his wife at home was stainless still:
  Thy Galla's faith excels Penelope's.

XIII.

ON WOMAN'S AVARICE.

Quaeritis, unde avidis nox sit pretiosa puellis.

You ask why vice has so expensive grown,
And coffers drained by lust their loss bemoan?
The reason's clear and certain as can be—
The path to luxury is far too free.
The Indian ant sends gold from hollow mine,
The Eastern Ocean pearls of rarest shine;
Cadmean Tyre her purple dyes; the son
Of Araby sweet-scented cinnamon;
Such arms by storm take e'en the spotless bride
And wives, Penelope, with all thy pride.*
In spendthrifts' fortunes clad, proud walks the dame,
And to our face parades the spoils of shame.
Ask all—give all—for scruple now there's none;
She's shy—bid higher, and the maiden's won.

Blest is your funeral rite, ye Eastern swains!
Whom with her steeds the ruddy Moon ingrains;
For when above your bier the death-fires gleam,
Round crowd your loving wives with locks a-stream,
Strive which shall first their husbands' footsteps trace,
And deem refusal bitterest disgrace.
The favoured seek the flames with dauntless breast,
And die, their scorched lips to their husbands' prest.

* Quaeque gerunt fastus, Icarioti, tuos.

Here wives are faithless; here we never prove
Evadne's truth, Penelopēa's love.

O happy were the peaceful swains of yore,
Whose only wealth the fields and orchards bore;
Their gifts were quinces shaken from the trees,
And baskets filled with luscious blackberries;
Posies of violets with white lilies blent,
In wicker-baskets to their girls they sent;
Grape-clusters wrapt in leaves 'mong which they grew,
Or speckled bird with plumes of changing hue;
For which the woodland suitor freely got
The fair one's kisses in some hidden grot.
Then lovers clothed their forms in skins of fawn,
And slept on Nature's couch—the grassy lawn;
'Neath waving pine-trees found an ample shade,
And, free from harm, the robeless nymph surveyed.
Back to the Idaean shepherd's empty shed
The well-grazed flock the ram spontaneous led,
And all the rural gods and goddesses
Cheered smiling hearths with happy words like these:
"Whoe'er thou art, come, hunt the hare, O swain!
And shouldst thou seek for bird in my domain,
Call Pan to join thee from the rocks around,
Whether the sport be with the rod or hound."
Now groves and shrines are visited by none,
All worship gold since Piety is gone:
Honour, right, law, are bartered now for gold,
And soon will decency itself be sold.

See Pythian Phoebus' threshold lightning-brent
When Brennus sought his shrine on pillage bent!
Shook Mount Parnassus with its laurel crown,
And direful hailstones on the Gauls showered down.

The guilty Thracian Polymnestor nursed
And slew young Polydore for gold accursed;
Thy golden bracelets, Eriphyla, too,
Amphiaräus with his horses slew.

I'll prophesy: O be my boding vain!
By pride and wealth my country—Rome is slain.
I speak the truth: none heed—'twas so of old
With her who Ilium's woes too well foretold;
Alone she said that Paris would destroy
The realm of Phrygia, and the fir-horse, Troy.
Her frenzy might have saved her home and sire;
In vain did Heaven her prescient tongue inspire.

XIV.

FEMALE SPORTS AT SPARTA.

Multa tuae, Sparte, miramur jura palaestrae.

SPARTA, we thy Palaestra's laws admire,
  But more thy female training-schools we prize,
Where maidens, thinly clad, in games aspire
  To cope with youths in blameless exercise.

There the fleet ball eludes the deftest hands;
  Rings on the wire the hoop fast whirling round;
At the far goal the dust-grimed maiden stands,
  And bears hard hits within the boxing-ground.

The cestus to her eager arms she straps,
  Now twirls the quoit, now treads the equestrian's realm,
Girds on her snow-white side her sword, and caps
  Her virgin head with hollow brazen helm.

Bathes as the Amazons with bosom bare—
  A warrior band—bathe in Thermodon's flood;
Now climbs Täygetus with rime-sprent hair,
  Scouring the hills with hounds of native blood.

Bears, as on fair Eurotas' sands of yore
  With the young boxer-twin and twin-born knight
Helen with naked breast the combat bore,
  Nor blushed in her immortal brothers' sight.

Hence Spartan law forbids clandestine love;
  Each in the streets may seek his darling's side.
No fears—no warder stern to disapprove,
  No churlish husband's dreaded wrath to bide.

No need of aid: thy suit in person ply;
  No scorn repays thy weary waiting there;
No Tyrian vestments cheat the roving eye;
  No perfumed tresses trimmed with toilsome care.

While here with crowds so great our maidens walk,
  One cannot turn a finger for the throng;
He knows not how to look or how to talk:
  A darksome way the lover walks along.

But if, O Rome! thou too shouldst imitate
  The Spartan contests and the Spartan laws,
How I would bless thee, and with heart elate
  Esteem thee dearer for that very cause!

XV.

TO CYNTHIA, CONCERNING LYCINNA.

Sic ego non ullos jam norim in amore tumultus.

So from love's crosses let me now be free,
Nor spend the sleepless night away from thee:
When with my boyish dress went boyish shame,
And liberty to tread love's pathway came,
Lycinna, true, versed in the tender art,
Unbribed, first schooled my all-untutored heart.
But now, in nigh three years, my winsome Venus,
I scarce remember of ten words between us—
Thy love has buried all; nor, in thy reign,
Hath e'er my heart felt charmer's silken chain.
Think, too, of Dirce's bitter jealousy
Of Lycus' former love Antiope—
How oft the queen her beauteous tresses tore,*
And ploughed her tender cheeks with scratches o'er!
Opprest the girl with grievous tasks, ah me!
And bade the rugged ground her pillow be;
Left her to pine in loathsome gloom, nor gave
A cup of water to her famished slave!

"Jove, wilt thou ne'er relieve my woes?" she cried:
"My hands with galling manacles are tied;

* Ah quotiens pulcros vulsit regina capillos.—(*Kuinoel.*)
—*Vulsit* is the conjecture of Heinsius. Most editors read *ussit.*

If thou'rt a god, 'tis base to leave thy love
A slave! Whom can a slave invoke but Jove?"
Alone with all her strength that yet remains,
With both her hands she snaps the regal chains,
Then scours with timid foot Cyllene's height,
Her wretched bed the frozen sward by night.
Oft frighted by Asopus' wandering sound,
She thinks her mistress' footsteps beat the ground.

Rough Zethus, and Amphion gentle-soul'd,
Their mother finds, an outcast from their fold;
And as, when billows lay their fury past,
And Eurus wars no more with Notus' blast,
The sands fret fainter on the silent shore,
So sinks the maiden faint and travel-sore.
Though late, affection comes; their error's known:
Old man, well worthy thou to guard Jove's own,
Thou to his sons restor'st their mother dear;
They to the shoulder of a furious steer
Have strapt fell Dirce with a cruel thong,
A wretched victim to be dragged along.
Antiope, acknowledge Jove, and see
Proud Dirce die a thousand deaths for thee.
Zethus, thy meads are stained; Amphion, thou
Thy paean pour'st from Aracynthus' brow.

Then, Cynthia, spare thine unoffending maid;
Thy passion's fury never can be stayed;
May ne'er thine ears be pained by tale of me:
Burnt on the pile, may I adore but thee!

XVI.

CYNTHIA'S LETTER.

Nox media, et dominae mihi venit epistula nostrae.

At midnight came a letter from my love
  That bade me speed away to Tibur soon,
Where rise twin towers the gleaming heights above,
  And Anio leaps into the wide lagoon.

What shall I do? Trust to the gloom of night,
  And in the teeth of armèd ruffians go?
But, if through fear my love's behest I slight,
  Her wrath will prove more dire than midnight foe.

Once I transgressed and was exiled a year,
  On me no gentle hand my love doth lay:
But then the lover's charmed, he's nought to fear,
  Although through Sciron's path he wend his way.

Roam he o'er Scythia's deserts wild and wide,
  No boor would work him woe, for love's sweet sake;
The moon is still his ministering guide,
  The stars reveal to him the rugged brake.

Blithe Cupid shakes a blazing torch before;
  The furious dog, with mouth agape to bite,
Cowers as the lover nears the loved one's door;
  Secure he walks by day—secure by night.

What wretch would soil his hands with blood so pure?*
  Lo! Venus keeps her liege sweet company;
What though my path to sure destruction lure?
  Thrice welcome death for her I love shall be!

She'll perfumes bring, my tomb with wreaths array,
  And sit and watch beside my clay-cold bed;
Heaven grant I'm laid not near the busy way,
  Where onward-hurrying feet for ever tread!

Hence comes dishonour to the lover's tomb:
  Lone let me lie beneath the greenwood tree,
Or mound of sand in solitary gloom:
  But rear no wayside monument to me.

XVII.

TO BACCHUS.

Nunc, o Bacche, tuis humiles advolvimur aris.

HUMBLY to thine altars now I hasten,
  Fill my sails, and waft me o'er the brine:
Bacchus, thou canst haughty Venus chasten,
  And dispel the cares of love with wine!

* Sanguine tam puro quis enim spargatur amantis
  Inprobus? ecce, suis fit comes ipsa Venus.—(*Mueller.*)

By thy power are lovers joined and parted;
  Soothe my troubled soul, for thou as I—
Witness Ariadne—must have smarted,
  Ere thy lynxes bore her to the sky.

In my bones the old flames, ever-burning,
  Death or wine shall doom to disappear;
Sober nights keep lonely lovers turning
  On their couch, distraught by hope and fear.

But if thou this fever fierce dispellest,
  Wooing o'er my weary soul to sleep,
I thy vines will plant, train trimly-trellised,
  And secure from prowling wild beasts keep.

Foam my vats with purple must, and tender
  Grapes ne'er fail my treading feet to stain!
And to thee, O hornèd god! I'll render
  Homage all my days that yet remain.

I—thy poet styled—shall sing thy valour,—
  Sing thy birth when bolts Aetnean flew;
Tell how Indian armèd hosts in pallor
  Fled before thy dread Nysaean crew;

Sing Lycurgus' fury, unavailing,
  At the planting of thy gladsome tree;
Sing of impious Pentheus—theme ne'er failing
  To delight thee—slain by Maenads three;

Tyrrhene pirates, changed to dolphins, leaping
  From the ship where sprang the sprouting vine;
And thy sweet-breath'd streams through Naxos sweeping,
  Whence the men of Naxos quaff thy wine;

Neck with clustered ivy-berries glowing—
  Streaming locks with Tyrian turban bound–
Ivory shoulders with sweet unguents flowing—
  Trailing robe thy snow-white feet around ;

Here, Dircaean nymphs soft tabours dashing,
  Horn-hoof'd Fauns with gaping reeds in hand—
There, hoarse cymbals great Cybebe dashing,
  Turret-crowned, 'mid Ida's roving band ;

Golden bowl to pay the meet oblation—
  Ministering priest before thy shrine,
Crowning all the rites with due libation,
  From the cup a-brim with purple wine :

In no humble strain these themes I'll thunder,
  Like a peal from deep-mouthed Pindar's breast—
Only burst this cruel bond asunder,
  Lull, O lull my aching head to rest !

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF MARCELLUS.

Clausus ab umbroso qua ludit pontus Averno.

WHERE barred from dark Avernus sports the wave,
  And Baiae's steaming waters warm the soil—
Where lies Misenus in his sandy grave,
  And sounds the road paved with Herculean toil;

Here—when earth's cities felt his strong right arm,
  Loud clashed the cymbals to the Theban god—
Fell Baiae now, and fraught with grievous harm!
  What baleful power has in thy waters trod?

Here sank to Stygian streams the flower of men,
  And in thy lake a spirit now he roams.
Say what availed him rank or virtue then,
  A mother's care and Caesar's home of homes?

What—crowded theatres with awnings gay?
  His work his mother did with labour due?
He died ere twenty summers passed away;
  So many virtues his! his years so few!

Go cheer thee, and of glorious triumphs dream;
  List the thronged theatres' applauding call;
Outshine proud Attalus; let jewels gleam
  In splendid games—the fire will claim them all.

Here all—or rich or poor—alike must fare;
  This path, though loathèd, all must tread in time,
The triple-headed hound implore in prayer,
  And the dark raft of Hell's grim boatman climb.

Though brass and steel encase the wary wight,
  Death drags his head from forth his mask of mail;
Nor doth fair Nireus' face, Achilles' might,
  Or Croesus' gold, Pactolus-poured, avail.

Such woe swept off the unconscious Greeks of yore,
  When second love cost great Atrides dear;
But O may he who to the fatal shore
  Bears the blest shades across the dismal mere,

Bear to its goal Marcellus' lifeless clay,
  By that same course the lord of Sicily,
Brave Claudius, took, and Caesar sailed away
  From human paths to gem the starry sky!

XIX.

ON FEMALE INCONTINENCE.

Obicitur totiens a te mihi nostra libido.

You often taunt me with my hot desire;
Believe me, you're consumed with fiercer fire.
When once you've burst the reins and spurned control,
You know not how to curb your smitten soul:
Sooner shall fire be quenched in burning grain,
And rivers seek their fountain-heads again,
Syrt a calm port and wild Malea yield
A tranquil shore, and the poor sailor shield,
Than mortal e'er your mad career arrest,
And check the fury of your vicious breast.
Lo! she who bore the Cretan bull's disdain
Put false fir cow-horns on, her end to gain;
Salmonis burning for Enipeus' arms,
Gave to the river-god her maiden charms;
Foul Myrrha left her aged father's bed
To screen 'neath new-born leaves her hateful head:
Why name Medea's love, which, turned to hate,
Butchered her babes the mother's ire to sate?
Or Clytemnestra, whose unholy flame
Made Pelops' royal house Mycenae's shame?
Scylla, for Minos' beauty all a-fire,
Shore the bright lock whose loss discrowned her sire.

O fatal dower for doting maid to bring,
Love's treason oped thy gates, O luckless king!
Be happier torches yours, expectant brides!
Lashed to the Cretan ship the maiden rides.
Yet meetly Minos sits as judge below,
Just—though victorious—to his vanquished foe.

XX *a.*

THE INVITATION.

Credis cum jam posse tuae meminisse figurae,
Vidisti a lxto quem dare vela tuo?

THINK'ST thou that he who lately left thy bed
Remembers still thy form of matchless mould?
O hard of heart! to leave his love for gold!
Was all wide Afric worth the tears thou'st shed?

And thou art trusting to the gods above!
'Tis but an airy idle dream, I trow;
Poor simple maiden, 'tis as likely now
His heart is pining for another love.

Beauty and chaste Minerva's arts are thine,
And thee thy grandsire's bays bright lustre lend;
Happy thy lot if thou hast one true friend;
I shall be true—speed hither and be mine.

xx *b*.

TO CYNTHIA.

Nox mihi prima venit; primae date tempora noctis.

PROLONG—'twill soon be here—our first glad night;
O lady Moon! extend thy wonted stay;
Thou, too, who lengthenest thy summer ray,
Phoebus, abridge the hours of lingering light.

First we must make a league, our rights lay down,
And laws to which we may ourselves appeal.
Great Love himself our covenant shall seal;
Our witness thou, Night's many-jewelled crown!

How many hours must I this talk prolong,
Ere Venus calls to Love's delightful fray!
Still, when no bonds a union firmly stay,
The gods no vengeance take for nightly wrong.

And soon caprice doth every tie undo
Imposed in lust's ungovernable hour;
May our first nuptial omens give us power
To keep our love still leal, our hearts still true.

Then let whoe'er a holy shrine shall scorn,
Invoked to ratify the faith he plights,
Or violate the sacred marriage-rites,
Feel all the woes of ill-timed union born.

Nor of his sin be loose-tongued scandal mute,
Nor maid to him at night her lattice ope,
Or give him, though he weep, one ray of hope:
Still may he love and never taste love's fruit!

XXI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Magnum iter ad doctas proficisci cogor Athenas.

AFAR to learnèd Athens I must fare,
To lose on that long way my load of care,
That grows from constant sight of Cynthia here,
Where Love still fattens on most ample cheer.
To scare him from me every means I've tried,
But still he presses me on every side.
I call—don't see her; if I do, 'twill be
To find her coldly shrink away from me.
One hope is left: love shall 'neath other skies
Be far from me as Cynthia from mine eyes.

Now, comrades, push our vessel off from shore,
Draw for your turn in couples at the oar;*
Now haul mast-high the lint-white canvas there,
And cleave the billow while the breeze is fair.

* Remorumque pares ducite sorte vices,
should perhaps be rendered—
And pull with steady stroke the balanced oar.

XVI.

CYNTHIA'S LETTER.

Nox media, et dominae mihi venit epistula nostrae.

At midnight came a letter from my love
  That bade me speed away to Tibur soon,
Where rise twin towers the gleaming heights above,
  And Anio leaps into the wide lagoon.

What shall I do? Trust to the gloom of night,
  And in the teeth of armèd ruffians go?
But, if through fear my love's behest I slight,
  Her wrath will prove more dire than midnight foe.

Once I transgressed and was exiled a year,
  On me no gentle hand my love doth lay:
But then the lover's charmed, he's nought to fear,
  Although through Sciron's path he wend his way.

Roam he o'er Scythia's deserts wild and wide,
  No boor would work him woe, for love's sweet sake;
The moon is still his ministering guide,
  The stars reveal to him the rugged brake.

Blithe Cupid shakes a blazing torch before;
  The furious dog, with mouth agape to bite,
Cowers as the lover nears the loved one's door;
  Secure he walks by day—secure by night.

XXII.

TO TULLUS.

Frigida tam multos placuit tibi Cyzicus annos.

So long hath frozen Cyzicus, my Tullus, pleased thee well,
Where 'neath the narrow Isthmus wild Propontis' billows swell!
Have Dindymus, and Cybele carved from the sacred vine,*
The path the steeds of Pluto took with lovely Proserpine,
And Athamantic Helle's cities, then, such charms for thee?
And, Tullus, dost thou never feel one fond regret for me?

Though now Heaven-bearing Atlas were by thee with pleasure scanned,
And the all-dread Medusa's head cut off by Perseus' hand,
And Geryon's stalls, and, in the dust, the marks of Hercules
With huge Antaeus wrestling; and the whole Hesperides;
And though thou wert to cleave the Colchian Phasis with thy crew,
And track the course of that fair ship that once on Pelion grew,
When hewn into a boat-like shape the erst-untravelled pine,
Led on by Argonautic dove, sailed up the cliff-locked brine;
Though thou shouldst to Ortygia sail, and seek Cäyster's shore,†
And where Nile's waters to the sea in seven vast channels pour,

* Dindymus et sacra fabricata e vite Cybebe.—(*Haupt.*)
† Et sis, qua Ortygia et visenda est ora Cäystri.—(*Mueller.*)

Not all the wonders of the world can mate the Roman land,
Where Nature all her choicest charms has strown with lavish hand.

Land fitter far for deeds of war than prone to acts of bale,
The cheek of Fame will never blush, O Rome! to tell thy tale;
For ever strong in clemency, as brave in arms, we stand,
Nor in the hour of victory doth fury guide our hand.

Here doth Tiburtine Anio flow; here sweet Clitumnus' river
From Umbrian hill; here Marcius' rill—a work will last for ever;
The Alban lake and Nemorensian fed by kindred wave;
And the salubrious stream that drink to Pollux' charger gave.
Here crawl no hornèd serpents, underneath with scales agleam
Nor with unheard-of monsters do Italia's waters teem;
Here for a mother's sin no clanking chains our maidens dread,
Nor from Ausonian feasts doth Phoebus, shuddering, hide his head;
Here never fateful fires have blazed to slay the absent one,
As once a mother compassed fell destruction for her son;
Here savage Bacchants never hunt a Penthcus on a tree,
Nor stag for maiden slaughtered speeds our navies o'er the sea;
Here Juno ne'er with crooked horns hath marred a rival's brow,
Or, torn by fearful jealousy, transformed her to a cow;
No torture-trees of Sinis here, nor Sciron's rocks of gloom,
Nor yielding branches earthward bent to work the bender's doom.

Here, Tullus, is thy Hill of Home—thy passing fair abode;
Here, suited to thy rank, thou still mayst walk in honour's road;
Here will thy speeches charm, and Rome will give a wife to thee,
And ample hope that thou mayst yet thy children's children see.

XXIII.

THE LOST TABLETS.

Ergo tam doctae nobis periere tabellae.

My clever little tablets then are gone,
And with them all the good things writ thereon;
My hands with constant use had worn them so,
Good was their credit whether sealed or no.
Without my presence they could soothe the fair;
And whisper tender tales, were I not there.
No costly golden hinge adorned their backs—
Common the boxwood was, and poor the wax.
Such as they were, they ever leal remained,
And aye for me auspicious issues gained.
Perhaps they bore this message: "Laggard, hey!
I'm wroth with you for yesterday's delay.
Has some more beauteous girl enchanted thee?
Hast thou been busy spreading lies of me?"
Or this: "To-day together we shall dine,
The night we'll spend, and Love shall crown the wine;"
And every joke a lively girl can find,
When for an hour's sweet talk she feels inclined.

Woe's me! they hold some miser's bills at last,
And doubtless lie 'neath heartless ledgers cast;
Who brings them back to me, my gold shall gain:
Who would for gold poor boxwood slips retain?
Boy, on some pillar fix this bill of mine,
With the address, "Propertius,—Esquiline."

XXIV.

CYNTHIA'S PRIDE.

Falsa est ista tuae, mulier, fiducia formae.

TRUST to thy beauty! woman, 'tis a dream;
My once-fond eyes have puffed thy pride, 'twould seem;
Blinded by love I gave thee wondrous praise—
I'm now ashamed I shrined thee in my lays.
In thee I lauded every varied grace,
Though thine was ne'er, Love knows, a pretty face;
Compared thy colour to the rosy morn,
While pigments did thy hueless cheek adorn,—
Lured on by spell no friends of mine could stay,
Or Thessal witch with ocean wash away.
This tale from me nor fire nor torture drew;
Wrecked in the Aegean, I confessed 'twas true.*

* Naufragus Aegaea vera fatebar aqua.
—This is the reading adopted by most editors; Paley, with the Cdd., reads *fatebor.*

Of Love's fell furnace then I felt the pains,
And had my hands behind me bound with chains;
But my wreathed ship has reached the port at last—
I've cleared the Syrtes now and anchor cast.
Tired of the raging sea, I'm getting sane,
And my old scars are quite skin-whole again.
O Reason! if thou art a Power divine,
I dedicate myself before thy shrine;
For all the prayers I breathed to Heaven above
Unheeded fell on the deaf ear of Jove.

XXV.

FAREWELL.

Risus eram positis inter convivia mensis.

CYNTHIA, at banquets people laughed at me;
I was the butt of all their gibes and jeers.
For five whole years I have been true to thee:
Now thou shalt bite thy nails and shed sad tears.

Hence with thy tears! they've tricked me oft before;
I guess some heartless fraud whene'er they flow.
I'l weep to say farewell for evermore,
But my deep wrong shall stem the stream of woe.

Our yoke was light, but thou wouldst not be true.
  Adieu, O threshold! where I used to stand
And plead till thou wouldst weep; O door! adieu,
  By me ne'er shivered with an angry hand.

Hide as thou wilt thy years, be thine dark cares!
  Deep wrinkles all thy loveliness efface!
Then wish to pluck each silver tress, while stares
  The chiding mirror in thy furrowed face!

In turn, an outcast, suffer proud disdain,
  And mourn in age the errors of the past.
I've sung these fateful curses in my strain;
  Dread then thy beauty's doom—thy lot at last.

BOOK V.

I.

EARLY ROME.

Hoc, quodcumque vides, hospes, qua maxima Roma est.

STRANGER, that place—whate'er you see—where stands Imperial Rome,
Was hill and grass before Aeneas left his Phrygian home;
And where to Phoebus, god of fleets, towers sacred Palatine,
Along the mountain-pastures lay Evander's exiled kine.

To the gods of clay they formed, these golden temples grew apace;
Then shrines—the work of artless hands—were reckoned no disgrace.
From the bare rock was wont to thunder forth Tarpeian Jove,
And Tiber greeted on his way our oxen in the grove.
Up yonder steps, where Remus' humble cottage stands on high,
One hearth was all the empire of the Twins in days gone by.
Yon lofty senate-house, a-gleam with peers in purple braid,
Once held our rustic fathers all in shaggy skins arrayed.
Gathered then the old Quirites, warned by neatherd's bugle harsh;
Ofttimes there the chosen "Hundred" held their council in the marsh.
Above the vaulted theatre no bellying canvas hung:
No saffron perfume o'er the stage its pleasant odour flung.

None cared to seek for foreign gods, what time, with souls intent,
The people o'er their native rites in fear and trembling bent;
But yearly they with kindled hay showed Pales honour due,
Even as with horse's blood we now her lustral rites renew.
Poor Vesta then rejoiced in asses crowned with wheaten bread,
And meagre offerings to her shrine by starveling steers were led.
With fatted pigs the small cross-roads they cleansed, and simple swains
Offered the entrails of a lamb to the Pan-pipe's rustic strains.
The skin-clad yeoman swung his bristly thongs, and thus began
The rights of lewd Lupercus of the ancient Fabian clan.
The soldier rude ne'er went to war in gleaming armour drest:
A charrèd stake was all he had to shield his naked breast.
First of his camps the hooded Lycmo planted on the wold:
The greater part of Tatius' reign was spent amid the fold.
Hence the Titii sprung, the Ramnes bold, and Luceres, sons of toil;
Hence our founder drave his four white steeds in triumph o'er the soil.

Bovillae, now a suburb, then was far from Rome, I trow,*
And the journey to Fidenae was a weary way to go;
Powerful then was Alba, sprung from portent of the milk-white sow,
Gabii then a mighty city, though a roofless ruin now.
Naught ancestral has the Roman nursling left him save the name,
Yet feels he not ashamed to boast the wolf his foster-dame.

* See Note on this passage in the Appendix.

'Twas better, Troy, your banished gods ye sent to Latium's shore;
Lo! with what omens hitherward the Dardan vessel bore!
Even then the augury was fair, that many a wily foe
Bursting from forth the wooden horse could never work her woe,
When to the son's neck clung the sire all trembling, and the flame
Those filial shoulders feared to scorch, though, mantling round, it came.

Then followed valiant Decius, followed Brutus stern and true,
And Venus' self her Caesar's arms bore o'er the ocean blue—
The arms that soon with victory should wreathe renascent Troy:
A happy land received thy gods, Iulus, favoured boy!
If the trembling Sibyl's tripod on Avernus did divine
The fields should be for Remus cleansed on holy Aventine:
Or if the Trojan maiden's strain, late ratified in sooth,
Thundered forth to aged Priam, bore the sacred stamp of truth:

"List thee, thou shalt fall, O Troy!—in Rome, O Troy! thou'lt rearise;
How many a weary woe by sea and land before thee lies!
Turn the horse, O fell your conquest! Greeks, the Ilian land shall live;
Arms to these crumbling ashes yet great Jupiter shall give."

O she-wolf sent of Mars, best nurse of all our fortunes thou,
How vast the walls that from thy milk have grown around us now!

Those walls I fain in this my strain would sing with words of love:
O woe is me the melody should all so lowly prove!
Yet ne'er the less each rill of song from humble breast of mine
That e'er shall flow, my lovèd land, my country, shall be thine!

Let Ennius wreathe around his rhymes a chaplet rudely wrought,
O Bacchus! give to me the leaves from thine own ivy sought,
That Umbria glory in my strains—proud Umbria, the home
Of him who'll bear the name of the Callimachus of Rome.

Let all who view those lofty towers, high-climbing o'er the valleys,
Measure them by the bard and say: "There genius filled his chalice."

Give ear, O Rome! for thee I sing—for thee my strains arise;
Ye citizens, give omens fair! Heaven crown mine enterprise!
I sing of sacred rites and days and ancient names of places;
On to the goal, my gallant steed, though difficult the race is!

"Rash, wayward youth! ah, whither art thou led?
Thy distaff ne'er will spin the tangled thread.
Thy song will cost thee tears: Apollo frets;*
The lute disdains; thou'lt earn but sad regrets.
Sure proofs I bring from sources sure—no seer
Unskilled to move the stars on brazen sphere.
My sire's sire was Archytas, Horops mine,
Horos I'm called; from Conon comes our line.

* At certis lacrimis cantas: aversus Apollo.—(*Munro.*)

I never shamed my kin—gods witness be!—
And truth has aye been all in all to me.
Now seers make gain of Heaven; even Jove is sold,
And all the planets on the sphere, for gold;
The lucky beams of Jove and greedy Mars;
And Saturn's orb, most baleful of the stars;
The fateful Fishes and the Lion brave;
And Capricorn, that wades the Western wave.
When Arria led her sons in days agone—
Against Heaven's will she girt their armour on—
I said they'd ne'er again their hearth behold,
And now their graves attest the truth I told.
Lupercus, while he screened his steed's gashed head,
Forgot himself, and 'neath the steed fell dead;
While, in the camp his standard guarding well,
Gallus before his gore-stained eagle fell.
Doomed youths! proud mother sent you to the tomb;
I read, though 'gainst my will, your certain doom.
When, too, Lucina Cinara's pangs delayed,
Who raised in vain her weary cries for aid,
I said, 'Go vow, and Juno will be calm.'
A babe she bore, and I bore off the palm.

"Such truths thou'lt gain not from Jove's sandy shrine,
Nor yet from entrails, big with fate, divine;
Thou'lt never read them in the raven's wing,
Nor out of ghost from magic waters wring.
First scan Heaven's path and thread the starry sky,
Search the five zones—in these the truth doth lie.
A mournful proof is Calchas, who of yore
Loosed from safe rocks the ships on Aulis' shore,
Plunged in the maiden's neck Atrides' glave,
And bade his gory canvas tempt the wave.

The Greeks returned not; ruined Troy, allay
Thy griefs, and look towards Euboea's bay:
At nightfall Nauplius waves the avenging flame;
Greece, whelmed with all her spoils, the billows claim.
Proud Ajax! ravish—love the priestess rare
Whom Pallas dared thee from her robe to tear.

"So much for story: to thy stars I'll go;
Now list with patient ear thy tale of woe.
Old Umbria gave thee birth—a spot renowned—
Say, am I right? is that thy native ground?—
Where, dewy-moist, low lie Mevania's plains,
Where steams the Umbrian lake with summer rains,
Where towers the wall o'er steep Asisium's hill,
A wall thy genius shall make nobler still?
Too soon thou laid'st thy father's bones at rest,
Compelled to live by straitened means opprest;
For all thy fields, that many a steer once trod,
Were swept before the ruthless measuring-rod.
The golden toy resigned thou'dst worn from birth,
Thou donn'dst the toga at thy mother's hearth;
Then Phoebus charmed thy poet-soul afar
From the fierce thunderings of the noisy bar.
Be elegy—a tricksome task—thy field,
And to all others an example yield.
'Neath bloodless arms through Venus' wars thou'lt go,
And to the Cupids prove a ready foe.
For all the fruits of all thy weary toil—
Thy glory-wreaths a single maid will spoil;
Though from thy chin the firm-fixed hook thou shake,
'Tis vain—the claw a firmer hold will take.
Thy light and darkness will obey her call,
No tear thou'lt weep unless she bids it fall.

Woe's me! they hold some miser's bills at last,
And doubtless lie 'neath heartless ledgers cast;
Who brings them back to me, my gold shall gain:
Who would for gold poor boxwood slips retain?
Boy, on some pillar fix this bill of mine,
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  The chiding mirror in thy furrowed face!

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  And mourn in age the errors of the past.
I've sung these fateful curses in my strain;
  Dread then thy beauty's doom—thy lot at last.

BOOK V.

IV.

THE LEGEND OF TARPEIA.

Tarpeium nemus et Tarpeiae turpe sepulcrum.

I'LL sing Tarpeia's grove and tomb of shame,
And how the capture of Jove's fortress came.

'Mid ivied rocks lay hid a woodland nook,
Whose boughs made music to the babbling brook—
Silvanus' leafy home, where Pan-pipe sweet
Called sheep to water from the noon-day heat.
Tatius this fount with maple fence enwound,
And made his camp secure with ramparts round.
What then was Rome when Sabine foeman there
Shook Jove's proud rocks with trumpet's echoing blare,
And Sabine shafts in Rome's own Forum lay,
Whose laws the conquered nations rule to-day?
The hills her ramparts were, and now that spring
Whence drank the war-horse Curia's walls enring.
For Vesta's service did Tarpeia bear
Her fictile urn on head and fill it there;
And could one death atone for guilt so dire
As hers, who, Vesta, could betray thy fire?
Lo! Tatius on the sandy plain she spies,
Whose painted arms o'er flashing helmets rise.
Stunned by his regal mien and armour's glare,
She drops the urn her heedless fingers bare.

Oft then she blamed the harmless moon's pale beam,
And feigned to lave her tresses in the stream;
With silver lilies wooed the Nymphs' sweet grace,
Lest Roman spear should wound her Tatius' face;
Clomb cloud-capt Capitol at early morn;
Returned, her arms with prickly brambles torn;
Sat on Tarpeia's frowning height and wove
This love-sick tale of woe—abhorred of Jove:

"Ye camp-fires, tents where Tatius' army lies,
And Sabine armour lovely in mine eyes,
O that with you a captive I might be,
Might but thy captive, Tatius, gaze on thee!

"Ye Roman hills and hill-walled Rome, farewell!
And, Vesta, thou with whom my shame shall dwell!
That steed alone shall bear me to his home,
Whose flowing mane my Tatius' fingers comb.
What wonder Scylla, whose fair limbs of yore
Turned to fell hounds, her father's tresses shore?
Or one the hornèd Minotaur betrayed,
And with a thread the winding path displayed?

"Rome's maids will loathe me! O the fearful stain!
Mischosen priestess of a virgin fane!
Is't strange the fire is dead?—in mercy turn;
My tear-drops drowned it, and it would not burn.

"To-morrow war will fill the town, they say—
Beware the thorn-clad mountain's dewy way,*
A slippery path where hidden streamlets glide
In treacherous silence down the steep hillside.

* Tu cave spinosi rorida terga jugi.—(*Barth.*).

O could I breathe the magic Muse's spell,
I'd aid thee, prince: the trabea suits thee well,
Not the base bastard, fruit of womb accurst,
And by hard teat of wolf inhuman nursed.

"If sons I bear thee, concubine or queen,
I bring thee Rome betrayed, no dowry mean.
At least the wrongs of Sabine maids repair;
Yes, ravish me—reprisal were but fair.
I too, like them, can part the bloody fray;
Come, brides, and peace shall crown my bridal-day.
Shout, Hymen, shout! the blare of trumpets drown!
My bridal-couch will calm war's billows down.

"Now the fourth horn proclaims the dawn of day,
The weary stars in ocean sink away;
Come slumber soft! come rosy dreams to-night!
Come Tatius, gentle spirit, glad my sight!"

She spake, and stretched her arms in fitful rest,
Nor dreamed she clasped new furies to her breast;
For Vesta, Ilium's fires' blest guardian, came,
Her frenzy nursed, and added flame to flame.
As Bacchant near Thermodon's rapid billow
Flies bosom-bare, she fled her restless pillow.

'Twas Rome's high festival, Parilia hight,
The birthday of her walls. Each shepherd-wight
Holds annual feast and revel in the streets,
While rustic dishes reek with dainty meats,
And tipsy crowds with grimy feet o'erleap
Straw fires a-blaze in many a scattered heap.

The watch was off on furlough for the day;
The camp was still; the trumpet silent lay.
It is Tarpeia's time: she meets the foe;
The compact binds; herself as guide will go.

Though steep the hill, the feast had left it clear:
The noisy dogs soon fall 'neath Tatius' spear.
All slumbered: Jove alone remained awake
To see just vengeance all her guilt o'ertake.
The gate betrayed, and friends that sleeping lay,
She asks him now to name the wedding-day.
But Tatius loathed the deed of guilt, and said,
"Wed now, my queen; here climb my royal bed."
O'er her crushed form his comrades' arms he threw—
Fit dower, O maiden! to thy treason due.

Thus came the hill to bear Tarpeia's name,*
That never should have stained the scroll of fame.

* A duce Tarpeia mons est cognomen ademptus;
O vigil, injuste praemia sortis habes.

V.

ACANTHIS.

Terra tuum spinis obducat, lena, sepulcrum.

EARTH clothe thy tomb, foul hag, with thorns around,
  And may thy shade the thirst thou loathest bear,
Thy Manes rest not, and the avenging hound
  Thy mouldering bones with hungry growlings scare!

The chaste Hippolytus she could have bent,
  And, bird of bale to every bridal bed,
Made e'en the leal Penelope relent,
  Forget her lord, and lewd Antinöus wed.

At will she makes the steel the magnet fly,
  The bird turn cruel and her nestlings kill;
At magic trench if Colline herbs she ply,
  O'er solid ground will sweep the running rill.

She dared with song the moon by laws to bind,
  To change her form and prowl in wolfish guise,
And gouged, the jealous husband's eyes to blind,
  With ruthless nail the raven's guiltless eyes.

She leagued with owls to hunt me to my grave,
  Gathered Hippomanes to crown my cares,
And thus she smoothed her work as gentle wave
  The rocky road with ceaseless ripple wears:

"Maiden, if bank of Orient charm your heart with golden treasure,
And shells that gleam in splendour 'neath the waves of Tyrian sea;
If robe of Cos where reigned Eurypylus afford thee pleasure,
And shreds, from couch of Attalus, of ancient tapestry;

"Or costly vases sent by Thebes from Egypt's palmy river,
Or myrrhine vessels baked in Parthian fires,—then honour spurn,
Down trample all the gods of heaven, be falsehood upmost ever,
And break the laws of chastity, that yield you no return.

"Say you're a wife—it pays; invent all manner of excuses—
The longer you put off, more fierce will burn your lover's flame;
Or if your hair he chance to tear, his anger has its uses;
For when he'll try a truce to buy, more firmly press your claim.

"At last, when you have promised fair, and pocketed the plunder,
Pretend 'tis Isis' festival, and pure must be the day.
Let Iole for April plead, and pert Amycle thunder
Loud in your ears your birthday falls upon the Ides of May.

"Suppose he's sitting at your feet, sit down and write a letter,
Or anything—you've caught him if the trick should him dismay;
Have love-bites all around your neck—and, mind, the more the better—
And let him think you've got them in a recent love-affray.

"Don't follow in Medea's steps, or to his wishes pander;
She earned disdain when fond and fain she threw her heart away.
But rather be like costly Thais, sung by smart Menander,
The pretty girl who tricked the cunning Getae in the play.

"Study the humour of your man: if he is fond of singing,
Indulge him; drain your cup, and forth your mingled voices pour;
For donors let the warder watch, to those no presents bringing
Let him be deaf and slumber on against the bolted door.

"With soldier, though not made for love, pray never feel offended,
Or sailor with his horny palm, if he's the golden key;
Or him from whose barbarian neck a label once depended,
When, chalked, he through the Forum stalked condemned to slavery.

"Look to the gold, and not the hand that brings to you the payment;
What boots a starving poet's strain?—vain words are all your hire.
Avaunt the bard who cannot clothe his girl in Cöan raiment!
Without your fee, be deaf to all the music of his lyre.

"While warm your blood, and wrinkles tell not yet of years of sorrow,
Live while you may; what's yours to-day to-morrow may not last:
I've seen sweet Paestum's rose-bowers blooming fair, and on the morrow
The petals, strown and withered, blown before the south wind's blast."

As thus Acanthis strove to wile away
  My darling's heart, I shrank to skin and bone.
A ring-dove on thine altar now I lay;
  O Venus! take the gift for favours shown.

I saw her cough convulse the wrinkled hag,
  Through her old stumps the blood-streak'd mucus flow;
Her rotten soul breathed on a wretched rag,
  In a dank, fireless, frozen den of woe.

A stolen band to tie her straggling hairs,
  A dirty faded turban, and a hound
I ne'er could cheat or take at unawares—
  Such pomp her miserable ending crowned.

Place an old crumbling jar above her bones;
  Press it, wild figs, with all the force ye can;
Ye lovers, pelt her tomb with jagged stones,
  And as ye pelt it, curse the harridan.

IV.

THE LEGEND OF TARPEIA.

Tarpeium nemus et Tarpeiae turpe sepulcrum.

I'LL sing Tarpeia's grove and tomb of shame,
And how the capture of Jove's fortress came.

'Mid ivied rocks lay hid a woodland nook,
Whose boughs made music to the babbling brook—
Silvanus' leafy home, where Pan-pipe sweet
Called sheep to water from the noon-day heat.
Tatius this fount with maple fence enwound,
And made his camp secure with ramparts round.
What then was Rome when Sabine foeman there
Shook Jove's proud rocks with trumpet's echoing blare,
And Sabine shafts in Rome's own Forum lay,
Whose laws the conquered nations rule to-day?
The hills her ramparts were, and now that spring
Whence drank the war-horse Curia's walls enring.
For Vesta's service did Tarpeia bear
Her fictile urn on head and fill it there;
And could one death atone for guilt so dire
As hers, who, Vesta, could betray thy fire?
Lo! Tatius on the sandy plain she spies,
Whose painted arms o'er flashing helmets rise.
Stunned by his regal mien and armour's glare,
She drops the urn her heedless fingers bare.

Oft then she blamed the harmless moon's pale beam,
And feigned to lave her tresses in the stream;
With silver lilies wooed the Nymphs' sweet grace,
Lest Roman spear should wound her Tatius' face;
Clomb cloud-capt Capitol at early morn;
Returned, her arms with prickly brambles torn;
Sat on Tarpeia's frowning height and wove
This love-sick tale of woe—abhorred of Jove:

"Ye camp-fires, tents where Tatius' army lies,
And Sabine armour lovely in mine eyes,
O that with you a captive I might be,
Might but thy captive, Tatius, gaze on thee!

"Ye Roman hills and hill-walled Rome, farewell!
And, Vesta, thou with whom my shame shall dwell!
That steed alone shall bear me to his home,
Whose flowing mane my Tatius' fingers comb.
What wonder Scylla, whose fair limbs of yore
Turned to fell hounds, her father's tresses shore?
Or one the hornèd Minotaur betrayed,
And with a thread the winding path displayed?

"Rome's maids will loathe me! O the fearful stain!
Mischosen priestess of a virgin fane!
Is't strange the fire is dead?—in mercy turn;
My tear-drops drowned it, and it would not burn.

"To-morrow war will fill the town, they say—
Beware the thorn-clad mountain's dewy way,*
A slippery path where hidden streamlets glide
In treacherous silence down the steep hillside.

* Tu cave spinosi rorida terga jugi.—(*Barth.*).

O could I breathe the magic Muse's spell,
I'd aid thee, prince: the trabea suits thee well,
Not the base bastard, fruit of womb accurst,
And by hard teat of wolf inhuman nursed.

"If sons I bear thee, concubine or queen,
I bring thee Rome betrayed, no dowry mean.
At least the wrongs of Sabine maids repair;
Yes, ravish me—reprisal were but fair.
I too, like them, can part the bloody fray;
Come, brides, and peace shall crown my bridal-day.
Shout, Hymen, shout! the blare of trumpets drown!
My bridal-couch will calm war's billows down.

"Now the fourth horn proclaims the dawn of day,
The weary stars in ocean sink away;
Come slumber soft! come rosy dreams to-night!
Come Tatius, gentle spirit, glad my sight!"

She spake, and stretched her arms in fitful rest,
Nor dreamed she clasped new furies to her breast;
For Vesta, Ilium's fires' blest guardian, came,
Her frenzy nursed, and added flame to flame.
As Bacchant near Thermodon's rapid billow
Flies bosom-bare, she fled her restless pillow.

'Twas Rome's high festival, Parilia hight,
The birthday of her walls. Each shepherd-wight
Holds annual feast and revel in the streets,
While rustic dishes reek with dainty meats,
And tipsy crowds with grimy feet o'erleap
Straw fires a-blaze in many a scattered heap.

The watch was off on furlough for the day;
The camp was still; the trumpet silent lay.
It is Tarpeia's time: she meets the foe;
The compact binds; herself as guide will go.

Though steep the hill, the feast had left it clear:
The noisy dogs soon fall 'neath Tatius' spear.
All slumbered: Jove alone remained awake
To see just vengeance all her guilt o'ertake.
The gate betrayed, and friends that sleeping lay,
She asks him now to name the wedding-day.
But Tatius loathed the deed of guilt, and said,
"Wed now, my queen; here climb my royal bed."
O'er her crushed form his comrades' arms he threw—
Fit dower, O maiden! to thy treason due.

Thus came the hill to bear Tarpeia's name,*
That never should have stained the scroll of fame.

* A duce Tarpeia mons est cognomen ademptus;
O vigil, injuste praemia sortis habes.

V.

ACANTHIS.

Terra tuum spinis obducat, lena, sepulcrum.

EARTH clothe thy tomb, foul hag, with thorns around,
  And may thy shade the thirst thou loathest bear,
Thy Manes rest not, and the avenging hound
  Thy mouldering bones with hungry growlings scare!

The chaste Hippolytus she could have bent,
  And, bird of bale to every bridal bed,
Made e'en the leal Penelope relent,
  Forget her lord, and lewd Antinöus wed.

At will she makes the steel the magnet fly,
  The bird turn cruel and her nestlings kill;
At magic trench if Colline herbs she ply,
  O'er solid ground will sweep the running rill.

She dared with song the moon by laws to bind,
  To change her form and prowl in wolfish guise,
And gouged, the jealous husband's eyes to blind,
  With ruthless nail the raven's guiltless eyes.

She leagued with owls to hunt me to my grave,
  Gathered Hippomanes to crown my cares,
And thus she smoothed her work as gentle wave
  The rocky road with ceaseless ripple wears:

"Maiden, if bank of Orient charm your heart with golden treasure,
And shells that gleam in splendour 'neath the waves of Tyrian sea;
If robe of Cos where reigned Eurypylus afford thee pleasure,
And shreds, from couch of Attalus, of ancient tapestry;

"Or costly vases sent by Thebes from Egypt's palmy river,
Or myrrhine vessels baked in Parthian fires,—then honour spurn,
Down trample all the gods of heaven, be falsehood upmost ever,
And break the laws of chastity, that yield you no return.

"Say you're a wife—it pays; invent all manner of excuses—
The longer you put off, more fierce will burn your lover's flame;
Or if your hair he chance to tear, his anger has its uses;
For when he'll try a truce to buy, more firmly press your claim.

"At last, when you have promised fair, and pocketed the plunder,
Pretend 'tis Isis' festival, and pure must be the day.
Let Iole for April plead, and pert Amycle thunder
Loud in your ears your birthday falls upon the Ides of May.

"Suppose he's sitting at your feet, sit down and write a letter,
Or anything—you've caught him if the trick should him dismay;
Have love-bites all around your neck—and, mind, the more the better—
And let him think you've got them in a recent love-affray.

"Don't follow in Medea's steps, or to his wishes pander;
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  Press it, wild figs, with all the force ye can;
Ye lovers, pelt her tomb with jagged stones,
  And as ye pelt it, curse the harridan.

VI.

THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

Sacra facit vates : sint ora faventia sacris.

THE bard makes sacrifice : be silent all ;
Before my shrine let the struck heifer fall ;
Let Roman wreaths with Cöan ivy vie,
And Roman urns Cyrene's streams supply.
Sweet nard, sweet incense-honours now be mine,
Thrice round the hearth the woollen fillet twine,
Shower lustral dews the new-built altar o'er,
My ivory lute Mygdonian strains would pour.
Hence, fraud ! 'neath other skies let guilt be known ;
With laurel chaste the bard's fresh path is strown.
Now Palatine Apollo's fane shall be
My theme : Calliope, 'tis worthy thee.
Great Caesar's name and fame I sing to-day :
Jove, prithee list my tributary lay.

In a quiet bay on Athamania's shore,
Where wild Ionian billows chafe no more,
A harbour consecrate to Phoebus lies,
In from the land where Actium's headlands rise—
A dear memorial of the Julian fleet,
To pious mariners a safe retreat.
Here met the world in arms ; athwart the bay
Two mighty fleets with varying fortunes lay :

The one to Troy-born Caesar's prowess due,
With all the shafts a woman basely threw;
While Jove our canvas filled with breezes bland,
And banners taught to conquer for their land.

Scarce yet had Nereus curved each crescent line,
'Mid waves bright trembling 'neath the armour's shine,
When Phoebus, leaving Delos fixed the while—
For angry waves once bore that wandering isle—
O'er Caesar's vessel stood 'mid wondrous gleam
Of flame like slanting torch's wavy beam.
Adown his neck no flowing tresses fell
To the mild music of the tuneful shell: *
The look that quailed Atrides' soul he wore,
When Dorian hosts to greedy pyres he bore;
Or when, dread Python's writhing coils o'ercome,
He slew him when the peaceful lyre was dumb.†

"O Alban saviour of the world!" he cried,
"Augustus, than thy Trojan sires more tried!
Prevail by sea: now earth is thine; for thee
Fight my good bow and shoulder's armoury.
Release the land from fear; thy country now
On thee relies, and wreathes with prayers thy prow.
Halt, and Rome's founder better far, I ween,
On Palatine had ne'er the vultures seen.
Too bold they ply the oars; O shame that e'er
Those waves, great prince, a regal sail should bear!
Fear not their hundred oars that smite the tide:
O'er adverse billows mark their galleys ride.
Yon Centaurs hurling rocks their prows display,
Are hollow boards, mere painted terrors they.

* Ad testudineae carmen inerme lyrae.—(*Mueller.*)
† Serpentem inbelles quom tacuere lyrae.—(*Mueller.*)

The cause unnerves or nerves the soldier's might,
And shame disarms who strikes not for the right.
Now is the hour—join battle; I to-day
Will lead and crown the Julian prows with bay."
He spoke, and spends his quiver's freight, when lo!
Our Caesar's lance nigh rivals Phoebus' bow.
By Phoebus Rome prevails: the strumpet wheels,
And o'er the Ionian float her shattered keels.

Proud Caesar shouts from his Idalian star,
"The god is proved by god-like deeds in war."
Old Triton cheers, and all the Nereids raise
Around the flag of freedom songs of praise.
Borne in swift bark, the harlot seeks the Nile:
Her all that's left—to linger on awhile.
'Tis well: poor triumph that one woman tread
The streets through which Jugurtha once was led.
Hence rose this shrine to Actian Phoebus' name,
Whose every shaft ten hostile ships o'ercame.

Enough: victorious Phoebus claims his lyre,
And doffs his arms to join the peaceful choir.
To the soft grove, ye white-robed priests, now go;
Adown my neck let dainty rose-wreaths flow.
Unstinted pour Falernian rich and rare,
Thrice with Cilician saffron drench my hair.
Let wine inspire each genial poet's dream:
To Phoebus Bacchus lends his gladdest beam.
Let one the damp Sicambrian's conquest trace,
One Cephean Meröe's with its swarthy race,
Another sing of Parthia late o'erthrown:
"Restore our standards: soon thou'lt yield thine own.
If Caesar aught to quivered Orient spare;
'Tis but a trophy for his sons to share.

Joy, Crassus, if thou canst, 'mid sandy gloom:
Now o'er Euphrates we may seek thy tomb."

Thus wine and song will cheer the night, till day
Upon my revel sheds it rosy ray.

VII.

CYNTHIA'S GHOST.

Sunt aliquid Manes: letum non omnia finit.

YES; there *are* ghosts: death ends not all, I ween.
The lurid shade escapes the pile's rent thrall;
For o'er my couch I saw my Cynthia lean,
Late laid where Anio's wayside murmurs fall.

Dreams of the dead disturbed my sleep; my lone
Cold couch I mourned when I beheld her glide—
Same hair, same eyes as in the days agone,
Her half-scorched vesture clinging to her side.

Her finger bore her ring and beryl still,
Half-burnt; her lips were wet from Lethe's lake:
She breathed as when in life, but rattled shrill
Her frail and bony fingers as she spake.

"Faithless," she said, "and faithless still to be,
Canst thou already sink in slumber sweet?
Hast thou forgot thy stolen trysts with me,
Held nightly in Suburra's wakeful street?

"Hast thou forgot my window worn more wide
By cunning nightly wiles, and how I'd go
And swing me through it by a rope, and slide
Hand under hand on to your neck below?

"Oft on the stones we lay in loving guise,
And sought the lonely nooks to lovers dear;
Alas our secret bond! whose honeyed lies
Were borne on wandering winds that would not hear!

"When closed my eyes, no piercing voice 'gan plead;
I'd gained one day hadst thou but called the while:
For me no watch blew shrill the cloven reed;
My head lay gashed upon a broken tile.

"Who saw thee at my burial bow thee low?
Or scald thy sable vestments with a tear?
If thou didst grudge beyond the gates to go,
Thou mightst have bid them slowlier bear my bier.

"By thee no winds to fan my pyre were prayed;
No spikenard fed my flame; ingrate! o'er me
Cheap hyacinths thou mightst have strewn, and laid
My ghost with cask new-broached—this grudged by thee!

"For Lygdamus let now the iron glow;
I felt the cup was drugged—heat red the brand;
Let Nomas, hag, her spittle-spells forego—
The burning tile will show her guilty hand.

"The trull, who lately prowled the streets o' nights,
Now sails along in gold-embroidered gown,
And with a double task of wool requites
The maid who lauds my charms or old renown.

"Poor Petalè must bear the clog and chain,
  Because with garlands to my tomb she came;
And by the hair my Lalagè is ta'en,
  Swung up and slapped for suing in my name.

"Thou lett'st her melt my golden image down,
  And from my burning pyre a dowry gain;
But yet for all, my own, I do not frown:
  Long in thy verse, and glorious, was my reign.

"O, by the irrevoluble song of doom!—
  So moan the triple hound in gentle tones—
I still was true: if not, athwart my tomb
  Let vipers hiss, and nestle on my bones.

"O'er the dark wave two homes of old were made,
  And all must seek at last the fatal shore;
To one is borne foul Clytemnestra's shade,
  And the mad mother of the Minotaur.

"Yon flower-crowned bark for happier realms is bound,
  Elysian rose-bowers by soft breezes fanned,
Where the stringed lyre and the round cymbals sound,
  And Lydian lutes delight the mitred band.

"Andromeda and Hypermnestra there—
  Wives leal in love—their famous story tell;
One wails her tender arms all bruised and bare,
  Doomed by a mother's pride to shackles fell—

"And blameless hands that might have well been spared
  The terrors of the frozen rocks they prest:
The other tells the crime her sisters dared,
  And the strong weakness of her wifely breast.

"Thus o'er life's loves death drops the healing tear:
  Thy faults were many, but I hide them all;
Yet list my latest wish if still thou'lt hear,
  Nor Chloris' magic holds thee all in thrall.

"Let not my nurse Parthenia want when old—
  Her house was open and her fee was light—
Nor darling Latris, named from service, hold
  The mirror up to some new favourite.

"Burn every lay thou'st written in my praise;
  Why keep them now I am no longer thine?
My tomb of ivy strip, whose struggling sprays
  And wattled locks my tender bones entwine.

"Where Anio foams 'mid groves of apple-trees,
  And the white sheen of ivory's ever clear
By favour of Tiburtine Hercules,
  A pillar with a meet inscription rear,

"But brief, and such as may arrest the eyes
  Of traveller as he hurries from the town;
'In Tibur's land here golden Cynthia lies:
  Hence hath thy bank, O Anio! reaped renown.'

"Spurn not the dreams that leave the gates of horn;
  For, coming thence, affection's dreams are true:
Night frees the imprisoned shades, and, earthward borne,
  By night we reappear to mortal view.

"Then roams the hound beyond the awful bourn,
  Loosed from the chain that bars the infernal gate;
Till morn to Lethe's mere bids all return,
  When the weird boatman counts his shadowy freight.

"Let others clasp thee now, soon mine once more
With me thou'lt dwell, and bone will chafe with bone."
Such was the tone her plaintive chidings wore:
I strove to grasp the phantom—it was gone.

VIII.

THE SURPRISE.

Dixe, quid Esquilias hac nocte fugarit aquosas.

Now learn how marshy Esquiline was scared so yesternight,
When all the new-park neighbours hurried forth in wildered plight.

Long 'neath an aged dragon's care Lanuvium's walls have been,
And many a one goes there to see a sight so seldom seen.
A hallowed path abruptly leads down to his den abysmal,
Through which is sent—O maiden fair! beware all paths so dismal—
The tribute of this hungry snake, claimed as the year comes round,
What time he writhes and hisses in the deep dark underground.
Such are the rites to which the girls go down with pallid face,
When rashly in the serpent's mouth their helpless hands they place.
If maid she be who proffers it, the food he quickly takes,
While in the tender virgin's hands the very basket shakes.

If chaste, they soon return, and clasp the necks of parents dear,
And rustics shout with joyful heart, "'Twill be a fruitful year."

With ponies twain, clipped tail and mane, my Cynthia thither drove;
She laid the blame on Juno's name, but Venus' web she wove.
O Appian Way! declare how gay in triumph then she shone,
As o'er thy pavement rough with flying wheels she thundered on;
While from a tavern out of view the sound of bickerings came,
If not on my account, at least with damage to my fame:
For, forward leaning o'er the pole, a scandal to behold,
She plied along the rugged road the reins with daring bold.

Yon shaven fop's silk-cushioned car I leave now out of sight,
And dogs of the Molossian breed with collars gleaming bright;
Ere long he'll stuff his venal skin with prize-ring's filthy fare,
And odious whiskers will o'ergrow those cheeks now smooth and bare.

Since she so often left me thus, and still abroad would range,
I thought I'd shift my camp, and try another for a change.

On Aventine, near Dian's shrine, dwells Phyllis, who no doubt
Is dull when sober; in her cups she's charming out and out.
There's Teia in Tarpeia's grove, and prettier girl there's none;
But then, when she is warmed with wine, she's game for more than one.
Well, I resolved to ask them in, and spend with them the night,
In pleasure's bowers to cull the flowers and raptures of delight.

We sought the greenhouse; for the three was set a sofa there.
Dost wonder how the trio sat? I sat between the pair.
We'd Lygdamus for waiter—crystal summer-service; wine
The produce of Methymna, with the smack of turpentine;
A gipsy flutist; Phyllis played the bones in charming style,
So trim and neat, with smile so sweet as roses rained the while;
A dwarf besides, shrunk up into his limbs, a dumpy thing,
Who tossed his stumpy hands, and made the hollow boxwood ring.
But though the lamps were often trimmed, the flame would burn not well,
And off its legs, face uppermost, at last the table fell.
And while I tried the dice for luck with oft-repeated throws,
By some untoward chance the cursèd aces always rose.
They sung, 'twas vain; exposed their charms—I had as well been blind:
Woe's me! Lanuvium's gates alone were ever in my mind,—
When suddenly the door-posts shook, the hinges creaked, a din
Of whispered murmurs at the door, like some one coming in—
'Twas Cynthia! bang the leaves went wide—it was no vain presage—
Not with elaborated hair, but beautiful in rage.
Down from my thewless fingers fell the goblet on the floor,
My lips, though steeped in rosy wine, a deathlike pallor wore.
Her eyes flash fire, she raves as only woman can: I ween,
In captured city ne'er before was witnessed such a scene.
She thrusts her wrathful nails in Phyllis' face; while, wan with fear,
Loud Teia shouts, "From yonder pools bring water quickly here."
The sleeping Romans ope their eyes in fright, and one and all,
With hurrying feet, dash through the street to see the midnight brawl.

The quaking pair, with ruffled hair, and tunics flying free,
Rush up the dismal alley to the nearest shop they see.
Now Cynthia revels in the rout; returns, the combat o'er,
And with her vixen hands my face with slaps belabours sore.
She bites my neck—here is the mark—till blood profusely flows;
But still my eyes, that were to blame, receive the heaviest blows.
And when she'd tired her arms, and wreaked her vengeance to the dregs,
Poor Lygdamus, who'd hid beneath the sofa's hinder legs,
Is trundled out, and humbly sues for aid on bended knee.
"Poor soul," I cried, "'tis vain; I'm but a captive here with thee."
With suppliant hands I begged for peace, and, moved by slow degrees,
She let me touch her feet at last, and said in words like these:

"If thou wouldst have forgiveness for the wrong that thou hast done,
Then list to my conditions as I name them one by one:
Ne'er more in fine attire thou'lt stroll in Pompey's pillar'd shade,
Nor seek the lustful Forum with the combat's sand o'erlaid;
Nor stare around the theatre, neck bent from side to side,
To where the women sit, nor lounge by litter open wide.
And first of all, let Lygdamus, the cause of all my pain,
Be sold, and drag on both his legs the slave's ignoble chain."

Such were the terms imposed: I answered, "Lady, I agree."
She proudly smiled to see me bend beneath her stern decree.
She smoked each luckless spot whereon my stranger-nymphs had been,
And then with water from the spring washed all the threshold clean.

The dress and hood I had put on she bade me change once more,
And thrice with burning sulphur all my head besprinkled o'er.
The fumigation done, she changed the bedclothes sheet by sheet:
Our quarrel o'er, in bed once more we lay in concord sweet.

IX.

HERCULES AND CACUS.

Amphitryoniades qua tempestate juvencos.

When, Erythea, from thy stalls Alcides drave the kine,
He wandered to the lofty hills of steer-browsed Palatine,
And, weary, stayed his weary herd Velabrum's lake beside,
Where o'er the unborn city's breast the boatman's pinnace plied.
Nor there with Cacus, faithless host, his flock unscathed remained;
For soon with theft the shrine of Jove the godless robber stained.
Within an awful den this Cacus dwelt—a tenant dire,
Who belched from forth three gaping mouths three flames of living fire.
And lest the place should show a trace of such an act of bale,
He turned the oxen round, and dragged them ·veward by the tail.

Heaven saw the theft: the oxen lowed: with fury boiling o'er,
He sped amain, and dashed in twain the robber's ruthless door.
With sturdy bough his triple brow he smote, and laid him low,
And said, "Go, steers of Hercules, my club's last labour, go:
Go, steers, twice sought and twice my spoil, with lowings bless your home;
A noble Forum yet shall crown the pasture-lands ye roam."

He spoke: his tongue is parched; no streams gush from the teeming earth;
Afar he hears in bowery glade the ring of maiden-mirth.
'Tis Bona Dea's secret grove, where lustral fountains flow,
And maidens ply the awful rites that man may never know.
The gates were purple-wreathed, the shrine with fragrant flames a-blaze,
The cell o'erarched with poplar-boughs, where song-birds piped their lays.

With shaggy beard all dust-besmeared, the hero hither sped,
And thus in words beneath a god before the threshold pled:
"I pray you, ye who sport within this hallowed grotto, deign
To open to a weary wight your hospitable fane.
Athirst I roam, and round your home are fountains murmuring;
Enough whate'er my hollow palm can lift from yonder spring.
Have ye e'er heard of one whose back the mighty world once bore,
By earth reclaimed Alcides named? He pleads before your door.
Who knows not the brave deeds the club of Hercules hath wrought,
And shafts at savage monsters dealt, and never dealt for nought?
Who knows not him—the only man who pierced the Stygian gloom?

Receive him: earth will hardly give the weary hero room.
Though here the sacred rites of crabbed Juno now ye plied,
Hard step-dame though she is, she ne'er her waters had denied.
But if my looks, this lion-hide all bristly, and my hair
Embrowned by sweltering Libyan sun, should any maiden scare,
I did a slave-girl's duties once in Tyrian palla drest,
And spun my daily task with Lydian distaff like the rest.
This shaggy breast of mine was then in cincture soft arrayed;
And though my hands were rough and hard, I was a clever maid."
So spake Alcides, and the saintly priestess thus replied,
Her hoary hair with fillet rare of richest purple tied:

"O spare thine eyes! go, stranger, leave this awful grove,—away!
In safety fly this threshold while thou canst nor longer stay.
This altar 'mid the greenwood hid, and barred from foot of man,
Aye vindicates its sanctity, and fearful is the ban.
How dear the seer Tiresias paid as Pallas' form he spied,
What time she laved her stalwart limbs—her aegis laid aside!
Heaven give thee other founts than these: this streamlet trickles on
Along a lonely secret course for maidens' use alone."

She finished: with his shoulder then the gloomy posts he shook,
Nor could the bolted door his grievous thirst's wild fury brook.
And after he had slaked his thirst and drained the river dry,
With lips still moist he banned the sex to all eternity:

"Now on the path of destiny this corner of earth's soil
I reach, and scarce a shelter find when wearied out with toil.
This altar, which I dedicate for finding of my steers—
This mighty altar, raised by hands of mine—in after-years

Let woman never enter, nor its worship ever see,
For fear the thirst of great Alcides should unpunished be."

Hail, holy Father! hostile Juno smiles on thee to-day;
O holy Father! deign to smile auspicious on my lay,
Thou who hast purged the world of ill by that strong arm of thine,
Whom Sabines hailed "The Holy One" and worshipped as divine.

X.

JUPITER FERETRIUS.

Nunc Jovis incipiam causas aperire Feretri.

Now of Feretrian Jove shall be my strain,
And trophies three from three brave chieftains ta'en.
Hard is the hill, but glory nerves my soul:
I'd cull my chaplet from no easy knoll.

The first wast thou, Quirinus, sire of Rome,
To slay the foe and bear his armour home.
When Caenine Acron through our gates would go,
Thy conquering spear laid horse and rider low.
Acron, of great Alcides' line, who sped
Forth from his keep and horror broadcast spread,
Dared hope to wrest the arms our hero wore,
But left his own deep-stained with crimson gore.

Before the hollow towers a javelin now
He poised; but Jove had sealed Quirinus' vow:
"Thy victim, Jove, shall Acron fall this day."
Such was the vow: Jove's victim prostrate lay.

Thus aye to conquest did Quirinus fare—
His camp the field, his tent the open air.
Well could he rein the steed or guide the plough,
A shaggy wolf-skin helmet decked his brow,
No gleaming shield was his with pinchbeck pied,
While slaughtered steers his baldrick tough supplied.

Then Cossus comes, with slain Tolumnius' spoil,
When Veii's conquest was a work of toil,
Ere war crossed Tiber's tide; our farthest raids
Nomentum's vales and Cora's parted glades.
O ancient Veii! once a kingdom great,
Her forum graced with golden chair of state;
Now there the lazy shepherds' horns are blown,
And harvests o'er her slaughtered warriors mown.
Upon the gate-tower Veii's chieftain stood,
And parleyed with the foe in haughty mood.
While brass-horned ram now shook the battered wall—
The workmen 'neath the mantlet sheltered all—
Cries Cossus: "Hero better courts the plain."
Then quickly chose their ground those warriors twain.
The gods were with us: lo! Tolumnius bleeds,
And laves with gory neck the Roman steeds.

Next Claudius crushed the Rhine-men, and a-field
Bore from huge Britomart his Belgic shield,
Who claimed the Rhine as sire; renowned afar
For hurling javelins from his flying car.

While dealt the tartan'd chief his darts amain,
Dropt from his severed neck his golden chain.

Feretrius' shrine now holds these trophies three,
So called since chief *strikes* chief by Jove's decree;
Or, since on shoulder home their spoils they *bare*,
To "*Jove the Bearer*" rose yon altar fair.

XI.

CORNELIA.

Desine, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum.

O PAULUS! vex my grave with tears no more;
No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
'Twere vain: deaf shores will drink thy tears the while.
Prayers move high heaven: but, pay the boatman's fare,
The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile.

So sang the mournful trumpets when my head
Sank on the bier before the ruthless fires.
What then availed me Paulus' bridal bed,
And cars triumphal of my valiant sires?

What all the pledges of my fair renown?
  Though flowed Rome's noblest blood in all my veins,
Say, did it mitigate the Parcae's frown?
  Lo! now five fingers lift my poor remains.

O darkness of the damned! O sullen mere!
  And every wave that clogs my tangled feet!
Though all too young, yet blameless came I here:
  My tender shade may Pluto mildly treat.

Or, if as judge an Aeacus preside,
  With urn before him, in the realms below,
His jury let him draw, and then decide
  My destiny for endless weal or woe.

The seat of judgment let his brothers share,
  And the Eumenides with hearts of steel
Stand in the listening court by Minos' chair.
  Rest, Sisyphus; be still, Ixion's wheel.

Drink, wave-mocked Tantalus; nor snap to-day
  At shade, fell hound! hush bars and chains of gloom:
I'll plead; if falsely, on my shoulders lay
  The urn's eternal toil—the Sisters' doom.

If e'er ancestral trophies earned renown,
  Numantia's realms my fathers' deeds proclaim;
Like bays my mother's line, the Libos, crown:
  Each house on well-won titles rests its fame.

I doffed the maiden's dress: I was a bride;
  The matron's coif confined my braided hair;
Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to leave thy side:
  I was but thine my tombstone shall declare.

Witness, our sires, whose ashes Rome reveres,
  Beneath whose names shorn Afric wails her fall,
Who with the splendour of your conquering spears *
  Smote Spain, Antiochus, proud Hannibal,

And Perses, boasting the vast soul that gushed
  In his great sire Achilles and the might
Of that still greater ancestor who crushed
  Thy pride, Avernus, and thy realms of Night!

Ne'er censor bent the law to screen my shame;
  Your hearth was aye the shrine of honour fair;
No slur I brought upon your stainless name;
  Your house was noble—I the pattern there.

Years changed me not; a blameless life I spent—
  From wedlock to its close our fame secure:
Nature my blood with inborn virtue blent—
  No fears could make my guileless heart more pure.

Though harsh the verdict of the urn, yet ne'er
  My presence shall the purest virgin shame:
Not Claudia, crowned Cybebe's priestess rare,
  Who with her girdle led the laggard Dame,

Or her, whose linen robe—when Vesta sought
  The intrusted fires—bade living flames arise.
I ne'er to thee, sweet mother, sorrow brought:
  What, save my fate, wouldst thou have otherwise?

* [Et qui contuderunt animos pugnacis Hiberi
  Hannibalemque armis Antiochumque suis,]
Et Presen proavi simulantem pectus Achilli
  Quique tuas proavus fregit, Averne, domos.—(*Mssrv.*)

My meed—a mother's tears; the city's woe;
  Even Caesar's sorrow consecrates my bier;
Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
  And mourn his daughter's worthy sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honoured robe I wore;
  Death from no barren dwelling bore his prize:
My boys! my solace when I live no more,
  Ye held me in your hands and closed my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule chair,
  A consul ere his sister's days were run.
Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter, bear;
  Uphold his honour: wed, like me, but one.

With offspring prop our line: the bark's afloat;
  I gladly go, so many mourn my doom:
A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
  Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee;
  Burnt in my bones still breathes a mother's care.
Discharge a mother's duties, then, for me;
  For now thy shoulders all their load must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their mother; dry
  Their childish tears: thine all the burden now.
Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee sigh,
  But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights shouldst moan,
  And woo my semblance back in visions vain;
Yet whisper to my portrait when alone,
  As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
  And a new mother fill your mother's bed,
My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
  But honour her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
  And surely she will love for love return;
Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
  For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

But should my image still his thoughts engage,
  And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
O learn to watch your father's failing age,
  And shield his weary widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
  And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!
'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
  And all my children gathered round my bier.

My cause is pled. Each weeping witness, rise,
  Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
  To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

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[*In the Notes reference is made to the lines in Paley's Edition.*]

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.

ADDRESSED to Tullus, nephew of L. Volcatius Tullus, who was Consul 721 A.U.C., and afterwards Proconsul of Asia.

V. 1. Cynthia. See Life of Propertius, *supra*.

V. 9. Milanion. The lover of Atalanta, daughter of Iasus (or Iasius).

V. 11. Partheniis—antris. Parthenius, a mountain in Arcadia.

V. 13. Hylaei—rami. "The club of the Centaur Hylaeus."

V. 16. Preces et benefacta. The devotion of Milanion, and his services against the Centaurs.

V. 24. *Cytainis*, Jacob; *Cytaines*, Hertzberg and Mueller; *Cytaeaeis*, Barth, Lachmann, and Paley. The allusion is evidently to Medea, born at *Cyta*, in Colchis; hence called *Cytaeis* (ii. 4, 7).

ELEGY II.

On Cynthia's inordinate love of dress.

V. 2. Coa veste. Cos (now *Stanko*, a corruption of ἐς τὴν Κῶ) was celebrated for its fine transparent silk fabrics.

V. 3. Orontea—myrrha. Perfumes from the banks of the Orontes, in Syria.

V. 15, 16. Phoebe and Hilaïra, daughters of the Messenian prince Leucippus—the former a priestess of Athena, the latter of Artemis—were beloved and carried off by Castor and Pollux.

V. 17, 18. Idas, son of Aphareus, carried off Marpessa, daughter of Evenus, who was beloved by Phoebus. The suitors fought for the maiden; but Jupiter interfered, and allowed her to choose her lover, whereupon she took Idas. Her father, who had pursued Idas and her without success, drowned himself in the river Lycormas, which ever after bore his name.

V. 19, 20. Pelops carried away Hippodamia, daughter of Oenomaus, king of Pisa, in Elis, after vanquishing her father in the chariot-race, and killing him.

V. 22. Apelleis—tabulis. Apelles, the celebrated painter of Cos, was famed for the delicate colouring of his figures.

V. 28. Aoniam—lyram. Aonia, a district in Boeotia, near Mount Helicon, was a favourite haunt of the Muses.

ELEGY III.

Propertius, flushed with wine, finds Cynthia asleep, and is afraid to disturb her. At length she is awakened by the beams of the moon, and reproaches him with his cruelty in leaving her so long.

V. 2. Gnosia. Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete, was deserted by Theseus at Dia or Naxos.

V. 3, 4. Qualis—Andromede. Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus, king of Aethiopia, and Cassiopeia, was bound to a rock and exposed to the fury of a sea-monster, from which she was rescued by Perseus. See Propert., v. 7, 63-66.

V. 5. Edonis. The Edones, a Thracian people, were noted for their worship of Bacchus: hence *Edonis* = a Bacchanal.

V. 6. Apidanus. A tributary of the Peneus in Thessaly.

V. 16. Osculaque admota sumere et arma manu. A corrupt line. For *et arma*, Barth and Kuinoel admit *ad ora*, the correction of Gronovius. Mueller reads *cara*.

V. 20. Argus—Inachidos. Io, daughter of Inachus, was changed by the jealous Juno into a heifer, and guarded by the hundred-eyed Argus. After many sufferings and wanderings, she reached the banks of the Nile, was restored by Jupiter to her former shape, and was deified as Isis by the Egyptians. Cf. Propert., iii. 20, 17, 18.

V. 24. Cavis—manibus. Scilicet Cynthiae: casus est tertius. A pomis jure *Vulpius* sensum obscoenum removet propter v. 26. (*Barth*). Apples were the favourite gifts of lovers. Cf. the beautiful passage in Catullus (lxv. 19, *sq.*):—

Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum
Procurrit casto virginis e gremio, &c.

V. 41. Purpureo—stamine. Cf. Propert., v. 3, 34.

V. 43. Leviter: all the good copies. Barth, Kuinoel, and Lachmann read *graviter*.

ELEGY IV.

The poet remonstrates with Bassus on account of his attempts to wean him from Cynthia; threatens him with her implacable vengeance; and eulogises her fidelity.

V. 1. Basse. Mentioned by Ovid, Trist., iv. 10, 47:—

Ponticus heroo, Bassus quoque clarus iambo.

V. 5. Antiopae—Nycteidos. Antiope, daughter of Nycteus, and mother of Amphion and Zethus by Jupiter. See Propert., iv. 15, 11-42.

V. 6. Spartanae—Hermionae. Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen.

ELEGY V.

Propertius, apparently jealous of Gallus, will not incur the responsibility of introducing him to Cynthia, who, he assures him, would, in the event of her entertaining his suit, prove to him a terrible plague.

V. 6. Et bibere e tota toxica Thessalia. Cf. Tibull., ii. 4, 56:—

Quidquid et herbarum Thessala terra gerit.

Thessaly was famed for its poisonous herbs.

V. 11. Non tibi jam somnos, non illa relinquet ocellos.

"She will rob you of your rest by night; she will wear away your eyes in watchings and tears."

Paley explains *non illa relinquet ocellos* by *tui juris esse non sinet.*

"She will not let you call your eyes your own."

V. 24. Priscis—imaginibus. Waxen busts or images of their ancestors were ranged in cases round the *atrium*, and carefully preserved by the surviving relatives, who regarded them with peculiar veneration and honour as the representatives of their family line. See Propert., iii. 4, 19, and note thereto.

ELEGY VI.

Propertius, being invited by Tullus to accompany him to Asia, declines on the ground that he cannot leave Cynthia: love, and not warfare, is his vocation.

V. 3. Rhipaeos—montes. A name applied by the Greeks and Romans to an imaginary mountain-chain in the extreme north.

V. 4. Domos—Memnonias. Aethiopia; put here for the extreme south.

V. 26. Nequitiae. In allusion to his illicit connection with Cynthia.

V. 34. Ibis et acceptis par eris imperii.

"And will prove (as I am sure you will) equal to the debts, the obligations, which your *imperium* lays upon you."—(*Munro.*)

ELEGY VII.

The poet tells Ponticus how he is employing his time, and recommends him not to despise erotic poetry, as he may feel the advantage of it over the heroic some day when it is too late.

V. 1. Cadmeae—Thebae. The "Thebaid" of Ponticus is lost.

V. 2. Fraternae—militiae. The strife between Eteocles and Polynices, sons of Oedipus.

V. 11. Doctae: "accomplished." See Life of Propertius, *supra*, and Cf. iii., 2, 6; 4, 11.

V. 16. Quod nolim nostros eviolasse deos (MSS.)
Quo nolim nostros te violasse deos (Mueller).
Quod nolim nostros evoluisse deos (common reading).

Nostros deos: "The powers who rule our destinies."

ELEGY VIII.

Alarmed at learning Cynthia's intention to accompany a certain praetor to Illyria, Propertius tries to induce her to remain, and is ultimately successful.

V. 10. Vergiliis. The Pleiads. The time favourable for navigation was between their rising and setting—*i. e.*, the middle of April and the early part of November.

V. 18. Galatea. A sea-nymph.

V. 19. Ut te felici praevecta Ceraunia remo.

Many fruitless attempts have been made to explain *praevecta*. Heinsius proposed *post victa;* Mueller reads *post lecta;* Hertzberg and Paley treat *praevecta* as a vocative, thereby making nonsense. Professor Munro, in the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. vi. p. 49, 50, has exhaustively discussed the passage and the various readings and explanations of it that have been proposed, and restored the line to what was, in all probability, its original form :—

Ut te praevectam felice Ceraunia remo.

The meaning is now at least clear and the verse faultless.

The Ceraunian or Acroceraunian rocks—the *infames scopuli Acroceraunia* of Horace—were on the N.W. coast of Epirus. At no great distance was the quiet bay of *Oricos* (v. 20).

V. 25, 26. I have here retained the MS. reading, though it is not satisfactory.

V. 35. Regnum vetus Hippodamiae. Achaia.

V. 36. Elis was celebrated for its breed of horses.

ELEGY IX.

Ponticus (see El. vii., *supra*) is in love at last, and with a slave-girl too—a by no means creditable amour in a *gentleman* (ingenuus). Propertius advises him to throw his dull heroics to the winds and write love-elegy; rallies him on his budding passion; and assures him that his love-fever is a mere bagatelle as yet.

V. 5. Chaoniae—columbae. The prophetic doves of Chaonia a district in Epirus.

V. 10. Amphioniae moenia—lyrae. The walls of Thebes rose to the music of Amphion's lyre. Cf. Hor. Carm., iii. 11, 2—Movit Amphion lapides canendo; and Propert., iv. 2, 3, 4—

> Saxa Cithaeronis Thebas agitata per artem,
> Sponte sua in muri membra coisse ferunt.

V. 11. Memnermi versus. Mimnermus, a Greek elegiac poet of Colophon (or Smyrna), contemporary with Solon, flourished 634-600 B.C.

ELEGY X.

Propertius expresses his gratitude to Gallus for the confidence he has reposed in him, and in return offers him some advice based on his own experience. This is the Gallus whose rivalry he recently dreaded so much (El. v.)

ELEGY XI.

Addressed to Cynthia at Baiae. Propertius warns her of the temptations that will beset her, and implores her to leave at once that gay and demoralising watering-place.

V. 1. Mediis—Baiis. Baiae lay midway between Misenum and Puteoli; hence the epithet *mediis*.

V. 2. Herculeis semita litoribus. This road, built by Hercules when carrying away the oxen of Geryon, extended from the Lucrine lake to the sea.

V. 3. Thesproti—regno. Nothing appears to be known of this Thesprotus, or of the legend to which the poet refers. The commentators think *Puteoli* is meant. Mueller reads *te Protei*.

V. 6. I have followed the MS. reading *extremo*. Kuinoel gives *externo*.

V. 11. Tenui Teuthrantis in unda. The *Teuthras* was probably a small stream near Baiae.

V. 16. Communes—deos. "The gods mutually invoked by lovers in witness of their vows." Cf. Propert., iv. 20, 17-18:—

> Haec Amor ipse suo constringet pignera signo:
> Testis sidereae tota corona deae.

ELEGY XII.

The poet had declined an invitation from a friend who taunted him with indolence and unwillingness to leave his mistress. He replies that she is far away; and laments his lonely and heartless situation.

V. 4. Hypanis (the *Bog*), a river in *Sarmatia Europaea*.
V. 19. Discedere. Mueller gives *desistere*.

ELEGY XIII.

Propertius, after referring to his own lonely lot, congratulates Gallus on his good fortune, and extols the charms of this new mistress of his heart.

V. 21:—

Non sic Haemonio Salmonida mixtus Enipeo
Taenarius facili pressit amore deus.

Neptune (here called *Taenarius deus*, from cape *Taenarus* where he had a celebrated temple), under the form of the river Enipeus, ravished Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus, who was enamoured of the river-god.

V. 29. Nec mirum, cum sit Jove dignae proxima Ledae (*Mueller*).
V. 30. Ledae partu = Helen and Clytemnestra.

ELEGY XIV.

Wealth cannot be compared with love, which contains in itself all riches.

V. 1, 2:—

Tu licet abjectus Tiberina molliter unda,
Lesbia Mentoreo vina bibas opere.

Cf. Hor. Carm., ii. 3, 6-8:—

Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.

And Propert., i. 11, 14:—

Molliter in tacito litore compositam.

Lesbos produced excellent wines. See Hor., Epod. ix. 33, 34.

Mentor, a famous Greek silver-embosser, flourished 356 B.C. See Propert., iv. 9, 13.

V. 19. Arabium—limen. "The threshold of Arabian marble or onyx."

V. 20. Ostrino. "Of the purple wool of Tyre."

V. 24. Alcinoi munera. The wealth of Alcinous, king of Phaeacia, was proverbial.

ELEGY XV.

On Cynthia's indifference and levity. The poet contrasts her conduct with that of Calypso, Hypsipyle, Alphesiboea, and Evadne —women famous in Greek story for their loyalty in love.

V. 7. Eois pectus variare lapillis. "To adorn your bosom with Indian gems of varying hue."

V. 15-18. Nec — hospitio. Hypsipyle was queen of Lemnos. In her reign Venus punished the Lemnian women by the infidelity of their husbands, which they resented by putting all the males to death. The Argonauts visited the island, and by them the widows had children. Hypsipyle bore twins to Jason.

V. 19, 20. Alphesiboea — Amor. Alphesiboea, daughter of Phegeus, and wife of Alcmaeon who put her away and married Callirrhoe. The brothers of Alphesiboea slew Alcmaeon, and were slain by her in turn to appease the Manes of her faithless lord.

V. 21, 22. Conjugis—pudicitiae. When Capaneus was killed by lightning at the siege of Thebes, his wife Evadne threw herself on the burning pile with him.

V. 29. *Muta*, most editors; *multa*, MSS., which Paley retains. It is difficult to see the force of *multa*. The idea is the same as in Propert., iii. 6. 33; iv. 19, 6: Hor. Od., i. 29, 10-12: and Euripides, *Medea*, 409:—

"Ανω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί.

ELEGY XVI.

A clever poem, in which a door relates its grievances.

V. 2 Tarpeiae — pudicitiae. For the legend of Tarpeia, see Propert., v. 4.

V. 7. Et mihi non desunt turpes pendere corollae.

It was usual for lovers to wreathe the doors of their mistresses with chaplets and flowers. Cf. Lucret., iv. 1173-1175; Tibull., i. 2, 13, 14; Theocr., Idyll., ii. 152.

V. 23. Sidera prona. Cf. Propert., v. 4, 64 :—

Ipsaque in Oceanum sidera lapsa cadunt.

V. 29. Saxo—Sicano = Aetna.

V. 48. *Aeterna*, Cdd.; *alterna*, Mueller.

ELEGY XVII.

Propertius portrays the dangers and terrors of a storm at sea. This elegy was probably written with the view of alarming and conciliating Cynthia; for there is no evidence to show that the poet ever made a voyage.

V. 3. Cassiope. A constellation, into which Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus and mother of Andromeda, was changed.

By *Cassiope* Hertzberg and Jacob think a harbour among the Acroceraunian mountains is meant (Cic. Epist. ad Fam., xvi. 9); so also does Mr Wratislaw, who reads *Cassope* (Κασσόπη, Strabo, vii. 7).

V. 12. Ossaque nulla tuo nostra tenere sinu.

Cf. Tib. i. 3, 5, 6 :—

. . . non hic mihi mater,
Quae legat in maestos ossa perusta sinus.

V. 15. The Groningen MS. has *melius*; the Naples MS. *levius*.

V. 18. Optatos—Tyndaridas. Castor and Pollux, the tutelary gods of mariners. Cf. Hor. Carm., i. 3, 2; i. 12, 27: Catull., lxviii. 63-65: and Macaulay, "Battle of the Lake Regillus"—

"Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails."

V. 25. Doride. Doris, wife of Nereus and mother of the Nereids.

ELEGY XVIII.

This elegy, full of deep feeling and tenderness, is a soliloquy, poured forth to the rocks and trees and birds in the silence and gloom of a forest.

V. 11. I have followed Paley in treating *levis* as a vocative.

V. 17. *Calore* and *colore* have equal MS. authority. I have followed the former reading, which has been adopted by Barth, Lachmann, Jacob, and Mueller. Kuinoel, Keil, Paley, and Wratislaw admit the latter.

V. 20. Arcadio pinus amica deo. Pitys, the mistress of Pan, was changed into a pine (πίτυς).

V. 27. Dumosi montes. I have followed Mueller, who admits the conjecture of N. Heinsius. The MSS. have *divini Fontes.*

ELEGY XIX.

Propertius expresses to Cynthia his fears lest, in the event of his death, she should forget him; assures her of his affection, which, like that of Protesilaus for Laodamia, will outlive the pyre; and urges the enjoyment of the present hour, as the longest life is too short for love.

V. 5. Haesit. "Has stuck as a bird caught by bird-lime" (Hertzberg); "has left his image" (Wratislaw).

V. 7. Phylacides. Protesilaus, grandson of Phylacus (hence *Phylacides*), was allowed by the gods below to visit his wife Laodamia for three hours. At the end of their interview she expired.

ELEGY XX.

In this beautiful elegy the poet advises Gallus to be careful of Hylas, a youth on whom he had bestowed his regards, lest he should fare like Hercules in the case of his favourite of the same name.

V. 4. Ascanius, a river in Bithynia. Minyis: "The Argonauts."

V. 6. Theiodamanteo—Hylae. Hylas, the favourite boy of Hercules, was a son of Theiodamas, king of the Dryopes, by the nymph Menodice.

V. 9. Gigantea—ora. The Phlegraean plains near Cumae, the scene of the conflict between the gods and the giants.

V. 12. Adryasin. The wood-nymphs were called indifferently Dryades, Adryades, and Hamadryades.

V. 17. Pagasae. A harbour in Thessaly whence the Argonauts sailed. *Argo:* Mueller reads *Argon* with the old copies, as accusative of *Argo* (like *Calvpson*, Priap., lxviii. 23). Mr Ellis (Professorial Dissertations, 1872-73, p. 20) suggests that *Argon* may be the acc. of *Argus* (the builder of the "Argo"). "This," he says, "would necessitate *Egressum* for *Egressam*, a frequent confusion of letters in the MSS. of Propertius. On the other hand, it would remove the difficulty of finding a subject for *applicuisse*."

V. 18. Phasidos. Phasis, a river of Colchis flowing from Armenia into the east of the Euxine.

V. 19. Athamantidos. Helle, daughter of Athamas, from whom the *Hellespont* received its name.

V. 27. Suspensis—palmis; "with down-stretched hands." The commentators generally explain *palmis* by *pennis*. Barth reads *plumis*.

V. 29. Mr Wratislaw renders *sub extrema ala*, "under his own armpit;" and *pendens*, "on tiptoe," or "in anxious fear." The old commentators understand by *ala* the "wing of one of his pursuers," and interpret *pendens* "raised aloft."

V. 31. Pandioniae genus Orithyiae. Zetes and Calais were the sons of Boreas or Aquilo (*Aquilonia proles*, v. 25, *supra*) and Orithyia, daughter of Erechtheus, son of Pandion.

V. 32. Ah dolor! ibat Hylas, ibat Hamadryasin. Mr Wratislaw, after Kuinoel and Hertzberg, construes, "Ah! on went Hylas, on he went, a pang to the Hamadryads." I prefer, with Paley, to consider "*Ah dolor!*" as an exclamation like *proh pudor!* The following note by Professor Ellis (Professorial Dissertations, 1872-73, p. 19) is to the point: "I do not know whether any one has noticed the resemblance of v. 32, *Ah dolor! ibat Hylas, ibat Hamadryasin*, to a line of Alexander Aetolus quoted by Parthenius (Ἐρωτ. Παθ., xiv. 22), Αὐτὸς δ' ἐς νύμφας ὄχετ' Ἐφυδριάδας,—a resemblance sufficient to determine the construction of *Hamadryasin* after *ibat*—not, as Hertzberg, after *dolor*."

V. 33. Pegae or Pege. This word is corruptly written in the MSS. Either form, however, is quite admissible (Gr. πηγή, a fountain).

V. 48. Sonitum. "The sound of the voice of Hylas as he disappeared," and not "the splash," as Paley and Wratislaw explain it. It is to this "sound" or "scream" that *Alcides iterat responsa*.

ELEGY XXI.

Gallus, a relative of Propertius (not the Gallus of the preceding elegies), having joined the side of Lucius Antonius in the Perusian war, and being mortally wounded by bandits, entreats a comrade to convey to his sister the particulars of his death.

V. 2. Etruscis—aggeribus. Perusia (*Perugia*), in Etruria, was taken from L. Antonius by Octavian 40 B.C.

ELEGY XXII.

The poet informs Tullus of his birthplace. While doing so he feelingly refers to his friend Gallus, whose untimely fate is the subject of the preceding elegy.

V. 9, 10. Propertius was born at Asisium (*Asisi*). See Propert., v. 1, 123-125; and Life of Propertius, *supra*.

BOOK II.

ELEGY I.

Addressed to Maecenas. Propertius declares that Cynthia is the sole source of his inspiration; that his genius is fitted for elegy alone; and that heroic poetry is beyond his powers.

V. 5. Coccis. *Coccum.* A dye extracted from an insect on the scarlet oak (*Quercus coccifera*), rivalling in brilliancy the famous Tyrian dye.

V. 22. Bina—vada. The canal cut through Mount Athos by Xerxes is referred to. Cf. Juv., x. 173, Creditur olim velificatus Athos.

V. 24. Benefacta Mari. The destruction of the Teutones and Cimbri, 102 and 101 B.C.

V. 27. Mutinam. The battle of Mutina, fought 27th April 43 B.C.

V. 27. Philippos. The battle of Philippi, fatal to the Republic, 42 B.C.

V. 28. Siculae classica bella fugae. The defeat of Sextus Pompeius by Octavian off the coast of Sicily, 36 B.C. Cf. Hor. Epod., ix. 7.

V. 29. Eversosque focos antiquae gentis Etruscae. The war and siege of Perusia, 40 B.C.

V. 30. Ptolemaeei litora capta Phari. The taking of Alexandria by Augustus, 30 B.C.

V. 31. Barth, Kuinoel, Jacob, Keil, and Wratislaw read *Aegyptum;* Hertzberg and Paley, *Cyprum;* Lachmann prints *canere inciperem;* Mueller, though approving Baehrens' conjecture *Coptum*, marks the word as corrupt.

V. 31. Nilum. An effigy or representation of the seven-mouthed Nile dragged in chains to Rome (*tractus in urbem*). Such emblems frequently formed part of triumphal processions.

V. 33. Regum. The kings who had taken part with the enemies of Augustus.

V. 34. Actia—rostra. The beaks of the vessels taken at Actium, 2d September 31 B.C.

V. 37, 38. The meaning is: The fidelity of Maecenas to Augustus is equal to that of Theseus to Pirithous, and of Achilles to Patroclus.

V. 39. Phlegraeos—tumultus. The war between the gods and the rebel giants, begun at Phlegra, in Chalcidice, and renewed on the *Phlegraei Campi*, the volcanic coast-plain between Cumae and Capua, in Campania.

V. 40. Callimachus. A distinguished poet of the Alexandrine school, whom Propertius took as his model.

V. 42. Caesaris in Phrygios condere nomen avos. The *Iulia gens* claimed descent from *Iulus*, son of *Aeneas*.

V. 51. Novercae pocula Phaedrae. Propertius alludes to some legend which made Phaedra mix a philtre for Hjppolytus.

V. 54. Colchis Iolciacis urat aëna focis. In allusion to the boiling of Pelias by his daughters, at the instance of Medea.

V. 59. Machaon, son of Aesculapius, cured Philoctetes of a wound in the foot, received either from a snake or from one of the poisoned arrows of Hercules.

V. 60. Phoenicis — Phillyrides. Chiron, a Centaur, skilled in music, medicine, and archery, restored sight to Phoenix, whose eyes had been put out by his father Amyntor.

V. 61. Deus—Epidaurius. Aesculapius (called *Epidaurius*, from *Epidaurus*, his birthplace) restored Androgeos, son of Minos, to life. No other writer mentions this legend.

V. 63, 64. Mysus—juvenis. Telephus, wounded by the spear of Achilles, was cured by the rust scraped from it.

V. 65-70. The sense is: The man who can cure *me* of love is able to alleviate the torments of hell.

V. 74. *Spes* and *pars* have equal MS. authority.

V. 76. Esseda Britanna. Some modification of the British war-chariot.

ELEGY II.

A glowing elegy in praise of Cynthia's beauty. The poet cannot believe that Jupiter is really so amorous as he is represented, or he would have taken Cynthia to the sky long ago.

V. 6. Incedit vel Jove digna soror. Cf. Virg. Aen., i. 46, 47 :—

> Ast ego, quae divum incedo regina, Jovisque
> Et soror et conjux.

V. 7. Dulichias, MSS.; *Munychias*, Mueller, after the Italians.

V. 9. Ischomache, called also Hippodamia, was carried off by the Centaur Eurytion on the night of her nuptials with Pirithoüs. See Propert., ii. 6. 18, and iii. 25, 31.

V. 11, 12 :—

> Mercurio et sanctis fertur Boebeïdos undis,
> Virgineum Brimo composuisse latus.

The MSS. have *Mercurio satis;* Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, and Keil read as above; Hertzberg, *Mercurio et Sais;* Mueller, *Mercurioque Sais.* Perhaps the true reading is *Mercurio qualis.* For *Brimo*, the MSS. have *primo.*

Boebeïs is a lake in Thessaly; Brimo, a name of Proserpina. The legend to which Propertius refers is not known.

ELEGY III.

The same subject continued.

V. 12. Utque rosae puro lacte natant folia. Cf. Virg. Aen., xii. 67, *sq.* :—

> Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
> Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
> Alba rosa : talis virgo dabat ore colores.

and Anacr., xxviii. 22, 23 :—

> *Γράφε ῥῖνα καὶ παρειάς*
> *Ῥόδα τῷ γάλακτι μίξας.*

V. 18. Egit ut euhantes dux Ariadna choros.

Ariadne, after her desertion by Theseus, became the wife of Bacchus.

V. 20. Aganippeae — lyrae. Aganippe (*frigerans Aganippe*, Catull., lxi. 30), a famous fountain at the foot of Helicon.

V. 21. Corinna. A poetess of Tanagra, in Boeotia, fifth century B.C.

V. 22. Erinne. A friend and contemporary of Sappho, about 612 B.C. She died at the age of 19, but left behind her poems that were reckoned worthy to rank with those of Homer.

V. 24. Argutum—omen. The omen of sneezing was considered lucky from the earliest times. Cf. Hom. Od., xvii. 545; Theocr. vii. 95; and Catull., xlv. 8, 9.

V. 45-54. I am by no means satisfied that these verses belong to this elegy. Still less do I consider that Lachmann, Jacob, Keil, and Mueller are justified in printing them as the commencement of the next poem. They look like a fragment, and ought, in my opinion, to be printed by themselves as such.

V. 51, *sq.* Melampus, son of Amythaon, according to the common legend, undertook to drive off the oxen of Iphiclus, that his brother Bias might obtain the hand of Pero, daughter of Neleus, who had refused to give her away on any other condition. Propertius seems to follow some other version of the story, in which Melampus is himself the lover of Pero.

ELEGY IV.

Under the semblance of counsel to a friend, the poet details his own love experience, and recommends him, if he wishes to lead a happy life, to renounce the sex altogether.

V. 7, 8 :—

Non hic herba valet, non hic nocturna Cytaeis,
Non Perimedeae gramina cocta manus.

Cf. Theocr. Idyll., ii. 15, 16 :—

Φάρμακα ταῦτ' ἔρδοισα χερείονα μήτέ τι Κίρκης
Μήτέ τι Μηδείας μήτε ξανθᾶς Περιμήδας.

V. 15, 16 :—

Nam cui non ego sum fallaci praemia vati?
Quae mea non decies somnia versat anus?

Cf. Theocr. Idyll., ii. 90, 91 :—

. . . . . *καὶ ἐς τίνος οὐκ ἐπέρασα,*
Ἢ ποίας ἕλιπον γραίας δόμον, ἅτις ἐνᾧδεν.

ELEGY V.

Propertius threatens to leave Cynthia on account of her inconstancy, which has now become notorious.

V. 4. *Aliquo*, Lachmann and the recent editors; *Aquilo*, MSS.

V. 11. Carpathiae—undae. The Carpathian sea, so called from the island Carpathus (*Skarpanto*), between Rhodes and Crete.

V. 17. Per dominae Junonis dulcia jura. Cf. Tibull., iii. 6, 47-50.

ELEGY VI.

On Cynthia's faithlessness and the degeneracy of the times.

V. 1-6. Lais, Thais, and Phryne were the most famous *hetairae* of antiquity.

V. 10. Me tener in cunis et sine voce puer.

Propertius simply means to say that he is jealous of the very infant in the cradle. Cynthia had no son of her own, consequently he had no occasion to feel annoyed on the score of paternity. Cf. Propert., iii. 9, 33:—

Cum tibi nec frater nec sit tibi filius ullus.

V. 17, 18. Centauros—Pirithoum. In allusion to the quarrel between the Centaurs and the Lapithae at the nuptials of Pirithoüs and Hippodamia.

V. 20. Nutritus durae, Romule, lacte lupae.

Cf. Propert., v. 4, 53, 54:—

. . . . quem sine matris honore
Nutrit inhumanae dura papilla lupae.

V. 23. Admeti conjunx = Alcestis. Lectus Ulixis = Penelope.

V. 25. Templa Pudicitiae. Pudicitia duplex erat, plebeia et patricia; et duo Pudicitiae templa, vetus et majus, patriciae, in Foro Boario, recentius minusve plebeiae in Vico Longo.—(*Kuinoel.*)

V. 41. Nos uxor numquam, numquam diducet amica.

So Lachmann, Keil, Mueller, and Paley: Barth and Kuinoel read—

Uxor me nunquam, nunquam me ducet amica.

ELEGY VII.

Propertius congratulates Cynthia on the throwing out of the law that had threatened to put an end to their connection.

V. 1. Sublatam—legem. The law seems to have been thrown out 726 A.U.C.

V. 11, 12. In nuptial processions the guests marched to the strains of the *tibia;* at funerals, the *tuba* was sounded at intervals as the cortege moved slowly along. Cf. Ov. Her., xii. 140; Propert., iii. 4, 20, and v. 11, 9.

V. 15. This line is certainly corrupt.

V. 16. Castoris—equus = Cyllarus.

V. 17. Hinc etenim, &c. ("But I do not fight, for I am by profession a poet"); it is from this, not from deeds of arms, that my fame lives (*Paley*). Rather, I think, "It is from thee, Cynthia" (*Nam sine te nostrum nil valet ingenium*, iii. 22, 40), "that such glory crowns my name."

ELEGY VIII.

The poet bewails Cynthia's desertion of him, and threatens to kill both her and himself.

V. 15, 16. An—caput. Cf. Catull., xv. 16, and cxvi. 4.

V. 21. Boeotius Haemon. Haemon, son of king Creon of Thebes, loved Antigone, daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta. She was buried alive by his father's orders, and he slew himself on her grave.

V. 33, 34. Viderat informem multa Patroclon arena.

Cf. Hom. Il., xviii. 26, 27 :—

> Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κονίῃσι μέγας μεγαλωστὶ τανυσθεὶς
> Κεῖτο.

V. 39. Matre. Thetis.

ELEGY IX.

Propertius reproaches Cynthia with ingratitude and cruelty, and declares his changeless affection.

V. 6. Nocturno solvens texta diurna dolo.

Cf. Ov. Amor., iii. 9, 30 :—

> Tardaque nocturno tela retexta dolo.

V. 12. Simoënta. The Simois, a small river of Troas, which in Homeric times flowed into the Scamander: it now flows directly into the Hellespont.

V. 16. Scyria—Deidamia. Deidamia, daughter of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, bore Pyrrhus (or Neoptolemus) to Achilles while he remained at her father's court that he might avoid the expedition to Troy.

V. 25-28. From these verses it appears that this elegy was written after the 20th of the 3d Book (*q. v.*)

V. 33. Syrtes. Two sand-banks on the northern coast of Africa.

V. 50. Thebani—duces. Eteocles and Polynices, who fell in mortal combat before the eyes of their mother, Jocasta.

BOOK III.

ELEGY I.*

The poet declares his intention to renounce love-poetry and sing the martial achievements of Augustus; but breaks off abruptly with a graceful compliment to the emperor, and an acknowledgment of his inability to pursue such a lofty theme.

V. 2. *Emathio*, Mueller; *Haemonio*, vulgo.

V. 4. Mei—ducis. Augustus.

V. 13. Post terga tueri. The Parthians, in retreat, discharged their arrows in the face of their pursuers. Cf. Hor. Carm., i. 19, 11, 12; and Propert., v. 3, 66.

V. 14. Crassos. M. Licinius Crassus and Publius Crassus, father and son, were killed in the expedition against the Parthians, 54-53 B.C. Cf. Ovid. A. A., i. 179; and Propert., v. 6, 83, 84.

V. 16. Intactae—Arabiae. The expedition of Aelius Gallus to Arabia was contemplated A.U.C. 729, and ended in an ignominious defeat in the following year. This elegy must therefore have been written in the interval before the non-success of the Roman arms. Cf. Propert., iv. 11.

V. 25. Ascraeos—fontes. The poet Hesiod was born at Ascra, in Boeotia, about 850 B.C. *Permessi:* Permessus, a spring or rill on Mount Helicon.

* It is by no means clear that a new Book begins with this elegy. See what I have said on this subject in the Life of Propertius, *supra*.

ELEGY II.

A word of warning to Cynthia.

V. 3. Omnia—munera. "Carmina illa, quae laudes tuas celebrant" (*Kuinoel*). "All your accomplishments" (*Paley*). Why not the "presents" which Cynthia was in the habit of receiving from her admirers—from her friend the praetor, for example—a source of endless annoyance to Propertius, and quite sufficient to account for these bitter verses? Cf. Bk. iii. 7, *passim*, but especially vv. 43, 44, and i. 8, 37.

V. 6. Docta puella. Cf. Propert., i. 7, 11, and iii. 4, 11.

ELEGY III.

In praise of the genius of the artist who first depicted Love as a winged Boy with bow and quiver full of arrows.

V. 3. Sine sensu: "without seeing what is going on around them;" "heedless." Cf. Propert., iii. 5, 18:—

Scilicet insano nemo in amore *videt*.

V. 10. Et pharetra ex humero Gnosia utroque jacet. "And a Cretan quiver hangs from *both* his shoulders"—*i.e.*, not slung to the side, but hanging down his back. Cf. v. 6, 40 (of Apollo's quiver):—

Et favet *ex humeris* hoc onus omne *meis*.

Gnosia. The Cretans were famous bowmen.

V. 24. Ut soleant molliter ire pedes. Cf. Catull., lxviii. 70, 71:—

Quo mea se molli candida diva pede
Intulit.

ELEGY IV.

The poet says he sings to thrill the soul of Cynthia alone, whose love he values beyond all other things; gives instructions regarding his funeral; and bewails the fate that continued to him beyond childhood a wretched and precarious existence.

V. 1. *Etrusca*, MSS.; *Susa*, the conjecture of Beroaldus, has been adopted by Scaliger, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Jacob, Keil, and Mueller; Hertzberg and Paley admit *Itura*, the conjecture of Pontanus (a word found in no ancient writer; the country is called *Ituraea*). Ellis (Professorial Dissertations, 1871-72, p. 9) suggests *Atusa*, from an inscription on a unique coin (Ἀτουσιέων τῶν πρὸς τὸν Κάπρον, inclosing an arrow and a palm-branch), supposed to belong to an Assyrian city on the Caprus or lesser Zab.

V. 4. Ascraeum—nemus. Cf. Propert., iii. 1, 25.

V. 5, 6. The wondrous feats performed by Orpheus, the Thracian bard.

V. 8. Inachio—Lino. Linus, son of Apollo and Calliope, famous in the legends of Argos and Thebes.

V. 19. Nec mea tunc longa spatietur imagine pompa. When the funeral of an individual of high rank and ancient lineage took place, the masks representing his distinguished ancestors (*imagines majorum*) were taken out of their cases in the *atrium* and worn in the procession (*pompa*), in front of the bier (*lectus*), by persons clad in dresses similar to those worn in their lives by the parties represented, and decorated with their insignia of office.

V. 20. Tuba. Cf. Propert., ii. 7, 12, and v. 11, 9.

V. 22. Attalico—toro. The wealth of Attalus, king of Pergamus, who bequeathed his immense treasures to the Roman people, was proverbial. Cf. Hor. Carm., i. 1, 12; Propert., iii. 24, 12, and v. 5, 24.

V. 30. Onyx, properly a kind of gypsum or marble; here, a small vase made from it, in which the finer sorts of perfumes were preserved. The coarser kinds were kept in shells (*conchae*), or bottles of a globular form (*ampullae*).

V. 33. Busto. The place where the body was burnt (*uro*).

V. 38. Phthii busta cruenta viri. "The tomb of Achilles, gory from the slaughter of Polyxena."

V. 48. Gallicus. "Trojan," from the river Gallus, in Phrygia, if the word be not corrupt. Lachmann reads *Ilius*.

V. 49. Antilochi. Antilochus, son of Nestor, slain by Memnon. Cf. Juv. Sat., x. 250-255; and Hor. Carm., ii. 9, 13-15.

V. 55. *Vocitasse*, Mueller; *flevisse*, Kuinoel; *jacuisse*, vulgo.

ELEGY V.

Love's dream realised.

V. 6. Falsa—ossa. "The pretended ashes of Orestes."
V. 7. Minois. Ariadne. Cf. Catull., lxiv. 112-115.
V. 29. *Nunc in te*, Paley. Keil and Mueller retain the MS. reading *ad te*, and point with an interrogation at *vadis*.

ELEGY VI.

The same subject continued.

V. 1. O tu Lectule! Cf. Catull., lxi. 114—O cubile!
V. 23, *sq.*:—

Dum nos fata sinunt oculos satiemus amore:
Nox tibi longa venit, nec reditura dies.

Cf. Tibull., i. 1, 69, 70:—

Interea, dum fata sinunt, jungamus amores:
Jam veniet tenebris Mors adoperta caput.

V. 34. Aridus et sicco gurgite piscis erit.
Cf. Virg. Ecl., i. 61:—

Et freta destituent nudos in litore pisces.

V. 44. Nec nostra Actiacum verteret ossa mare.
From this verse it is evident that the poet's first success with Cynthia did not occur till after the battle of Actium (Sept., A.U.C. 723).
V. 48. Laeserunt nullos pocula nostra deos.
It is difficult to reconcile the statement in this verse with the recommendation in v. 42, *supra*, and with the poet's repeated confessions of inebriety. He probably means to say that he never, by indulgence, incurred the divine displeasure, as did Antony, whose intemperance was notorious.

ELEGY VII.

The rich praetor (see i. 8, *supra*) has, to the great concern of Propertius, returned from Illyria, and Cynthia's time is wholly occupied with her old admirer. Unable to mend matters, the poet

recommends her to "fleece the silly sheep," and then send him adrift; upbraids her for renewing her connection with him; and warns her, by the examples of Eriphyla and Creusa, to curb her avaricious disposition.

V. 3. Saxo—Cerauno. Cf. i. 8, 19, and see note thereon.
V. 14. Rumpat ut adsiduis membra libidinibus.
Cf. Catull., xi. 20. Ilia rumpens.
V. 20. Straminea posset dux habitare casa!
Cf. Ov. Fast., iii. 183, 184:—

Quae fuerit nostri, si quaeris, regia nati,
Aspice de canna straminibusque domum.

V. 28. Mea regna. Cf. Propert., v. 7, 50; and Tib., i. 9, 80:—

Et geret in regno regna superba tuo.

V. 29. Eriphyla, bribed by Polynices with the golden necklace which Venus gave to Hermione, betrayed her husband Amphiarăus, and was slain in consequence by Alcmaeon.
V. 30. Creusa (or Glauce) was consumed by an embroidered robe besmeared with phosphorus, which she had received as a gift from Medea. See Eurip. Med., vv. 1136-1230.
V. 40. Extremo—orbe. "Egypt."
V. 46. Quae tibi terra, velim, quae tibi fiat aqua.
Cf. Tibull., i. 9, 11, 12; and Hom. Il., vii. 99:—

Ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα γένοισθε.

V. 55. Sidonia = "Tyria," "purpurea."

ELEGY VIII.

Propertius, being refused admittance by Cynthia, complains of her cruelty; talks of committing suicide; but finally resolves to remain faithful, that thereby he may induce her to relent.

V. 11. Quem modo felicem, invidia admirante, ferebant.
Cf. Mart. Epigr., v. 6, 5:—

Et sis, invidia favente, felix.

V. 15. Nec licet. So the MSS., which I have followed; Barth and Kuinoel read *Nunc licet.*

ELEGY IX.

He complains of Cynthia's coldness; reminds her of approaching age; and ridicules the artificial means which she is adopting to improve her personal appearance.

V. 9. *Ulnis*, Barth, Kuinoel, Keil, Lachmann, Mueller; *undis*, Paley.

V. 10. *Adjunctos*, Keil, Mueller, and Paley; *abjunctos*, Barth, Kuinoel, and Lachmann.

V. 16. Memnone. Memnon, son of Tithonus and Aurora, was slain by Achilles.

V. 20. Anus. From this expression it has been supposed that Cynthia was older than Propertius, and indeed somewhat advanced in life; but perhaps the taunt of an angry poet is not to be taken quite literally. See iii. 6, 21, which, however, may again be met by v. 33 of the present elegy.

V. 23. Infectos—Britannos. "Woad-stained." Cf. Caes. Bell. Gall., v. 14: Omnes se vero Britanni vitro inficiunt quod caeruleum efficit colorem.

V. 26. Belgicus—color. By this the commentators understand "Dutch soap" (*spuma Batava*, Mart., viii. 33, 20), a preparation with which the ancients dyed their hair red. It is surely not a hair-dye here, but a pigment of some sort for the skin. Cf. Propert., iv. 24, 7, 8:—

> Et color est totiens roseo collatus Eoo,
> *Cum tibi quaesitus candor in ore foret.*

ELEGY X.

In this charming elegy, addressed to Cynthia on the eve of a projected visit to the country, Propertius evinces the most tender solicitude for her safety, and a genuine appreciation of the beauties of nature.

V. 9. Ludi. Theatrical exhibitions and games.

V. 10. Fana. The temples were notorious as meeting-places for lovers.

Cf. Propert., v. 8, 16 :—

Causa fuit Juno, sed mage causa Venus ;

and Tibull., i. 6, 21, 22 :—

. . . time, seu visere dicet
Sacra Bonae maribus non adeunda Deae.

V. 26. Niveos—boves. The steers of Umbria, so much famed as victims for sacrifice, were supposed to derive their snow-white colour from drinking, and bathing in, the clear waters of the Clitumnus.

V. 29. Set (*sed*), Munro ; *sic*, vulgo.

V. 31, 32 :—

Quin ego in adsidua mutem tua nomina lingua :
Absenti nemo non nocuisse velit.

Prof. Munro, whose interpretation of this vexed passage I have followed, has triumphantly vindicated the integrity of the MS. reading given above (see 'Journal of Philology,' vol. vi. p. 51, 52).

ELEGY XI.

Propertius tries to console Cynthia by assuring her of the groundlessness of her fears, and declaring his unchanged affection.

V. 5 :—

Non tam nocturna volucris funesta querela
Attica Cecropiis obstrepit in foliis.

Philomela, daughter of Pandion, was changed into a nightingale. Cf. Catull., lxv. 13, 14 :—

Qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
Daulias absumpti fata gemens Itylei ;

and Virg. Georg., iv. 514, 515 :—

Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et maestis late loca questibus implet.

V. 7, 8. Nec—Sipylo.

Niobe, proud of the number of her children—six sons and six daughters—deemed herself superior to Latona, who had only two. Indignant at her insolence, Apollo and Diana slew the children of Niobe, who herself repaired to Mount Sipylus, was changed into stone, and even thus continued to bewail the loss of her offspring.

V. 9-12. Me—domum. In allusion to the entrance of Jupiter, in the form of a golden shower, into the brazen tower in which Danae was confined by her father Acrisius.

V. 15. Ossa tibi juro per matris et ossa parentis.

This verse shows that both of the poet's parents were now dead. His father died probably in 713 A.U.C., when Propertius was quite a boy (see v. 1, 127).

V. 30. Aeace. Cf. Propert., v. 11, 19, and note thereon.

V. 31, 32. Cf. Ov. Met., iv. 456, *sq.*; Tibull., i. 3, 75; Virg. Aen., vi. 595-600; Propert., iii. 8, 7, 8.

ELEGY XII.

Propertius plumes himself on his far-sightedness in the case of one Panthus, who had jilted Cynthia and married another.

V. 3. Dodona. In Epirus, famous for its oracles. Cf. Propert., i. 9, 5.

V. 12. Ejecta est, MSS.; *Ejectae*, Mueller.

V. 17. Jampridem quaeritur alter. Cf. Propert., ii. 9, 23:—

Hic etiam petitur, qui te prius ipse reliquit.

The praetor is evidently referred to in both passages.

ELEGY XIII.

The poet describes his mercurial temperament; confesses his thraldom to beauty; and vindicates his claims as a warrior in the lists of love.

V. 4-8. I have followed Lachmann's punctuation.

V. 17. Unicuique dedit vitium natura creato.,

Cf. Catull., xxii. 20:—

Suus cuique attributus est error.

V. 19. Thamyrae cantoris fata. Thamyras (or Thamyris), a Thracian bard who challenged the Muses, and for his presumption was deprived of sight and voice.

V. 25:—

Jupiter Alcmenae geminas requieverat Arctos,
Et caelum noctu bis sine rege fuit.

Alcmenae Amphitryonis uxori Jupiter duas noctes dederat ut Herculem procrearet (*Kuinoel*).

V. 42. Tutius et geminos anxia mater alit.

"The opinion," says Paley, "is not confirmed by modern experience."

V. 43-50. I have followed Haupt, Keil, and Mueller in detaching these verses from this elegy.

ELEGY XIV.

Propertius indicates a preference for the humbler class of girls, inasmuch as they are more accessible than the high-born ladies of Rome.

V. 9. Amari; Kuinoel and Barth, *avari*.

V. 11. Vertitur; Kuinoel, *venditur*.

V. 15. Sacra—via. The Sacra via was a much-frequented street. At the top of it were numerous shops for fancy wares. See next elegy, v. 14.

V. 21 :—

> Et quas Euphrates et quas mihi misit Orontes
> Me juerint.

Cf. Juv. Sat., iii. 62-66 :—

> Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
> Et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas
> Obliquas nec non gentilia tympana secum
> Vexit et ad Circum jussas prostare puellas;
> Ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra!

ELEGY XV.

This elegy, which has special reference to Cynthia's haughty conduct and capricious tastes, is in the same strain as the preceding.

V. 1, 2. These two lines are in the form of a taunt uttered by some one; the remainder of the elegy is the poet's reply.

V. 2. "Cynthia." The title of the 1st Book of the Elegies.

V. 3. Sudor, MSS., Lachmann, Jacob, Keil, Mueller, Haupt,

and Paley. Barth, Kuinoel, and Hertzberg adopt Scaliger's absurd conjecture, *surdo*.

V. 4. Aut pudor ingenuus aut reticendus amor.

This is the reading of all the copies, except the Groningen MS., which begins the verse with *At*. Lachmann brackets the line as spurious. Haupt and Mueller read *Haut pudor ingenuis, haut*, &c., and continue the rebuke in vv. 1 and 2 to the end of v. 4. Paley gives *Aut pudor ingenuis, aut*, &c., and says, "*ingenuis* is surely the true reading." Some years ago Prof. Munro suggested to me that Propertius probably wrote *ingenuost* (*i.e.*, ingenuo est), and that the transcriber, not understanding the enclitic *st*, wrote *ingenuus* for what he took to be the archaic form of the nominative (*ingenuos*). By this slight change not only do we obtain a satisfactory sense, but we get the verb, which indeed is almost required.

V. 12. *Dura pila*. "A ball of crystal used by Roman ladies for cooling the hands" (*Kuinoel*).

V. 13. Poscere—"to offer a price for," "to beat down" or "cheapen;" not "to beg," as Paley explains it.

ELEGY XVI.

The poet contrasts the sincerity of his own attachment with the insincerity of a rival.

V. 6. Ille tuus pennas tam cito vertit amor?

Cf. Ov. Epist., iii. 42 :—

Quo levis a nobis tam cito fugit amor?

V. 10. Et tibi ab Hesperio mala dracone ferat.

Cf. Theocr. Id., xxix. 37, 38 :—

Νῦν μὲν κἠπὶ τὰ χρύσεα μᾶλ' ἕνεκεν σέθεν
Βαίην καὶ φύλακον νηκύων πέδα Κέρβερον.

V. 18. Niger ille dies. Cf. Virg. Aen., vi. 429; and Tibull., iii. 5, 5 :—

At mihi Persephone nigram denuntiat horam.

V. 29. Notast, MSS.; *amota est*, Paley.

V. 35. Ii, MSS.; *Ni*, Lachmann, Haupt, and Mueller, who point with a comma after *die* in v. 34.

ELEGY XVII.

This poem, containing a declaration of the depth and endurance of his love for Cynthia, and a warning to his rival not to plume himself on his apparent victory over him, exhibits Propertius at his best in the field of vigorous and impassioned elegy, which is peculiarly his own.

V. 4. Calve, tua venia, pace, Catulle, tua.

Calvus and Catullus—whose mistresses, Quintilia and Lesbia, they rendered immortal in their verse—are again mentioned in iii. 26, 87-90.

V. 12. Et gemere in tauro, saeve Perille, tuo.

Perillus, an Athenian artificer, presented Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, with a brazen bull, in which he might burn his victims. Phalaris, to test the instrument of torture, experimented on the inventor. Cf. Ov. A. A., i. 653, 654:—

Et Phalaris tauro violenti membra Perilli
Torruit: infelix inbuit auctor opus.

V. 13. Gorgonis. "Medusa."

V. 14. Caucasias—aves. The eagle (or vulture) that preyed on the liver of Prometheus. Cf. Propert., ii. 1, 70; and Virg. Ecl., vi. 42:—

Caucasiasque refert volucres, furtumque Promethei.

V. 15, 16. Cf. Ov. A. A., i. 473-476; and Propert., v. 5, 19, 20.

V. 17. At nullo dominae teritur sub alumine amor, qui.

The MSS. have *sub limine* and *sub lumine*. I gladly avail myself of Prof. Munro's ingenious and brilliant emendation, *sub alumine*, in this verse which has so long proved a stumbling-block to editors and commentators. He gives the sense of the passage thus: "Iron wears away with rust, basalt by the dripping of water; but by the power of no astringent, styptic, caustic, does love for my lady wear away; it abides, &c. For his able exposition of the whole passage, see the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. vi. p. 66-69.

V. 20. Invitis ipse redit pedibus. Cf. Tibull., ii. vi. 13, 14:—

Juravi quotiens rediturum ad limina nunquam!
Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit.

V. 41, 42. Vidistis—color. Cf. Ov. Amor., ii. 4, 39, 40:—

Candida me capiet, capiet me flava puella,
Est etiam in fusco grata colore Venus.

ELEGY XVIII.

I am not sure whether we should read this as one elegy, or divide it, with Lachmann, Keil, and Mueller, at v. 20. The subject is the same throughout—viz., a contemplated voyage of Cynthia, in which the poet dreads her shipwreck. In vv. 1-20 he relates a dream; in vv. 21-58 he declares his willingness to accompany her, go where she will, and to perish with, or for her, if need be. It is quite likely that they are separate poems; indeed, in this Book many of the pieces go in pairs.

V. 7. Quam timui, &c. "How I feared lest thou by thy death shouldst give a name to a sea (*mare Cynthiacum*), as did Helle when she slipped from the back of the golden ram, and wrote her title to immortality on the wave (*Helles pontus*)."

V. 9. Cum Castore fratri. See i. 17, 18, and note, *supra*.

V. 10. Leucothoe. Ino, daughter of Cadmus, threw herself into the sea, and was worshipped as a sea-goddess under the name of Leucothoe. There are numerous versions of this legend.

V. 11, 12. Mueller places this couplet after v. 18.

V. 13. Glaucus. A fisherman of Anthedon, in Boeotia, who accompanied the Argonauts, and was changed into a marine deity.

V. 18. Arioniam lyram. "Arion and his lyre." See Herod., i. 23, 24.

V. 23. Non, si Cambysae redeant et flumina Croesi.

For *Cambysae* of the MSS., Mueller reads *jam Gygae*. The river Pactolus is meant.

V. 39. Duo litora. "The Symplegades." Rudis Argus: the MSS. have *ratis Argo*, which Prof. Ellis thinks should be retained. He takes Argo as dative of Argus—the builder of the "Argo"—and translates thus: "And you, ye winds, that set two shores in motion (viz., the Symplegades), when the dove, launched on a strange sea, served Argus as the guide of his ship" (Professorial Dissertations, 1872-73, p. 18-20).

V. 47. Amymone, daughter of Danaus, having gone in search of water when Argos was suffering from drought, was rescued from a satyr, and ravished, by Neptune, who with his trident caused a stream of water to gush from the rock of Lerna, at which the maiden filled her pail.

V. 51. Orithyia, daughter of Erechtheus, when crossing the Ilissus, was carried off to Thrace by Boreas.

V. 53, 54. Scylla and Charybdis, two whirlpools in the *Fretum Siculum* (Strait of Messina)—the former off the Italian, the latter off the Sicilian coast—were very dangerous to mariners.

Cf. Virg. Aen., iii. 420, *sq.*

ELEGY XIX.

The lover alone knows when and by what means he must die.

V. 3. Phoenicum inventa. The Chaldaeans were the earliest astrologers; the Phoenicians were the first to apply a knowledge of the stars to the purposes of navigation.

V. 5-10. Seu—tuis. Cf. Catull., xxiii. 8-11 :—

> . . . . nihil timetis,
> Non incendia, non graves ruinas,
> Non facta impia, non dolos veneni,
> Non casus alios periculorum.

V. 9. Praeterea domibus flammas metuisque ruinas.

Metuis is Mueller's correction; the MSS. have *domibus*, which appears to be corrupt; Lachmann reads *dominis*.

V. 13. Remex; "the lover with oar in hand." The shades are the rowers of Charon's boat. Cf. Virg. Aen., vi. 320 :—

> . . . . illae remis vada livida verrunt.

V. 15. Damnatum, Gron. MS.; *Clamantis*, Barth, Kuinoel, and Lachmann.

ELEGY XX.

Written on the occasion of Cynthia's dangerous illness.

V. 2. Tam formosa tuum mortua crimen erit.

Cf. Ov. Amor., ii. 11, 35, 36 :—

> Vestrum crimen erit talis jactura puellae,
> Nereidesque deae Nereidumque pater.

V. 8. Quicquid jurarunt, ventus et unda rapit.

Cf. Ov. Amor., ii. 16, 45, 46 :—

Verba puellarum, foliis leviora caducis,
Inrita qua visum est, ventus et unda ferunt.

V. 17-30. The argument is: Io, once a heifer, was deified as Isis; Ino, who roamed the valleys of Parnassus as a Bacchante, was changed into the sea-goddess Leucothoe; Andromeda, exposed to sea-monsters, became the noble wife of her deliverer; Callisto, who ranged Arcadia in the form of a bear, now shines as a benignant star: but, Cynthia, if thy days are numbered, thy fate, too, shall be blessed—for, crowned queen over the Heroines of Homer, thou shalt reign, and tell the while of the dangers of beauty to Semele, who, herself taught by experience, will appreciate thy story.

V. 29. Et tibi Maconias inter Heroidas omnes.

Paley, with the Gron. MS., reads *interque*, deeming the conjunction less objectionable than the metrical licence. Cf. Ov. Trist., i. 6, 33 :—

Prima locum sanctas Heroidas inter haberes.

V. 35. Deficiunt magico torti sub carmine rhombi.

Rhombus, the "ἴυγξ" of Theocr. Idyll., ii., *q. v.* Cf. also Propert., iv. 6, 26 :—

Staminea rhombi ducitur ille rota.

V. 36. Et jacet extincto laurus adusta foco.

Cf. Tibull., ii. 5, 81 ; and Ov. Fast., iv. 742 :—

Et crepet in mediis laurus adusta focis.

V. 37. Luna. Cf. Propert., i. 1, 19, and v. 5, 13.

V. 47-58. The poet now implores Pluto and Proserpine to continue their clemency, and not insist on Cynthia's removal, since so much of female bloom and beauty is in their realm already.

V. 51. *Iope*, Naples MS., Jacob, Hertzberg, Keil, Mueller, and Paley; *Iole*, Groningen MS., Kuinoel, and Lachmann; *Antiope*, Barth and others.

V. 53. *Troja*, MSS. and most of the recent editors; *Iona*, Scaliger, Barth, and Kuinoel. The objection to *Troja* is the reference to it again in the following line: "Priami diruta regna senis;"—but this goes for nothing, as Propertius has done the same thing in iv. 1, 31, 32.

V. 54. *Phoebi*, all the copies; *Thebae*, Scaliger; *Thebe*, Mueller.

ELEGY XXI.

The poet excuses himself for playing the spy on Cynthia.

V. 1. *Extrema*, Heinsius. The MSS. have *hesterna*, which is irreconcilable with v. 42.

V. 2. Servorum—manus. Cf. Propert., i. 3, 10; and Juv. iii. 284, *sq.*

V. 15. Sidoniae nocturna ligamina mitrae.

Cf. iii. 7, 55: "Sidonia vestis."

V. 17, 18. Adflabunt—manibus. Cf. Catull., xiii. 11, 12:—

> Nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
> Donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque.

V. 21. Mi—dixerunt. So most editors; Paley, with the MSS., *me—duxerunt.*

V. 40. Prosilit in laxa nixa pedem solea.

Cf. Catull., lxviii. 71, 72; and Ovid. Amor., iii. 1, 31.

ELEGY XXII.

The impossibility of escaping from the thraldom of Love, and the expediency of bowing to one's fate.

V. 3. Pegaseo—dorso. Alluding to the aerial expedition of Bellerophon on the winged horse Pegasus against the triformed Chimaera.

V. 4. Si Persei moverit ala pedes.

When Perseus set out to kill Medusa he was furnished by Mercury with winged sandals. The sandals of Mercury, referred to in vv. 5, 6, are familiar to every reader.

V. 17, 18. Quae—tumor. This story is referred to by Ovid A. A., iii. 505, 506:—

> "I procul hinc," dixit, "non es mihi, tibia, tanti,"
> Ut vidit vultus Pallas in amne suos.

V. 19. *Dure*, Jacob, Mueller, and Paley; *dura*, MSS.

V. 20. *Rauca*, Munro; *nota*, MSS.; *nauta*, Hertzberg and Paley; *Eoa*, Mueller.

V. 30. Avis. Jupiter, in the form of an eagle, carried off Ganymede from Trojan Ida.

V. 33. Virginibus. "The Muses."

V. 35. Quaedam. "Calliope." Oeagrus (or Oeager) was a king of Thrace.

V. 37. *Te*, Lachmann, Haupt, and Paley; *Me*, MSS.

ELEGY XXIII.

Description of the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, dedicated by Augustus, Oct. 24, A.U.C. 726, in commemoration of his victory at Actium (see Bk. v., Elegy 6).

V. 3. Poenis digesta columnis. Cf Hor. Carm., ii. 18, 3-5 :—

Non trabes Hymettiae
Premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa.

V. 7. Myronis. Myron, a Greek statuary and engraver, born 480 B.C.

V. 8. Vivida signa. Cf. Virg. Aen., vi. 849.

V. 10. Ortygia. Delos, the birthplace of Apollo.

V. 13. Gallos. The Gauls, under Brennus, invaded Greece 279 B.C. They attempted to plunder the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and were all destroyed by the god. See iv. 13, 51-54.

V. 13. Tantalidos. See Propert., iii. 11, 7, and note thereon, *supra*.

ELEGY XXIV.

Propertius upbraids Cynthia for her repeated absence from Rome; expresses disbelief in her excuses; and threatens to leave her to her own devices if she is determined to follow the example of women notorious for their profligacy.

V. 3. Dubias—sortes. Praeneste, a town of Latium, S.E. of Rome, was noted for a temple of Fortune (Cic. de Divin. ii. 41).

V. 4. Aeaei moenia Telegoni. Tusculum, founded by Telegonus, son of Ulysses and Circe.

V. 5. Herculeum Tibur. Tibur was a seat of the worship of Hercules. See v. 7, 82.

V. 6. Anus. So Lachmann, Jacob, Hertzberg, Haupt, Keil, and Mueller. Paley, with the earlier editors, reads *anum*, in support of

which he quotes iii. 9, 20. *Anus* is applied to the Appian Way, as being the oldest of all the Roman roads.

V. 10. In nemus et Triviae lumina ferre deae. "The grove and shrine of Diana at Aricia."

V. 11, 12. Pompey's portico was a fashionable promenade. See v. 8, 75. With *Aulaeis Attalicis*, cf. iii. 4, 22, and v. 5, 24.

V. 14. Sopito—Marone. "From the statue of a sleeping Maro." For *Marone*, Haupt, Keil, and Mueller read *Anione;* and in v. 15, *Tot leviter*, &c., for *Et leviter*.

V. 23. Haupt and Mueller consider this verse corrupt.

V. 31. Tyndaris. "Helen."

V. 35. *Parim*, vulgo; *palam*, Haupt and Mueller.

V. 40. Naica dona; "gifts from the Naiad Oenone." Barth and Kuinoel give *Nai, caduca*.

V. 45. Lesbia. The mistress of Catullus.

ELEGY XXV.

Propertius ridicules Isis, with the celebration of whose rites Cynthia is occupied; entreats his mistress to return to him, and to renounce the wine-cup, which has too often sapped the strength of the strongest and led the virtuous astray.

V. 1. Solennia. The rites of Isis, so religiously kept by Cynthia (see iii. 20, 61, 62, and v. 5, 34), were also observed by Delia, the mistress of Tibullus, with scrupulous attention (Tib., i. 3, 23-32).

V. 19. Aut nos e nostra, te, saeva, fugabimus urbe.

Quod minatur poeta, id accidit, A.U.C. 733, M. Lollio et Q. Aemilio Lepido Coss. Namque hoc anno Agrippa sec. Dion., lib. 54, praefectus urbi sacra Aegyptia ex urbe ejecit.—(*Barth.*)

V. 24. Icarii, sidera tarda, boves.

Icarus (Icarius or Icarion), a king of Attica, was changed by Bacchus into a constellation (*Charles's Wain*).

V. 31. Eurytion. See ii. 2, 9; 6, 17, and notes thereon.

V. 32. Polypheme. Ulysses, after stupefying the Cyclops Polyphemus with wine, put out his eye and slew him. See Hom. Odyss., ix. Ismario—mero. "Grown on Ismarus," a mountain in Thrace.

ELEGY XXVI.

Addressed to Lynceus, a brother poet and trusted friend, who had tried to gain the affections of Cynthia. Propertius upbraids him for his shameful conduct; then banters him on his amorous fancy; advises him to relinquish Tragedy and Philosophy, for which no woman cares a jot, and to cultivate love-poetry, by virtue of which he (Propertius) has won for himself the approving smile and tender admiration of the fair. He then pays a splendid tribute to the genius of Virgil, and concludes by enumerating the Roman poets who have embalmed their mistresses in the amber of imperishable song.

In the translation I have adopted the scheme of arrangement proposed by Professor Munro in an admirable paper in the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. vi. p. 29-46.

The following is the order of the lines:—

1-30, 45, 46, 51-54, 41, 42, 39, 40, 31-38, 43, 44, 47-50, 55-66, 77-80, 67-76, 81 to the end.

V. 1. Amico. So Jacob, Weise, Haupt, Keil, Mueller, and Wratislaw; *Amori*, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, and Paley.

V. 25. Nostros—deos. Venus and Cupid.

V. 29. Erechthei = Atheniensis. *Cretaei*, *Crethei*, *Lucreti*, *Tirtei*, *epe Chii*, are some of the needless emendations of editors.

V. 30. Senex. Aeschylus, the Athenian poet of v. 29.

V. 45. Tu non Antimacho, non tutior ibis Homero.

"Hermesianax of Colophon, the favourite pupil of Philetas of Cos, would naturally be an authority with Propertius. There is a long fragment of his, quoted by Athenaeus, p. 597, in which he depicts the woes which the greatest poets and philosophers had suffered from love, among them Homer and Antimachus."—(*Munro.*) Lyde, a mistress of Antimachus, is mentioned by Ovid (Trist., i. 6, 1):—

Nec tantum Clario Lyde dilecta poetae.

V. 51-54. Cf. Propert., iv. 5, 25-46; and Tibull., ii. 4, 17-20.

V. 39, 40:—

Amphiaräeae prosint tibi fata quadrigae?
Aut Capanei magno grata ruina Jovi?—(*Munro.*)

When Amphiaräus was fleeing towards the river Ismenus, the earth opened and swallowed him together with his chariot.

Capaneus, one of the Seven against Thebes, declared he would take it in spite of Jupiter, whereupon the god struck him with lightning.

V. 31. Meropem, Bergk.; *memorem*, MSS.

Propertius recommends Lynceus to imitate the elegiac poets Philetas and Callimachus, in preference to following in the footsteps of Aeschylus, and recording in bombastic verse the stories of Amphiaräus and Capaneus. He then suggests (vv. 33-38), as subjects suited to his muse, Achelous defeated by Hercules in the contest for the hand of Deianira; the weary windings of Maeander; and the famous victory gained by Adrastus' speech-endowed horse Arion at the funeral of Archemorus, when the chiefs founded the Nemean games.

V. 43. Includere, MSS.; *incudere*, Mueller.

V. 47-50. Sed—eris. Cf. ii. 3, 47-50.

V. 55. The poet alludes to the loss of his patrimonial possessions in the confiscations of the civil wars.

V. 61. Actia—litora Phoebi. See Bk. v. 6, *passim*.

V. 66. The Aeneid is referred to.

V. 77-80. There can be no doubt that these verses, relating to the Georgics, were meant to come in here.

V. 67-76. These lines relate to the Eclogues. See Ecl. v. and vii.

V. 67. Galaesi. A small river near Tarentum, by the banks of which Virgil seems to have written some of his Eclogues.

V. 68. Attritis — arundinibus. "On your well-worn pipes" (*Munro*).

V. 69. Decem—mala. See Virg. Ecl., iii. 70.

V. 72. Tityrus is at the same time Virgil's representative shepherd and Virgil himself as Bucolic poet (*Munro*).

V. 83:—

> Nec minor his (animis haut, si minor ore) canorus
> Anseris indocto carmine cessit olor.

"And not inferior in these poems to what he is in the Aeneid and Georgics—(in their high spirit not, if may-be less lofty in tone and language)—the melodious swan has not taken himself off with the unskilled song of a goose" (*Munro*).

V. 85-92. The loves of the poets mentioned in these lines are too well known to require comment.

BOOK IV.

ELEGY I.

On the immortality of Song.

V. 1. Callimachus and Philetas were the models Propertius chose for imitation; and on his success in this fresh field of poetry he rests his title to enduring fame. Cf., with these opening lines, Bk. v. 6, 1-8, where also he assumes the character of priest.

V. 3. Primus—sacerdos. Cf. Hor. Carm., iii. 1, 3; Ov. Amor., iii. 8, 23; Lucret. iv. 1.

V. 8. Exactus tenui pumice versus eat. Cf. Tibull., iii. 1, 10; Catull., i. 2, and xxii. 8. Propertius uses the word *pumice* metaphorically, to express the care bestowed by him on the composition and polishing of his verses.

V. 9-12. The metaphor in these lines is borrowed from a triumphal procession, and in vv. 13, 14, from a chariot-race.

V. 16. Bactra. The capital of Bactria or Bactriana. The expedition against the Parthians to recover the lost standards of Crassus was undertaken in 734 A.U.C. Cf. iv. 4.

V. 17. De monte Sororum. "Helicon."

V. 21-24. At—venit. Cf. Ov. Epist. ex Pont., iv. 16, 3, 4:—

> Famaque post cineres major venit, et mihi nomen
> Tunc quoque, cum vivis adnumerarer, erat.

V. 25-32. Nam—dei. Cf. Hor. Carm., iv. 9, 25, *sq.*; Ov. Epist. ex Pont., iv. 8, 51, *sq.*

V. 26. Haemonio—viro. "Achilles."

V. 27. In this verse Propertius either confounds the Trojan with the Cretan Ida, or follows some unknown legend.

V. 32. Troja, bis Oetaei numine capta dei.

Troy was taken by Hercules in the time of Laomedon, and again by the assistance of his arrows in the reign of Priam.

V. 38. Lycio—deo. "Apollo." Barth thinks, from this verse, that the writings of Propertius had been received into the Palatine Library.

ELEGY II.

The same subject: probably a continuation of the preceding elegy.

V. 1. Orphea delenisse feras et concita dicunt.
Delenisse, Mueller; *te lenisse*, Kuinoel; *detinuisse*, Paley. Cf., with vv. 1, 2, Propert., iii. 4, 5, 6.

V. 3, 4. Saxa—ferunt. Cf. Propert., i. 9, 10.

V. 5, 6. Quin—equos. See Theocr. Idyll., vi. 6-20; Bion., xii., and xv. 1-3.

V. 7. Baccho et Apolline. Cf. Propert., v. 1, 62, and v. 6, 76.

V. 9. Taenariis—columnis. The marble of Taenarus (Cape *Matapan*) was of a dark colour. Cf. Tibull., iii. 3, 14.

V. 11. Phaeacas—silvas. The apple-groves of Alcinous. Cf. Hom. Odyss., vii. 112, *sq.*

V. 12. Marcius—liquor. The water from the aqueduct built by Q. Marcius Rex, praetor B.C. 144, was highly valued on account of its clearness. Cf. Tibull., iii. 6, 58.

V. 18. Nec Jovis Elei caelum imitata domus. The famous temple of Jupiter Olympius at Pisa, in Elis, in which was the magnificent colossal statue of the god by Phidias.

V. 19. Mausolei—sepulcri. The tomb of Mausolus, at Halicarnassus, erected by his queen Artemisia B.C. 353.

The poet's prediction has proved true in both these cases: the Pyramids, however, are still standing.

V. 24. Ingenio stat sine morte decus. Cf. Ovid Amor., i. 15, 31, 32:—

> Ergo cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri
> Depereant aevo, carmina morte carent.

Anthalog. Latin., 187, 9 (edit. Meyer):—

> Carmina sola carent fato mortemque repellunt.

Ibid., 851, 5, 6,—

> Ingenio mors nulla nocet, vagat undique tutum:
> Inlaesum semper carmina nomen habent.

And the poets, *passim*.

ELEGY III.

The poet describes a vision in which Apollo and the Muse Calliope enjoined him to relinquish the idea of writing epic poetry, and to pursue elegiac composition.

V. 2. Bellerophontei qua fluit humor equi.

Hippocrene, a fountain at the foot of Mount Helicon, is said to have been produced by a kick of the winged horse Pegasus, on which Bellerophon rode against the Chimaera.

V. 3. Alba. Founded by Ascanius, son of Aeneas.

V. 6. Pater—Ennius. Ennius, the father of Roman poetry, was born at Rudiae, in Calabria, 239 B.C., and died at Rome 169 B.C.

V. 7. Curios=Curiatios. Horatia=Horatiana.

V. 8. Regiaque Aemilia vecta tropaea rate.

The allusion is to the defeat of Demetrius, governor of Pharos, an island off the coast of Illyricum, by Lucius Aemilius Paullus, 219 B.C.

V. 9. Fabii. Q. Fabius Maximus, who, from his policy of delay in the war with Hannibal, obtained the agnomen *Cunctator*.

V. 9-10. Pugnam—Cannensem. Hannibal defeated the Romans at Cannae, 216 B.C.

V. 11. Hannibalemque Lares Romana sede fugantes.

From this service one of the Lares received the name of *Tutanus*, according to Varro.

V. 12. Anseris—Jovem. The attempt of Brennus and his Gauls to scale the Capitol, in which was the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, was frustrated by the cackling of geese (392 B.C.)

V. 13. Castalia—arbore. The grove near the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus.

V. 21. Cur tua praescriptos evecta est pagina gyros.

Lachmann, Jacob, Hertzberg, Keil, Haupt, and Mueller read *praescripto sevecta—gyro*.

V. 29. Ergo Musarum, MSS.; *Orgia*, Heinsius; *mystarum*, Unger; *Orgia mustarum*, Mueller.

V. 32. Gorgoneo—lacu. "Hippocrene," see v. 2, *supra*. Pegasus sprang from the blood of the Gorgon Medusa.

V. 42. Aonium—nemus. Aonia was a haunt of the Muses.

V. 43, 44. The defeat of the Teutones and Cimbri, 102-101 B.C. Cf. ii. 1, 24.

V. 45, 46. The bloody defeat in Alsace, on the banks of the Rhine, of the German chief Ariovistus, B.C. 58. Cf. Caes. Bell. Gall., i. 53.

ELEGY IV.

The poet predicts the success of the Roman arms in Parthia (see iv. 1, 16), and pictures the triumph of Caesar.

V. 1. Deus Caesar. Cf. Propert., v. 11, 60; and see Life of Propertius, *supra*.

V. 2. Gemmiferi—maris. "The Indian ocean abounding in pearls." Cf. Propert., i. 14, 12; iv. 13, 6: Tibull., ii. 2, 15, 16.

V. 4. *Sua*, Lachmann and Mueller; *tua*, Barth, Kuinoel, Keil, Haupt, Paley, and Wratislaw.

V. 5. Sera sed—veniet, MSS., Lachmann, Jacob, Hertzberg, Haupt, Mueller, and Paley; *Seres et—venient*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 9. Crassos clademque. The defeat of the Crassi, 53 B.C. Cf. iii. 1, 14.

V. 11. Fatalia lumina Vestae. "Involving the destinies of Rome."

V. 13. Oneratos—axes, MSS., Lachmann, Jacob, Hertzberg, Keil, Haupt, Mueller, Wratislaw; *oncrato—axe*, Barth, Kuinoel, and Paley.

V. 17. Bracati; "trousered." Cf. *virgatis bracis*, v. 10, 43, of the Gallic chief Britomart.

ELEGY V.

As Propertius, uninfluenced by ambition, glory, or avarice, has hitherto served only under the banner of Venus, so in his maturer years he will devote himself to the study of philosophy, and let those war who will.

V. 1. Pacis Amor deus est, pacem veneramur amantes.
Cf. Ov. Amor., iii. 2, 49, 50:—

> Plaude tuo Marti, miles. Nos odimus arma:
> Pax juvat, et media pace repertus amor.

V. 4. Gemma. Cf. Juv., x. 26; and Virg. Georg., ii. 506.

V. 5. Campania pinguis. Cf. Tibull., i. 9, 33:—

Non tibi si pretium Campania terra daretur.

V. 6. Corinthe. Corinth was destroyed by Mummius, 146 B.C.

V. 7. Prima—terra. Cf. Hor. Carm., i. 16, 13-16.

V. 8. Parum cauti pectoris. "In allusion to the etymology of the name from προμηθία. The poet simply means that Prometheus executed the work without the care and forethought implied by his name" (*Paley*).

V. 14. Ad infernas — rates, MSS., Lachmann, Keil, Haupt, Mueller, Paley, and Wratislaw; *ab inferna—rate*, Barth and Kuinoel; *at inferna—rate*, Hertzberg.

V. 15. Miscebitur umbris. So Keil, Haupt, Mueller, Paley, and Wratislaw; *miscebimur Indis*, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann.

V. 17. Iro. Irus was a beggar of Ithaca.

V. 18. Optima mors, Parcae quae venit acta die.

So Lachmann, Keil, Haupt, and Mueller (cf. *Parca non mendax*, Hor. Carm., ii. 16, 39; *dura Parca*, Ov. Pont., iv. 15, 36; *Parcarumque dies*, Virg. Aen., xii. 150); *parca quae venit apta die*, Barth, Kuinoel, Paley, and Wratislaw.

V. 23, *sq*. Cf. Virg. Georg., ii. 475, *sq*.

V. 33. Perrhaebi—Pindi. The Perrhaebi occupied the mountainous district between Pindus and the lower course of the Peneus.

V. 34. Solis—equis. Cf. Tibull., ii. 5, 75, 76.

V. 36. *Igne*, all the recent editors; *imbre*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 39. Tormenta nocentum, Haupt and Mueller; *Gigantum*, other editors.

V. 41. Alcmaeoniae furiae. "Whether Alcmaeon is tortured by the Furies for the murder of his mother Eriphyla" (*Kuinoel*). Jejunia Phinei. See Apollon. Rhod. Argon., ii. 178-300.

V. 42. Ixion, Sisyphus, Tantalus.

V. 44. Tityo. Cf. Tibull., i. 3, 75.

ELEGY VI.

A dialogue between Propertius and Cynthia's slave Lygdamus.

V. 15, 16. Tristis—loco. Cf. Tibull., i. 3, 85-88.

V. 22. Aequalem nulla dicere habere domo.

So most editors. *Ac qualem*, Scaliger and Barth; *Atque aliam*, Hertzberg's conjecture; for *nulla*, Mueller reads *multa*.

V. 24. Insultet—morte mea. Cf. Propert., ii. 8, 20:—

Insultetque rogis, calcet et ossa mea.

V. 26. Staminea rhombi ducitur ille rota.

"The *rhombus* or magic wheel was made either of lead or brass, or of more costly materials, and, as the name denotes, was usually four-sided, but sometimes triangular, three being the most perfect of numbers. To this the *licia* were attached; and as the witch whirled it round, she was believed to sway her victim according to her will, the spell being dissolved by reversing the motion" (*Ramsay*). Cf. Propert., iii. 20, 35: Ov. Amor., i. 8, 7, 8; Fast., ii. 575: Lucan, vi. 458: Mart. Ep., ix. 30, 9.

V. 27-30. The poet enumerates different charms used by witches.

V. 30. Funesto—toro. So all the editors, except Hertzberg and Paley, who retain *viro*, the reading of the MSS., and understand "the image of the party to be enthralled by the charm."

V. 41. Quodsin e tanto, Mueller; *Quod mihi si e tanto*, Haupt, after Lachmann's conjecture; *Quod mihi si tanto*, vulgo.

ELEGY VII.

A singularly beautiful elegy on the death of a young friend, Paetus, who was shipwrecked on a voyage to Egypt.

V. 5. Pharios—portus. "Alexandria."

V. 9-12. Et—mare. Cf. Catull., lxviii. 97-100:—

Quem nunc tam longe non inter nota sepulcra
Nec prope cognatos compositum cineres,
Sed Troia obscoena, Troia infelice sepultum
Detinet extremo terra aliena solo.

V. 12. Carpathium—mare. Cf. ii. 5, 11, and see note thereon.

V. 13. Aquilo. Cf. i. 20, 31; and iii. 18, 51.

V. 22. Quae notat Argynni poena Athamantiadae.

This is Hertzberg's emendation, which has been adopted by Keil, Haupt, and Mueller, and approved by Munro. The MSS. have *minantis aquae*, which Paley retains, marking the line corrupt. Professor Ellis proposes *Mimantis aquae*, "which would fix the scene of Paetus' shipwreck at that part of the coast of Lydia where the land, which contracts into a narrow neck between Clazomenae

on the north and Teos on the south, again broadens out into a rocky peninsula with three bold promontories, Corycium south, Argennum south-west, and Malaena north. All these are projections of Mount Mimas" (Professorial Dissertations, 1872-73, p. 21-25). This conjecture seems worthy of careful consideration, both from the number of the places on the Asiatic coast in which the name *Argvnnus*, *Arginnus*, or *Argennos* is traceable—*e.g.*, *Argennusae* insulae, *Argennon* promontorium; and because Propertius is given to following obscure and out-of-the-way versions of the old legends.

V. 25-28. I have followed Haupt and Mueller in placing these verses after v. 70.

V. 37. Insidians, Naples MS., Jacob, Keil, Haupt, Paley, and Wratislaw; other editors read *insidias*.

V. 38. Capharea. Caphareus, a promontory on the south-west of Euboea, where the Greeks were wrecked through Nauplius displaying a beacon, to avenge the death of his son Palamedes.

V. 46. *Flare*, Jacob, Hertzberg, Keil, Haupt, Mueller, and Wratislaw; Paley, with the copies and earlier editors, reads *flere*.

V. 49. Oricia terebintho. The *terebinth* or turpentine tree grew near Oricos, a seaport of Epirus, north of the Acroceraunian mountains. Mueller (Praefat., p. xlviii.) suggests that the latter half of this line may have been borrowed from Virg. Aen., x. 136.

V. 60. Longas—manus. I have followed Scaliger's interpretation, longas = "*puras*," "*innocentes*" (cf. verse 16), far-fetched though it be in Paley's opinion. It is certainly as poetical as Barth's explanation, "*integras antea*," which he approves; or Mr Wratislaw's more pointed "*curtas*, from the loss of the nails, v. 51." The latter interpretation may be the correct one; but it does seem odd that a drowning man should be thinking of the length of his fingers.

V. 61. Adfigar, Groningen MS., Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Haupt, Mueller; *adfligar*, other editors.

ELEGY VIII.

Propertius, far from feeling offended with Cynthia for her violent conduct in a recent quarrel, is disposed to consider it as a sure proof of her affection. For a spirited description of Cynthia in one of her outrageous moods, see Bk. v. 8, 51, *sq.*

V. 1. Hesternas, most editors; *extremas*, Barth and Kuinoel; *externas* is the reading of seven copies, according to Broukhusius.

V. 3. Mensam propellis. Cf. Ov. Met., xii. 222:—

Protinus eversae turbant convivia mensae.

V. 11. Rabida, all the editors, after Scaliger; *gravida*, MSS.

V. 18. Certo. So the best copies; *certas*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 21. Immorso, vulgo; *in morso*, Barth.

V. 25, 26. Lachmann and Haupt bracket these verses as spurious. Mueller considers them not unworthy of Propertius, but thinks that some lines have fallen out after v. 24. Cf. Tibull., i. 2, 21, 22; and especially Ov. Her., xvii. 81, 82.

V. 29. Graia—the correction of Palmier; the MSS. have *grata*.

V. 37. Nexisti, editors; *tendisti*, MSS.

ELEGY IX.

Addressed to Maecenas. The poet, in an elegy abounding with felicitous and graceful compliment, declines to undertake heroic poetry, but avows his willingness to make the attempt if his patron will come forth from his retirement and assume the position to which he is entitled as first minister of Augustus.

V. 1. Maecenas eques Etrusco de sanguine regum.

Cf. Hor. Carm., i. 1, 1:—

Maecenas, atavis edite regibus.

V. 7. Omnia rerum, *sc.* genera. Cf. Catull., lxvi. 9; and Ov. Met., iv. 631.

V. 8. Fama nec ex aequo ducitur ulla jugo.

This is one of the most perplexing and unsatisfactory lines of Propertius. The meaning is clear enough; the difficulty lies in apprehending the metaphor. Lachmann takes *aequo jugo* to mean a "gentle hill," and quotes in support of his interpretation v. 10, 4. Wratislaw takes *jugo* for a "chariot," the part for the whole, and considers the metaphor the same as in iii. 1, 23: "Nor is any fame obtained from a chariot that runs on a par with other chariots"—cf. iv. 1, 13, 14. Paley explains it, "You must have no rival, no yoke-fellow attached to the same car." Hertzberg takes *jugo* to mean, "the same hill with any other." Barth gives a generalisation as vague as the verse itself: "Idem nomen eademque laus non manat ex eodem fonte, ex eadem arte."

V. 9-16. In support of his dictum the poet now instances the most famous artists of antiquity: Lysippus of Sicyon, statuary, fl. 336-270 B.C.; Calamis, statuary and embosser, fl. 467-429 B.C.; Apelles of Colophon (or Cos), painter, fl. 352-308 B.C.; Parrhasius of Ephesus, cabinet picture-painter, fl. 444-400 B.C.; Mentor, silver-chaser, fl. about 365 B.C.; Mys, toreutic artist, fl. 444 B.C.; Phidias of Athens, sculptor, fl. 432 B.C.; Praxiteles of Athens, sculptor (of the later Attic school), fl. about 360 B.C.

V. 16. Paria, the conjecture of Broukhusius, admitted by Barth, Kuinoel, and Lachmann; *propria*, Keil, Mueller, Paley, and Wratislaw; *patria*, Haupt.

V. 25. Medorum—hastas, Haupt and Mueller, after Markland; *Medorum—hostes = hostes Medos*, Barth, Kuinoel (and Keil?); *Medorum—hostes = the hostile Parthians who had conquered the Medes*, Paley and Wratislaw; *Medorum—astus*, Lachmann.

V. 31. The Camilli, a Roman familia of the *Furia* gens, several of whom were noted for their unassuming character.

V. 38. Semper, vulgo; *septem*, Keil, Haupt, Mueller, and Wratislaw.

V. 44. Coe, Lachmann, Jacob, Keil, Haupt, Mueller, Wratislaw (cf. iv. 1, 1); *Dore*, Barth, Kuinoel, Hertzberg, Paley; *dure*, MSS.

V. 47, 48. Te—jugis. Cf. Propert., ii. 1, 39, and see note thereon.

V. 54. Parthorum—fugae. Cf. Propert., iii. 1, 13; v. 3, 66: and Virg. Georg., iii. 31.

V. 55. Castra—Pelusi. Pelusium, a town commanding one of the mouths of the Nile, was destroyed by Octavian 30 B.C.

V. 56. Graves—manus. Antony killed himself by falling on his own sword, B.C. 30.

ELEGY X.

Congratulations to Cynthia on her birthday.

V. 8. Niobes. Cf. iii. 11, 7, 8, and note.

V. 10. Increpet—Ityn. Cf. iii. 11, 5, 6, and note.

V. 15. Veste. This dress is probably referred to, ii. 1, 5; iii. 21, 25.

V. 22. Onyx. See note on iii. 4, 30.

V. 28. Puer. "Cupid."

V. 32. Sic. Lachmann, after the Groningen MS., with questionable taste, but perhaps correctly, reads *ter*. Cf. *ter faciamus iter*, iii. 25, 22.

ELEGY XI.

Propertius, in palliation of his conduct in submitting to the thraldom of Cynthia, adduces notable instances of heroes who have bent the knee at the shrine of Love and Beauty. Having mentioned and bitterly assailed Antony and Cleopatra, whom he is never weary of abusing, he proclaims in lofty and vigorous verse the greatness of Augustus and the glory of Actium—a victory before which all former achievements of the Roman arms, however brilliant, must pale their splendours.

V. 2. Addictum. Metaphor from the legal practice of formally making over an insolvent debtor to his creditor.

V. 5. Noctem, the conjecture of Pucci, which editors have generally adopted; the MSS. have *mortem*, which Keil, Mueller, and Wratislaw retain.

V. 9-12. Colchis—domos. The legend of Jason and Medea.

V. 13-16. Ausa — virum. Achilles was enraptured by the beauty which he saw on the removal of the helmet of the Amazon Penthesilea, whom he had slain.

V. 17-20. Omphale—manu. The legend of Hercules and Omphale.

V. 18. Gygaeo—lacu. Cf. Hom. Il., ii. 865; and Herod., i. 93.

V. 21-26. Persarum—caput. The story of Ninus and Semiramis, an exact parallel to that of David and Bath-sheba (2 Sam. xi.)

V. 31. Conjugis, MSS., Keil, Haupt, Paley, Wratislaw; *Conjugii*, Barth, Kuinoel, Mueller; *Conjugi et*, Lachmann.

V. 34. Totiens. The murder of Pompey; the Alexandrine war of Julius Caesar; and the war of Augustus, that ended in the annihilation of the forces of Antony and Cleopatra, and the suicide of both.

V. 35. Tres—triumphos. Numidia, Spain, Pontus.

V. 37. Phlegraeo—campo. "In the battle of Pharsalia," 48 B.C.; or it may refer, as Mr Wratislaw suggests, to the fever from which Pompey suffered in Campania. Cf. Juv., x. 283, 284.

V. 38. Socero. Julius Caesar, whose daughter Julia was married to Pompey.

V. 39. Incesti—Canopi. An allusion alike to the abominable

licentiousness of the city and to the marriages of the Ptolemies with their sisters.

V. 40. Philippeo sanguine. The Ptolemies claimed descent from Philip of Macedon.

V. 41. Latrantem—Anubim. The Egyptian god Anubis was represented in the form of a man with a dog's head.

V. 43. Sistro. The jingling rods used in the worship of Isis. Cf. Tibull., i. 3, 24; and Ov. Amor., iii. 9, 33, 34.

V. 44. Rostra Liburna. Cf. Hor. Carm., i. 37, 30.

V. 45. Conopia. Cf. Hor. Epod., ix. 16.

V. 46. Statuas. The statues of the Roman kings and Brutus, and perhaps of Julius Caesar.

V. 53. Sacris admorsa colubris. In allusion to the story of Cleopatra's death by the bite of an asp.

V. 56. Assiduo lingua sepulta mero. "The drunken Antony."

V. 59, 60. In apposition with "Septem urbs alta jugis," v. 57 (*Wratislaw*).

V. 59-66. The allusions to persons and events in these lines are familiar to every student of Roman history.

V. 69, 70. The battle of Actium. There was a temple to Apollo at *Leucate*.

ELEGY XII.

This elegy is addressed to Postumus, a friend who had gone with an expedition to the East, leaving a faithful wife to mourn his absence. Commentators seem to think that the expedition referred to is the one which Aelius Gallus led against the Arabians, and which terminated in disaster and retreat, 730 A.U.C. The mention of the *Parthians* in verse 3, and of the *Araxes* in verse 8, seems to point to an expedition against the latter people. The name of the lady (*Aelia Galla*) may have had something to do with giving rise to the common opinion. Whether the parties here mentioned are the same with those in v. 3, as many commentators have supposed, it is impossible to say: but, all the circumstances considered, it is extremely likely. The latter poem certainly refers to a *Parthian* expedition.

V. 8. Araxis. Mr Paley gives us a choice of three ways out of the difficulty here: (1.) "This seems a kind of typical river with

Propertius;" (2.) "He probably knew but little of the geography of Asia;" (3.) "More than one river seems called the *Araxes* by Herodotus." For the first assumption we have no ground whatever: the word is used on only one other occasion by Propertius —viz., v. 3, 35, in connection probably with the expedition in question. The second is equally gratuitous: we have no reason to suppose that the poet's geographical knowledge was inferior to that of the poets of his time, and few would consider his use of the word *Persarum* in iv. 10, 21—a word of proverbial vagueness with the Roman poets—as giving colour to such a hypothesis. Besides, the word *Persarum* may be corrupt; or what is still more likely, especially if the MS. reading of v. 26 be the correct one, Propertius follows some unknown legend. Whether or not "more than one river seems called the *Araxes* by Herodotus," I am not certain. There were more rivers than one of this name in the East, however; but none of them, so far as I know, in Arabia. The easiest way out of the difficulty seems to be: Another expedition than that of Aelius Gallus is referred to.

V. 11. Medae—sagittae. Another allusion to the Parthians.

V. 12. Cataphractus. The *Cataphracti*, a species of troops common among the Persians from the earliest times, were heavy-armed cavalry, the horses of which were also covered with defensive armour.

V. 25-37. The journeyings and adventures of Ulysses from the siege of Troy till his return to Ithaca. In v. 31, *Aeaeae puellae* probably refers to Calypso, Circe being already alluded to in v. 27.

ELEGY XIII.

The poet contrasts the rampant profligacy and avarice of his own day with the virtue and simplicity of the olden time.

V. 1. Pretiosa=*muneribus* emenda *beatis* (iii. 11, 25). Cf. Thais pretiosa Menandri (v. 5, 43).

V. 5. Inda—formica. See Herod., iii. 102.

V. 6. Concha Erycina. Probably the pearl.

V. 7. Ostrinos — colores. "The purple dye." Cf. Propert., i. 14, 20; and Tibull., iv. 2, 16.

V. 9. Nymphas, Mueller; *clausas*, other editors.

V. 10. Icarioti. Penelope, daughter of Icarus. Cf. Hom. Odyss., xi. 446 :—

Κούρη Ἰκαρίοιο, περίφρων Πηνελόπεια.

Gerunt, Keil, Mueller, Paley; *terunt*, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann; *iterant*, Haupt.

V. 15-22. The "Suttee," so beautifully described in these verses, is a custom of great antiquity. Cf. Aelian. Var. Hist., vii. 18.

V. 16. Quos Aurora suis rubra colorat equis.

Cf. Tibull., ii. 3, 55, 56:—

Illi sunt comites fusci, quos India torret,
Solis et admotis inficit ignis equis.

V. 17. Fax ultima = fax rogalis. Cf. v. 11, 46, and see note thereon.

V. 18. Fusis, vulgo; *positis*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 24. Evadne. See i. 15, 21, 22, and note.

V. 25-50. Felix—pudor. Cf. Gall. El., i. 75, *sq.*: Tibull., i. 3, 35-50: Ovid. Amor., iii. 8, 29-46; Met., i. 89, *sq.*: Juv., vi. 1-12: Lucret., v. 960, *sq.*: and Tacit. Ann., iii. 26.

V. 27. Cydonia, *sc.* mala. So called from Cydon or Cydonia, in Crete, whence they were introduced into Italy.

V. 37. Latas, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann; *lentas*, Haupt, Keil, Mueller, Paley; *lactas*, Jacob.

V. 43-46. "Et—cane." These lines are from an epigram by Leonidas of Tarentum, preserved in the Greek Anthology.

V. 51-54. See note on iii. 23, 13.

V. 55, 56. Polymestoris—Polydore. For the story, see Eur. Hec., *passim*; and Virg. Aen., iii. 49, *sq.*

V. 57, 58. Tu—equis. See note on iii. 7, 29.

V. 62. Ilia Maenas = Cassandra.

ELEGY XIV.

In praise of the Spartan training of women.

V. 3. Ludos, Scaliger's correction; *laudes*, MSS.

V. 5. The emendations and interpretations of this verse are unsatisfactory.

V. 13, 14. Qualis—aquis. Thermodon, a river in Pontus, celebrated in the legends of the Amazons. Cf. v. 4, 71.

V. 17. Harenis, most editors, after Volscus; *habenis*, MSS.

V. 28. Odoratae—comae, vulgo; *adoratae—domi*, Hertzberg, with the Naples MS.

ELEGY XV.

Propertius confesses an old *liaison* with Lycinna; intercedes in her behalf; and assures Cynthia of his unfaltering constancy, and of the groundlessness of her fears.

V. 3. Praetextae—velatus amictu, vulgo; *elatus*, Kuinoel; *praetexti—ablatus amictus*, Haupt.

V. 11. Erit, vulgo; *erat*, Lachmann.

V. 13. Vulsit, Kuinoel; *ussit*, other editors.

V. 14. Immites, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Haupt, and Paley; *inmittens*, Jacob, Keil, Mueller.

V. 25. Cithaeronis. Cithaeron, a mountain-range separating Boeotia from Attica and Megaris.

V. 27. Asopi. The Asopus rises in Mount Cithaeron and falls into the Euripus (Channel of *Negropont*).

V. 32. Eurus et adverso—Noto, Keil; *ubi adverso—Noto*, Lachmann, Haupt, Mueller, Paley; *in adversos Notos*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 33. Sub, Keil; *sic*, Lachmann and Paley; *si*, Barth, Kuinoel, Haupt, Mueller.

V. 34. I have followed the older editors and Paley in the punctuation of this line.

V. 41. Zetho, recent editors; *Zethi*, Barth and Kuinoel; *leto*, Lachmann.

ELEGY XVI.

Reflections on receiving a letter from Cynthia.

V. 9. Totum—in annum. Commentators are not agreed as to the year of separation. Hertzberg fixes it as 729 A.U.C.; Lachmann, whose view I have in the main adopted, four years earlier. See Life of Propertius, *ante*; and cf. i. 1, 7:—

Et mihi jam toto furor hic non deficit anno.

And vv. 35, 36, of the same elegy.

V. 11, 12 :—

Nec tamen est quisquam sacros qui laedat amantes.
Scironis media sic licet ire via.

Cf. Tibull., i. 2, 27, 28 :—

Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque
Qualibet: insidias non timuisse decet.

V. 19. Puro, Mueller; *parvo*, vulgo.

V. 20. Ecce, suis, Mueller; *et cursus*, Lachmann; *exclusis*, vulgo. Haupt marks the line corrupt.

V. 23. Haec, Lachmann, Haupt, Keil, Mueller; *huc*, MSS., Barth, Kuinoel, and Paley.

V. 29. Aut humer ignotae cumulis vallatus harenae. So Lachmann, Haupt, Keil, and Mueller. Barth, Kuinoel, and Paley read—

Aut humet ignotae cumulus vallatus arenae.

ELEGY XVII.

Propertius sings the praises of Bacchus, and entreats him to release him from the cruel bondage of Love. Cf. with this poem *passim*, Tibull., iii. 6.

V. 2. Bacchato, Gron. MS., Barth, Lachmann; *pacato*, vulgo.

V. 7, 8. Te—tuis. For the story of Bacchus and Ariadne, see Ovid. A. A., i. 527-564; Fast., iii. 459-516; Met., viii. 174-182.

V. 12. Utroque modo, Barth, Jacob, Keil, Haupt, Mueller; *utroque meum*, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Paley; *utrâque meum*, Wratislaw.

V. 23. Lycurgus, a king of Thrace, who opposed the introduction of the grape into his dominions, was punished by Bacchus with madness.

V. 24. Pentheus, king of Thebes, another foe to his worship, was torn to pieces by the Maenads Autonoe, Agave, and Ino. See Theocr., xxvi. 1.

V. 25, *sq.* For the story of the Tuscan pirates, see Ov. Met., iii. 630, *sq.*; Hom. Hymn in Bacch.; and Senec. Oedip., 449, *sq.*

V. 27. Per mediam bene olentia flumina Naxon. Alluding to the abundance of the grape in the island.

V. 40. Pindar, the grandest of the lyric poets of Greece, was born at Cynoscephalae 523 B.C., and died 442 B.C.

ELEGY XVIII.

A beautiful elegy on the death of Marcellus, son of C. Marcellus and Octavia. See the famous tribute to him in the Aeneid of Virgil (vi. 861, *sq.*)

V. 1. Ludit. So all the recent editors, except Hertzberg and Wratislaw, who perhaps correctly read *alludit*, the conjecture of Canter. For *Clausus*, Barth, after Scaliger and Broukhusius, gives *Plausus*.

Pontus. The "Sea." Paley takes it to mean "the Lucrine Lake."

V. 2. Baiarum. See i. 11, 1, and note.

V. 3. Misenus. "The trumpeter of Aeneas." Cf. i. 11, 4, and Virg. Aen., vi. 162.

V. 4. Et sonat Herculeo structa labore via.

"'Echoes' from the dashing of the waves. The *Via Herculea* excluded the sea from the lake. Ancient embankments seem to have been ascribed to Hercules in heathen, as they have been to the devil in Christian, times" (*Wratislaw*).

V. 6. Thebano—deo. "Hercules." His worship was akin to that of Bacchus.

V. 12. Amplexum. Marcellus was betrothed to Julia, daughter of Augustus.

V. 14. Maternas—manus. Octavia discharged the duties of the aedileship for her son during his illness.

V. 27. Nirea. Nireus, son of Charopos and Aglaia, the most handsome man among the Greeks before Troy. Cf. Hor. Epod., xv. 22.

V. 29. Ignaros luctus = causam mali nescientes (*Paley*).

V. 31, 32 :—

> At tibi nauta, pias hominum qui trajicit umbras,
> Huc animae portet corpus inane tuae.

I have followed Paley, whose corrections have also been adopted by Mr Wratislaw. *Trajicis—portent—tuae*, Barth, Keil, Haupt; *trajicis—portent—suae*, Lachmann and Mueller.

V. 23. M. Claudius Marcellus took Syracuse 212 B.C.

V. 34. In astra. "Referring to Julius Caesar only."

ELEGY XIX.

The poet recounts the most notorious examples of female incontinence furnished by antiquity.

V. 7. Syrtes. Cf. ii. 9, 33; iv. 24, 16: Ov. Met., viii. 120: Sil. Ital., ii. 63, and xvii. 634.

V. 8. Malea. A promontory in S.E. Laconia, dangerous to mariners.

V. 10. Rabidae, Barth, Kuinoel, Mueller, and Paley; *rapidae*, Lachmann, Haupt, Keil.

V. 26. Pendet Cretaea tracta puella rate. Minos caused Scylla to be tied to the rudder of his ship and dragged through the waters.

ELEGY XX.

The poet invites Cynthia to accept him as her lover (vv. 1-10). The remainder of the elegy (vv. 11-30 in the early editions), containing the conditions of union, is in all probability a separate piece. (Written 723-724 A.U.C.)

V. 4. Tantine, ut lacrimes, Africa tota fuit? So Kuinoel, Haupt, Mueller, and Paley; *Tantine in lacrimis*, Jacob and Keil; *Tantisne in lucris*, Barth; *Tantisne in lacrimis Africa grata fuit?* Lachmann; *Tantisne in lacrimis*, MSS., except the MS. Gron., which omits *in*.

V. 5. At tu stulta deos tu fingis inania verba. Editors differ as to the punctuation of this line. For *verba*, Lachmann, Haupt, and Mueller read *vera*.

V. 7, 8. Forma potens, &c. Cf. ii. 5, 28:—

Cynthia forma potens, Cynthia verba levis.

Palladis artes, &c. Cf. i. 2, 27-30.

V. 8. Splendidaque a docto fama refulget avo.

The *doctus avus* is generally supposed to be Hostius, author of a poem on the "Histric War." Paley suggests that "the *avus* in question may probably have been celebrated as an actor or musician on the stage; for the laudatory words of the poet may fairly

be regarded as the language of compliment." The expressions *splendida fama* and *docto avo* are far too strong and marked to be got over in this way.

V. 10. Toros. So most editors; *sinus*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 13 (11). Date, Lachmann, Keil, Haupt, and Mueller; *data*, vulgo.

V. 15, *sq.* See Life of Propertius, *ante.*

V. 19. Cedent, vulgo; *cedant*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 21, 22. Namque — deos. Paley, in my opinion, completely misinterprets this passage. He translates: "For when no marriage-tie as yet exists, the gods will not bring punishment on a night spent in talk." Verses 19, 20, are parenthetical; and *namque* follows up the statement in vv. 15-18, thus: "We must have a sure bond, a covenant, &c.; for when none exists, a night that must be spent in weary watching (*i.e.*, waiting for the absent one) has no gods as avengers." See version, p. 157, *ante.*

ELEGY XXI.

Propertius declares his intention to make a journey to Athens, in order that, by getting out of Cynthia's way, he may rid himself of the bondage of Love.

V. 7. Negavit. All the recent editors, except Mueller, who reads *negarit*, with the Naples MS.

V. 8. Amicta, most editors, after Scaliger; *amica*, Paley, with the MSS.

V. 16. Tuque puella vale. "Est quidam liber in quo, teste Broukhusio, liquidis literis exaratum legitur: *tuque Johanna vale*" (*Barth*). "The scribe," as Paley remarks, "was evidently thinking of his own Cynthia."

V. 19. Lechaeo. Lechaeum, on the Corinthian Gulf, one of the harbours of Corinth.

V. 22. Isthmos. The Isthmus was about 3½ English miles in breadth at the narrowest part.

V. 25, 26. Lachmann and Haupt consider these lines spurious. For *vel* in v. 25, Mueller reads *aut.*

V. 28. Docte Menandre, vulgo; *scite Menandre*, Mueller.

ELEGY XXII.

The poet pleads with Tullus (see i. 1; i. 6, &c.) to return to Rome.

V. 1. Cyzicus. A city on the Propontis (*Sea of Marmara*).

V. 2. Isthmos. Cyzicus was connected with the mainland by a bridge.

V. 3. Dindymus. A hill above the city, with a temple of Cybele, founded by the Argonauts: I have followed Haupt's emendation, *e vite*, which has been admitted by Mueller. The common reading is *juvenca;* the MSS. have *inventa*, which Scaliger retains.

V. 4. The poet follows an obscure legend.

V. 5. Helles Athamantidos. Helle, daughter of Athamas. See iii. 18, 5.

V. 9. Geryonis stabula. At Erythea. Cf. v. 9, 2.

V. 9. Signa; "footprints." Mauritania was the scene of the contest.

V. 10. Hesperidumque choros. "The daughters of Hesperus." An allusion to the legend of the "golden apples."

V. 13. Argoa—columba. Cf. iii. 18, 39, 40.

V. 15. Ortygia. The ancient name of Ephesus, on the north-west of which flowed the Cäyster.

V. 24. Marcius humor. Cf. iv. 2, 12; and see note thereon.

V. 25. Some tradition must have represented the lakes *Albano* and *Nemi* as connected by a channel underground. They can hardly have been said to have a common source.

V. 26. Lympha. The "Lacus Juturnae" in the Roman Forum.

V. 30. "The banquet of Thyestes."

V. 31, 32. "Althea's revenge on Meleager."

V. 33. "The legend of Pentheus pursued by the Bacchants." Cf. iv. 17, 24.

V. 34. "The sacrifice of the deer instead of Iphigenia."

V. 35, 36. "Io." Cf. i. 3, 20; and iii. 20, 17.

V. 37. Mueller indicates a *lacuna* before this verse. "There is a very awkward zeugma here—so awkward that it seems to me to indicate a corruption" (*Wratislaw*). There is apparently a confusion of Sinis with Sciron. Both robbers were slain by Theseus.

ELEGY XXIII.

In this clever little poem Propertius laments the loss of his tablets, and offers a reward for their recovery.

V. 5. Puellas, vulgo; *puellam*, Kuinoel and Lachmann.
V. 24. Esquiliis. Cf. v. 8, 1.

ELEGY XXIV.

The poet renounces Cynthia.

V. 2. Oculis—meis. Cf. Ov. Her., xvii. 125:—

Contenta est oculis hominum mea forma probari.

V. 7, 8. Cf. iii. 9, 26; and see note.
V. 15. Ecce coronatae portum tetigere carinae.
Cf. Virg. Georg., i. 303, 304:—

Ceu pressae cum jam portum tetigere carinae,
Puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.

V. 20. Exciderunt, Mueller; *exciderant*, multi; *exciderint*, alii.

ELEGY XXV.

Farewell to Cynthia.

V. 4. Ungue—morso. Cf. ii. 4, 3.
V. 15:—

Exclusa, inque vicem fastus patiare superbos
Et quae fecisti, facta queraris anus.

Cf. Ov. A. A., iii. 69, 70:—

Tempus erit, quo tu, quae nunc excludis amantes,
Frigida deserta nocte jacebis anus.

BOOK V.

ELEGY I.

The first half of this elegy (vv. 1-70) seems to have been designed by Propertius as an introduction to a work of an archæological and legendary character, in imitation of the Αἴτια of Callimachus, and similar to what we have in the 'Fasti' of Ovid. After a few brilliant efforts—the second, fourth, ninth, and tenth elegies, *infra*, —he seems to have relinquished the task, and to have added at a later period vv. 71-150 to the present elegy, as an excuse for devoting himself to the cultivation of a different field of poetry. In the first portion of the piece the poet gives a spirited description of early Rome; in the second, the *persona loquens* is a Babylonian seer, who dissuades Propertius from engaging in a work which he assures him is beyond his powers and ill-suited to his genius. But for this latter portion we should have been in utter ignorance of the early life, training, and personal history of the poet.

V. 3. Navali — Phoebo. "Actian Apollo." See v. 6, *passim;* and iii. 23, and notes thereon.

V. 4. Evandri—boves. See the story in Ov. Fast., i. 471, *sq.*

V. 7. Tarpeius—pater. "The temple of *Jupiter Tonans* on the Tarpeian rock had not yet been erected."

V. 8. Advena. Cf. Ov. Fast., ii. 68; iii. 524; v. 268.

V. 9. Domus—Remi. Commonly called "Casa Romuli."

V. 11. Curia. There was no proper *Curia* before the one erected by Tullus Hostilius. A new one was built by Augustus on a different site.

V. 13. Bucina. Originally a horn made from a sea-shell, used by neat-herds to collect their droves.

V. 14. Illi = illic (*Wratislaw*).

V. 19. Annuaque: *que* (after the negative in v. 17) = *sed.* Paley erroneously renders it "or." *Parilia.* See v. 4, 73, and note.

V. 20. Curto—equo. The "October" horse. See Art. *Palilia* in Smith's 'Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Antiquities.'

V. 21. Coronatis—asellis. Cf. Ov. Fast., vi. 311, 312.

V. 23. Parva—compita. Alluding to the simplicity with which the festival of the *Compitalia* was celebrated in early times.

V. 26. Fabius—Lupercus. The priests of Lupercus were called *Fabii* and *Quintilii*, after the *gens* of the founders of the respective orders.

V. 29. Lycmo, Lycmon, Lygmon, Lucmo, Lucumo (cf. *Lycomedius*, v. 2, 51), are different forms of an Etruscan term originally signifying "one possessed" or "inspired;" afterwards a "prince" or "priest."

V. 31. The original tribes, the *Tities*, *Ramnes*, and *Luceres*.

V. 33-36. As these verses are utterly unintelligible as they stand in the ordinary editions, I have followed Mueller's reconstruction of them, and admitted Lachmann's conjecture, *eminus* for *minus*, in v. 33:—

> Quippe suburbanae parva eminus urbe Bovillae
> Atque ibi Fidenas longa erat isse via.
> Et stetit Alba potens, albae suis omine nata,
> Et, qui nunc nulli, maxima turba Gabi.

V. 51. Pergameae—vatis. "Cassandra."

V. 52. I have followed Mueller in placing vv. 87, 88, after v. 52.

V. 57. Moenia namque pio conor disponere versu (*vulgo*). Munere namque pio conor disponere versus (*Mueller*).

V. 61. Ennius. See iv. 3, 6, and note thereto.

V. 62. Bacche. Cf. iv. 2, 7; v. 6, 76.

V. 64. Callimachi. Cf. iv. 1, 1; iv. 9, 43.

V. 73. At certis lacrimis cantas, Munro; *aversis lacrimis*, Mueller; *aversis Charisin*, the conjecture of Heinsius, adopted by Barth, Kuinoel, Paley, and Wratislaw; *Aversis Musis*, Jacob, Haupt, and Keil; *arcessis lacrimis Charites*, Scaliger; *accersis lacrimis*, Naples MS.; *arcessis lacrimis*, Gron. MS.

V. 75. Haut (or haud), Jacob, Haupt, Keil, Mueller, Wratislaw; *aut*, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Paley.

V. 86. Lotus, most editors; *laetus*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 101. Facite, most editors; *facito* (Burmann's conjecture), Mueller and Paley.

V. 103. Harenosum Libyae Jovis antrum. "The sand-circled grotto of Jupiter Ammon in Libya."

V. 109. Calchas. A famous soothsayer, and high priest of the Greeks before Troy. *Aulide:* Aulis, a sea-port in Boeotia, where

the Greeks were detained by contrary winds till Agamemnon, at the bidding of Calchas, consented to the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia. Cf. iv. 7, 23, 24.

V. 114. Euboicos—sinus. Cf. iv. 7, 39; and see note.

V. 117. Ajax, son of Oileus, ravished Cassandra in the temple of Minerva, though she clung to the statue of the goddess for refuge.

V. 121, *sq.* The allusions in the remaining lines of this poem are discussed at length in the Life of Propertius, *ante.*

V. 125. Asisi, recent editors; *Asis* and *axis*, MSS.; *arcis*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 143. Illius arbitrio noctem lucemque videbis. Paley compares i. 5, 11. Wratislaw very happily explains the verse :—

"You will say black is white and white black."

V. 150. Cancri. Alluding to the horoscope of Cynthia, whose grasping and avaricious disposition caused so much grief to the poet.

ELEGY II.

The origin and attributes of the god Vertumnus. Cf. with this poem *passim*, Ov. Met., xiv. 641, *sq.*

V. 2. Vertumni. *Vertumnus* (from *vertomenus*, an old participle of *verto;* like *Auctumnus*, from *auctomenus*), the god of the changing year. The different etymologies given in the elegy are *verto, amnis*, v. 10; *verto, annus*, v. 12; *verti in omnes*, vv. 21-48; *vertere omnes* (*in fugam*), v. 54.

V. 4. Volsinios. *Volsinii*, a city in Etruria. The form *Volsanos*, which Barth, Lachmann, and Paley adopt, seems to have the best MS. authority.

V. 11. Praecepimus, vulgo; *praecerpimus*, Mueller.

V. 17. Pomosa—corona. "With an apple-crown." It is not clear whether of blossoms or fruit.

V. 33. Harundine. "The fowling-rod." Cf. *calamus*, iv. 13, 46.

V. 39. Pastorem ad baculum possum curare, MSS., Barth, Keil, Haupt, Mueller; *pastor me—curvare*, Kuinoel and Paley; *pastorem ad baculum curvare* (=curvum pastorem agere), Wratislaw; *pastor ego et baculum possum rurale*, Lachmann.

V. 51. Lycomedius, most editors; *Lucumonius*, Kuinoel, Lach-

mann. The allusion is to the aid given to the Romans against the Sabines by the Tuscans under Caeles Vibenna.

V. 61. Mamurius Veturius was a famous modeller in the reign of Numa Pompilius.

ELEGY III.

Epistle from Arethusa to Lycotas. See on iv. 12, *supra*.

V. 3, 4. Si—meis. Cf. Ov. Her., iii. 3, 4; xi. 1, 2.

V. 6. Mueller marks this verse as corrupt.

V. 7. Neuricus, vulgo; *Noricus*, Keil. *Munito—equo*, "with mail-clad steed." Cf. iv. 12, 12; and see note thereon.

V. 9. Getae. A Thracian tribe on the Danube.

V. 10. Eoae decolor—aquae, Munro; *Eoa decolor—aqua*, Lachmann; *Eoa discolor—aqua*, Haupt, Keil, Paley, Wratislaw; *Eoo decolor—equo*, Barth, Kuinoel, Mueller.

V. 11. Hae pactae sunt mihi noctes, vulgo; *et pactae*, &c., Keil and Wratislaw. For *sunt mihi*, Mueller reads *gaudia;* Haupt, *in savia*.

V. 17. Portis. The city gates where the *Lares Viales* were worshipped (*Hertzberg*).

V. 18. Texitur haec castris quarta lacerna tuis. Cf. Ov. Fast., ii. 745, 746.

V. 21. Ocno. See Pausan., lib. x. cap. 29; and Plin. Nat. Hist., xxxv. 11.

V. 37. Conor, Hertzberg and Paley; *cogor*, vulgo.

V. 43. Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons.

V. 45. Romanis—puellis. Cf. ii. 7, 15.

V. 46. Essem militiae sarcina fida tuae. Cf. Ov. Her., iii. 68.

V. 48. Africus, most editors, with the MSS.; *Aetheris*, Mueller, who takes Pater = Jupiter; *Arctoo*, Lachmann; *Tetricus*, Haupt.

V. 51. I have followed the early editors in the punctuation of this verse.

V. 54. Clausos—Lares. The *Lares* were kept in a closet called the *Lararium*.

V. 60. Tangi—mero. If a lamp sputtered, wine was dropped on the wick to secure a favourable omen.

V. 66. Versis—equis. Cf. iii. 1, 13; and see note thereon.

V. 68. Pura—hasta. "The pointless spear." Cf. Virg. Aen., vi. 760.

V. 71. Portae—Capenae. "To the temple of Mars there."

V. 72. "Salvo grata puella viro." Cf. iii. 20, 44.

ELEGY IV.

This charming elegy contains the legend of Tarpeia, who betrayed the Capitol, of which her father was governor, into the hands of Titus Tatius, the Sabine king, for whom she had conceived an uncontrollable passion. Cf. Ov. Fast., i. 260; and Liv., i. cap. xi.

V. 3. Conditus, vulgo; *consitus*, Lachmann and Haupt.

V. 7. Fontem. "The pond" *at the foot of the hill.*

V. 12. Stabant Romano pila Sabina foro. Cf. Tacit. Ann., xii. 24: "Forum Romanum et Capitolium non a Romulo sed a Tito Tatio additum urbi credidere."

V. 15. Deae fontem. "A pool" *higher up than the one in* v. 7.

V. 20. Picta—arma. "Painted armour." Cf. v. 32:—

Et formosa oculis arma Sabina meis.

V. 37. Reportet, Haupt; *reponet*, vulgo.

V. 39-42. Scylla and Ariadne, who suffered from a love of like severity.

V. 43. Crimen. A "scandal" or "reproach."

V. 45. Pallados—ignes. The *Palladium* was kept in the temple of Vesta.

V. 48. Cave, vulgo; *cape*, Paley and Wratislaw.

V. 55. Mueller suspects a *lacuna* before this verse, which he, with Lachmann and Haupt, marks as corrupt. The vulgate is quite intelligible if we point with a comma after *Sic*.

V. 68. Se furiis, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Mueller; *vae furiis*, other editors; *nefariis*, MSS.

V. 72. Strymonis. "A Thracian Bacchante."

V. 73. Parilia. The festival of Pales was celebrated every year on the 21st of April; on which day Romulus, according to tradition, commenced the building of the city.

V. 88. Ipse, most editors; *ipsa*, MSS., Barth, and Kuinoel.

V. 93, 94. I can see no point in Paley's explanation of these verses. We have nothing to do with *Tarpeius* here. The daughter, and not the father, is the *dux* of v. 93, and the *vigil* of v. 94. With Keil, Haupt, Mueller, and Wratislaw, I read *Tarpeia* in v. 93 and *injuste* in v. 94.

ELEGY V.

In this poem Propertius curses Acanthis, an old procuress, who had incurred his wrath by her attempts to turn his mistress against him. Ovid probably alludes to vv. 21-62 in his *Tristia*, ii. 465 :—

Invenies eadem blandi praecepta Properti.

With this elegy cf. Ov. Amor., i. 8 ; and Art. Amat., *passim*.

V. 1. Spinis, alluding to the name of the old hag *Acanthis* :—

Thou thorn in life, may thorns cover thee in death !

V. 5. Hippolytum. See ii. 1, 52, and note thereon.

V. 8. Antinous, son of Eupeithes of Ithaca, was one of Penelope's suitors.

V. 11. Collinas—herbas. "Herbs gathered from the *Campus Sceleratus*, or cemetery of the faithless Vestals, near the *Porta Collina*," were extensively used by witches in making their hell-broths.

V. 19, 20. The reading of these verses is very unsettled. I have followed the text of Haupt, Keil, and Mueller.

V. 21. Dorozantum (probably a genitive plural), Haupt, Keil, and Mueller; *Dorixanium* of Scaliger, *Doroxanium* of Barth, Kuinoel, and Lachmann, and *Doryxenium* of Paley, must be regarded as a female name.

V. 29. Simulare virum, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Paley; *Stimulare iram*, Haupt, Keil, Mueller.

V. 35. Iole—Amycle. The maid-servants of the young lady.

V. 43. Menandri. Menander, the most distinguished representative of the New Comedy, was born about 342 B.C., and died 291 B.C. Thais is the chief character in his play of the same name.

V. 44. Getas, "slaves;" like the word "niggers" with us.

V. 51. Titulus. A label was worn round the neck by slaves exposed for sale, stating age, country, qualities, &c.

V. 55, 56. I have followed Scaliger, Lachmann, and Haupt in omitting these two verses, which occur in the beginning of the second elegy of the first Book, and have doubtless been inserted here by some scribe. I cannot agree with Hertzberg in regarding them as "nervos totius elegiae."

V. 64. Some editors reject this verse altogether; others mark it as corrupt; and the few who regard it as genuine are not agreed either as to the exact words or the arrangement of them.

V. 70. Pergula curta, vulgo; *tegula curta*, Barth and Kuinoel, after Pucci. Cf. v. 7, 26.

ELEGY VI.

This splendid poem contains at once a spirited account of the battle of Actium, and a glowing panegyric on Augustus for the decisive victory gained by him over the forces of Antony and Cleopatra, 31 B.C.

V. 1-10. The metaphors in these verses are all from sacrificial and sacerdotal usages.

V. 2. Et cadat, vulgo; *ut cadat*, Paley.

V. 3. Serta—certent, Scaliger, Barth, Kuinoel; *cera—certet*, Lachmann, Keil, Wratislaw; *ara—certet*, Haupt; *Hedra—certet*, Paley, from one of the later MSS.

V. 3, 4. Cf. iv. 1, 1; 3, 52.

V. 5, 6. Costum—eat. Cf. Virg. Ecl., viii. 64, 65:—

> Effer aquam, et molli cinge haec altaria vitta,
> Verbenasque adole pingues et mascula tura.

V. 8. Mygdoniis—cadis. "From Phrygian stores." Kuinoel, Jacob, and Lachmann take *Cadis* for the name of a town in Phrygia.

V. 11. Palatini Apollinis aedem. Cf. iii. 23; v. 1, 3; and Ov. A. A., iii. 389:—

> Visite laurigero sacrata Palatia Phoebo.

V. 14. Vaces. "Leave all else aside (*i.e.*, listen attentively) while I sing the praises of Augustus." Paley understands it: "Consent for a time not to be honoured in our verse."

V. 15. Athamana ad litora. Athamania is a district in Epirus. Cf. Liv., xxxvi. 14.

V. 21. Teucro — Quirino. Paley understands "Romulus;" Barth and Kuinoel, who read *tenero* for *Teucro*, "Antony." I think "Augustus" may be intended, as the representative of the *Julian* line.

V. 25. Nereus. The sea-god is represented as disposing the fleets in order of battle.

V. 28. Una, all the recent editors; *ante*, Barth, Kuinoel, and Lachmann.

V. 32. Ad, Mueller; *aut*, vulgo.

V. 33, 34. Sed—rogis. An allusion to the plague described in Hom. Il., i. 40-50.

V. 36. I have adopted Mueller's conjecture, *quom tacuere*, as being more in harmony with the context than the MS. reading, *quem timuere*, which other editors retain.

V. 43. Augur, vulgo; *auctor*, Lachmann and Kuinoel.

V. 45. Et—proh! vulgo; *en—prope*, Mueller.

V. 49. Quodque vehunt prorae Centaurica saxa minantis.

"Figures threatening to hurl rocks as huge as those hurled by the Centaurs against the Lapithae." Barth and Kuinoel read *Centauros*.

V. 59. Idalio—astro. Alluding to the descent of Caesar from Venus, who was worshipped at Idalium, in Cyprus. This is the only passage in which Julius Caesar is mentioned by Propertius.

V. 60. En, most editors; *et*, Keil, Paley, and Wratislaw. Fides: "a proof of Augustus's relationship to me" (*Wratislaw*).

V. 62. Libera signa. "The Republican flag."

V. 63. Nixa, vulgo; *nacta*, Paley and Wratislaw.

V. 66. Jugurtha, king of Numidia, was led through the streets of Rome to grace the triumph of Marius, 1st Jan. 104 B.C., after which he was thrown into prison and starved to death.

V. 67. Monumenta. See v. 11, *supra*.

V. 69. Citharam. Cf. vv. 32 and 36, *supra* (Mueller's text).

V. 72. I have followed the common punctuation; Mueller points with a semicolon after *Blanditiasque*.

V. 75. Inritet, Scaliger's correction, which has been admitted by all the recent editors; *inritat*, Barth and Kuinoel. Cf. Tibull., iii. 4, 43, 44: Ov. Amor., i. 3, 11: Propert., iii. 22, 38; iv. 17, *passim*; v. 1, 62.

V. 77-80. The conquests of Augustus.

V. 81—82. Pueros. Caius and Lucius Caesar, the sons of Julia by Agrippa.

V. 83, 84. Gaude—licet. Cf. iii. 1, 13, 14.

ELEGY VII.

In this beautiful elegy Propertius relates a dream in which the ghost of Cynthia appeared to him, upbraiding him with his heartlessness in neglecting her in her last hours, and warning him of the speedily approaching time when death would reunite them in the dark treasury of Orcus.

V. 1. Sunt aliquid Manes. The ancient Romans had a very hazy idea of the immortality of the soul; indeed, of a purely spiritual entity they had no conception whatever.

V. 4. *Murmur* is by some interpreted "the din of the passing crowd;" by others, "the murmuring of the Anio." I have adopted the latter view. Cf. vv. 81-86, *infra*.

V. 5, *sq*. See what I have said regarding this passage and others in this elegy in the Life of Propertius, *ante*. In v. 5, Barth and Kuinoel read *amaris* for *amoris*.

V. 7. *Eosdem* as a dissyllable; most of the copies have *Hosdem*.

V. 10. Lethaeus—liquor. Kuinoel explains this of the pallor of the lips.

V. 15. Exciderunt, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Mueller; *Exciderant*, others, with the MSS.

V. 23. Inclamavit. So recent editors, with the Naples MS.; *inclinavit*, Barth, Kuinoel, and Lachmann.

V. 25, 26. Lachmann transposes these verses to follow v. 20, to the serious injury of the poem.

V. 26. Tegula curta. Cf. v. 5, 70.

V. 35. Lygdamus. See iv. 6.

V. 39-48. See Life of Propertius, *ante*.

V. 51. Nulli revolubile carmen. So all the recent editors; Barth and Kuinoel read *revocabile*, with the Gron. MS.

V. 52. Tergeminus—canis. "Cerberus."

V. 57, 58. I fear these verses are corrupt past cure. I have contented myself with giving to the vulgate an interpretation in keeping with the context.

V. 64. Narrant historiae pectora nota suae. So most editors; *foedera nota*, Mueller; *historias, corpora nota, suas*, Kuinoel; *historias pectora nota suas*, Paley. A satisfactory emendation of this verse is yet to come. The corrupt word *pectora* has probably crept in from *plectra* in the preceding pentameter; or perhaps *nota pericla* was the correct reading, and the words having got transposed, *pericla* was changed into *pectora* to make a verse. Andromeda was chained to a rock and exposed to the fury of a sea-monster. Hypermnestra was imprisoned by her father for sparing her husband Lynceus.

V. 72. Chloridos, Mueller, with the Naples MS.; *Doridos*, vulgo.

V. 81. Pomosis—spumifer. So nearly all the editors, after Broukhusius; the MSS. have *Ramosis—pomifer*.

V. 82. Herculeo numine. Cf. iii. 24, 5.

V. 85. Hic Tiburtina jacet, vulgo; *Tiburtina jacet hac*, Hertzberg, with most of the Cdd.; the Naples MS. has *Sed Tiburna jacet hic*.

V. 87, 88. Cf. Virg. Aen., vi. 894, *sq*.

ELEGY VIII.

Cynthia's trip to Lanuvium, and what came of it.

V. 1. Esquilias. Propertius lived on the Esquiline. See iv. 23, 24.

V. 2. Novis—agris. It was a graveyard before. See Hor. Sat., i. 8, 14, *sq*.

V. 3. Lanuvium was famous for the worship of Juno, and for certain rites in connection with a serpent—the resident patron of the place—described in the text.

V. 10. Temere, vulgo; Lachmann, with the MSS., *tremere;* Paley suggests *tenera*.

V. 17, 18. The Appian Way was paved with coarse blocks of stone, which rendered driving difficult, and, at a rapid pace, unsafe.

V. 24. Molossa. Molossia, in Epirus, was noted for its breed of dogs.

V. 29. Aventinae—Dianae. Diana had a temple on the Aventine. Cf. Hor. Carm. Saec., 69; and Ov. Fast., iii. 884.

V. 31. Tarpeios—lucos. Cf. v. 4, 3, *sq*.

V. 38. Methymnaei—meri. Methymna, in Lesbos, was famed or the excellence of its wine.

V. 39. Nilotes tibicen, Scaliger, Barth, Kuinoel, Haupt, Mueller; *Nile, tuus*, Keil and Paley.

V. 52. Non operosa comis, sed furibunda decens. Cf. i. 15, 5; iii. 9, 36.

V. 60. Nocte, vulgo; *voce*, Kuinoel.

V. 69. Eruitur. So recent editors, after Lachmann; *exuitur*, Barth and Kuinoel.

V. 75. Tu neque Pompeia spatiabere cultus in umbra. Cf. iii. 14, 5; iii. 24, 11, 12: Mart. Ep., xi. 47, 3.

V. 76. Nec cum lascivum sternet arena forum. Cf. Ov. Trist., ii. 282:—

Martia cum durum sternet arena forum.

V. 84. Suffit et pura, Mueller: *Suffit et a pura*, Jacob and Haupt: *Suffiit et pura*, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann, Keil: *suffiit; at*, Paley.

V. 88. Respondi et toto solvimus arma toro.

So the MSS., which I have followed. The numerous conjectures of editors do not mend matters here.

ELEGY IX.

The legend of Hercules and Cacus. Cf. with this poem *passim*, Virg. Aen., viii. 190-272.

V. 2. Erythea, an island on the south-west coast of Spain.

V. 3. Eductos, Lachmann, Hertzberg, Haupt, Mueller, Paley; *invictos*, Barth, Kuinoel, Keil, and Wratislaw.

Pecorosa, all the recent editors; *nemorosa*, Barth.

V. 24. Ab, vulgo; *ubi*, Paley, after Heinsius.

V. 25. Deae. The *Bona Dea*. Cf. Tibull., i. 6, 22:—

Sacra Bonae maribus non adeunda Deae.

V. 31. Congesto, vulgo; *congesta*, Mueller, with the Naples MS.

V. 37. Hercules took the world on his back while Atlas went for the golden apples.

V. 40. Vastas, Mueller, after the Italians; *natas*, vulgo.

V. 46. Hercules was sold as a slave to Omphale, queen of Lydia, on account of the murder of Iphitus.

V. 57. Tiresias, a famous seer of Thebes, was deprived of sight for the reason stated in the text.

V. 37. Hunc, vulgo; *Huic*, Mueller; *Nunc*, Lachmann.

ELEGY X.

The origin of the title Jupiter Feretrius.

V. 1. Causas. In allusion to the Αἴτια of Callimachus. Cf. Ov. Fast., i. 1.

V. 5. Palmae. The *Spolia opima.*

V. 6. Exuvio, vulgo; exuviis, Barth and Lachmann.

V. 7. Caeninum Acronta. "Acron, king of the Caeninenses," a Sabine people.

V. 18. Aprico, vulgo; *e parvo*, Mueller.

V. 21. Pyropo. Cf. Ov. Met., ii. 2:—

Clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo.

V. 23. A (or Ser.) Cornelius Cossus, *tribunus militum* (see Liv., iv. 18, 19), slew Tolumnius, king of Veii, a powerful city of Etruria, B.C. 437.

V. 26. Nomentum and Cora were in Latium, and only a few miles from Rome.

V. 29. Bucina. See v. 1, 13, and note thereon.

V. 39. Marcus Claudius Marcellus slew Virdumarus (or Britomart), king of the *Insubres*, 222 B.C. *A Rheno*, vulgo; *Eridanum*, Barth, Kuinoel, and Mueller.

V. 42. Erectis, MSS., Haupt, Keil, Mueller, Wratislaw; *e tectis*, Barth, Kuinoel, Lachmann; *e rectis*, Paley.

V. 43, 44:—

Illi virgatis jaculantis ab agmine bracis
Torquis ab incisa decidit unca gula.

So Barth, Kuinoel, Keil, Haupt, Paley, and Wratislaw; *jaculanti ut ab*, Lachmann; *virgatas maculanti sanguine bracas*, Mueller.

Virgatae bracae = tartan trousers. *Torquis*, a circular ornament made with a number of gold threads twisted spirally together and worn as a chain round the neck.

ELEGY XI. Cornelia (written A.U.C. 738).

This magnificent elegy is the latest of the poet's extant writings. It is an address from the dead Cornelia to her husband Lucius Aemilius Paulus, who was censor 22 B.C. Cornelia was the

daughter of Scribonia, wife of Augustus, by her first husband, Publius Cornelius Scipio. Scribonia was divorced by Augustus, on account of her wayward temper.

V. 4. Adamante. A dark, hard substance, probably "basalt;" in later writers a "diamond."

V. 8. Umbrosos = "gloomy," "shadow-haunted." The MSS. have *herbosos* = "grassy," which is retained by Lachmann, Hertzberg, and Wratislaw.

V. 9. Tubae. The *tuba* was used in funeral, the *tibia* in nuptial, processions. Cf. Propert., ii. 7, 11, 12.

V. 12. Tanta = tot. "The three children of Cornelia."

V. 13. Habui, most editors; *habuit*, Hertzberg and Paley.

V. 17. Immatura. Early death was held to imply divine displeasure. Contrast the common expression, "Whom the gods love die young."

V. 19-22. Aeacus the judge, as *quaesitor*, appoints the jury from the shades: Minos and Rhadamanthus are his assessors; close by the chair of Minos stand the Furies in the capacity of lictors, or perhaps accusers.

V. 27. Sororum=the Danaïds.

V. 30. Numantinos—avos. "The two Africani, distinguished for their African and Spanish conquests." The younger only, P. Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus, received the agnomen *Numantinus*.

V. 31. Libones. The Libos, members of the Scribonia gens, Cornelia's ancestors on the mother's side.

V. 34. Vinxit—acceptas = accepit et vinxit.

V. 38. Sub quorum titulis. "Under whose titles," whether on monuments or coins.

V. 39, 40. I have followed Professor Munro ('Journal of Philology,' vi. 53-62) in his reconstruction and emendation of this obscure and difficult passage. All other explanations that I have seen are unsatisfactory. The distich which he proposes to insert before v. 39 is required alike for the sense and construction; and *Achillē*, replaced by *Averne* in v. 40, is conclusively shown to be inadmissible as a vocative.

V. 46. Inter utramque facem = inter facem nuptialem et rogalem, "from the bridal to the funeral torch." Cf. Ov. Her., xxi. 172.

V. 52. Claudia. When the ship conveying the image of Cybele stuck in the Tiber, the Vestal Claudia, who had been suspected of

violating her vows, proved her innocence by dragging it off the shoal with her girdle.

V. 53, 54. Cui—focos. The Vestal Aemilia, when accused of letting the sacred fire go out, lighted her veil at the apparently extinguished ashes.

V. 59. Sororem. Cornelia was Julia's half-sister.

V. 61. Generosos vestis honores. The privilege of wearing a distinctive dress was conferred on matrons who had borne three children in lawful marriage.

V. 65, 66. Vidimus—soror. P. Cornelius Scipio, brother of Cornelia, after filling the offices of aedile and praetor, obtained the consulship in 16 B.C., the year of her death.

V. 70. Solvitur aucturis tot mea fata malis.

For *malis* of the MSS., Hertzberg, Mueller, Paley, and Wratislaw read *meis*, a questionable correction. If *mala* could mean "sorrows on the part of those I leave behind," which is very doubtful, there would be no necessity for a change: "Since so many sorrows on the part of those I leave will honour my death." Cf. Solon *apud* Stobaeum, cxxi., translated by Cicero, Tusc. Quaes., i. 49. I am indebted to Professor Munro for suggesting *malest?* a conjecture which I am inclined to admit. The meaning would then be: "Since so many will honour my death, is it not well with me?" With vv. 70-96 cf. Eur. Alcest., 348, *sq.*

V. 85. Adversum lectum. The *lectus genialis* stood in the *atrium*, opposite to the *janua;* hence the epithet *adversus*.

V. 86. Cauta. "Jealous."

V. 93. Jam nunc sentire = praesentire (*Paley*). Schrader's conjecture, *lenire*, which Kuinoel and Mueller adopt, is simpler, but not nearly so expressive.

V. 99. Testes. "The friends around the tomb of Cornelia, who by their grief bear witness to her worth and stainless reputation."

V. 100. Humus. "The world beyond the grave."

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